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MEMOIR AND WRITINGS

OF

MRS. HANNAH MAYNARD PICKARD;

LATE WIFE OF

REV. HUMPHREY PICKARD, A. M.,

PRINCIPAL OF THE WESLEYAN ACADEMY AT MOUNT ALLISON,

SACKVILLE, N. B.

BY EDWARD OTHEMAN, A. M.

"Farewell! thy life hath left surviving love
A wealth of records, and sweet 'feelings given,'
From sorrow's heart the faintness to remove,
By whispers breathing 'less of earth than heaven.'

Thus rests thy spirit still on those with whom
Thy step the path of joyous duty trod,
Bidding them make an altar of thy tomb.
Where chastened thought may offer praise to God!"

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INTRODUCTION.

The claims of the subject of the following Memoir to the regards of the reader, rest not only on the exhibition of cherished and auspiciously developed affections and friendships, but also on their combination with strong points of intellectual, moral and Christian character.

To dwell upon social qualities, even of the purest and warmest nature, may, to some, savor of mere sentimentality. But I must confess that to me no character is lovely which does not exhibit the kind and friendly affections in native and growing strength. Amid the successes or disasters of perilous adventure and noble daring, the honorable pursuits of business and fame, the remarkable developments of genius and art, and the fascinations of beauty, the most essential element of a truly valuable character, is its twining social attachments and moral worth.

Many, we have reason to fear, have been raised by the breath of popular favor to be the objects of really undeserved admiration. Their social life has been execrable; their

spoiled temper and vicious habits have given only pain and anxiety to relatives and intimate acquaintances; and it has been a source of wonder at the divine economy, how they should have become exalted and enshrined in the devoted attachment of the world.

The subject of these pages had a native character composed of the finest materials, which were but improved in delicacy by the touch of mental culture, and the influence of divine grace. And with all the genius which, in its opening brilliancy, gave delightful promise of future usefulness and fame, the sweetness of her disposition, and the purity and strength of her social virtues, constituted the peculiar charm of her society. Her love was cheering while yet she mingled personally in the circles of earth; and now that she is gone, we can but grieve that her bright presence no longer blesses these mortal abodes. But "what earth has lost, heaven has gained;" and if only the pure and good, such as she, inhabit that better land, well may we desire to depart to join their hallowed company.

We shall witness in the recorded incidents of her course, and the delineation of her character, marked intellectual traits, a highly refined and cultivated taste, a decided moral purpose, an intelligent and Christian acquiescence in the arrangements of Providence, and signal success in the various relations and appointments of her life. I must not anticipate the details of this volume, but I may be permitted to assure the reader that, though the subject of this work had not won any distinguished honors in the public estima-

tion, he will find, in the perusal of these pages, enough to awaken his gratitude that so worthy an example of human excellence wa vouchsafed to earth; and enough to teach him that, nevertheless, a due appreciation and employment of the advantages of his situation, will secure to him all that is valuable in character, and useful in conduct, in the relations to which divine Providence may call him.

Much in her correspondence that is characteristic and interesting to her personal friends, is unsuitable for the public eye. And I may add, that as none of it was designed for more than private reading, it may not possess all that variety of sentiment and richness of language which a mere literary taste may admire. Yet, in what will be presented, the reader will find, I think, traces of a well-disciplined mind, which has not been inattentive to the graces of style, even in her free and familiar intercourse with friends.

It seems that she only now and then kept a private record of her mental exercises and personal experience. As there was no rigid formality in this practice, we find these occasional musings to be the outpouring of a burthened heart or of exuberant spirits. We love to get such glimpses of the inner life; and when, as in this case, they furnish so delightful testimonials of real excellence, we wish that they had been multiplied a hundred fold.

Having been requested by her excellent but deeply afflicted husband to collect and arrange her papers for publication, together with some notices of her life, I shrank from the task, as becoming some worthier hand; but still I

felt that friendship to the dead and to the living, would not permit a refusal of this request: and I have done what I could. The reader, I trust, will overlook the defects of my performance, if, at least, he can gain some tolerably distinct idea of the character of one whom it was good to know, and whose "*memory is fragrant.*"

E. O.

Milton, Mass., July, 1845.

NOTE.

An erroneous statement is made near the foot of the 137th page, of sufficient importance to require correction; and I avail myself of this opportunity to give a word of explanation. It is there stated, that the Falls of St. John prevent the river navigation from reaching the wharves of the city. They do at low water; and one who saw them at such a time, as I did, without knowing or remembering the great height which the tides reach, would not imagine that any craft, but a skimming boat perhaps, could ever pass them, even at high water. The fact is, however, that the tide rises usually thirty feet, and at high water vessels of any size may ascend and descend with ease and safety. This circumstance is, of course, signally advantageous to the country above, and to the city below. E. O.

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

Her parentage and birth. Removal to Concord, Mass. Early traits. Removal to Wilbraham, Mass. Character as a student. Revival of religion. Conversion. Baptism. Extract of a letter from the Rev. Charles Adams.

Mrs. Hannah Maynard Pickard was the youngest daughter of Ebenezer and Hannah Thompson. She was born the 25th day of November, in the year 1812, in a romantic mountain region of the town of Chester, Vermont. When she was about three years old, her family removed to the town of Concord, Massachusetts. Here she resided ten years.

During these early years some traits of character were exhibited which developed themselves in beautiful proportions in later life. She was then, as ever, remarkable for a cheerful and vivacious turn of mind. Her imagination was busy and bright, and her mem-

ory peculiarly retentive and ready. She excelled her young mates in the delectable art of telling stories, which she easily learned, and narrated with absorbing interest. Her faculty of observation was uncommon, and she seemed animated with an eager desire, and persevering purpose, to acquire all the knowledge within her reach; and hence the inquiries which she proposed to every one with whom she conversed were frequent and sensible, as her remarks were intelligent and interesting. She was also very fond of reading, so that from books, observation, conversation and reflection — the four great sources of knowledge — she acquired, as years passed on, somewhat extensive information of men and things, which was a fund of entertaining thought to herself in after time, and also of agreeable and useful intercourse with society.

She possessed a naturally amiable temper, and as soon as she had knowledge of good and evil, seemed religiously inclined. Beside the ordinary saying of prayers, to which the children of Christians are generally accustomed, she had, when a child, frequent seasons of prayer, and of reading the Bible by herself in her own room. She was favored with parents who taught her the fear of the Lord, and who were blessed in having their instructions followed by the influences of the Holy Spirit in the ultimate conversion of all their children. Three of their four children have died in the faith of Christ, and have now joined the glorified spirit of their mother in the paradise above. How blessed for a family so to live as to miss no one of their number in the bliss of heaven! May the

rest safely, though late, arrive in that "continuing city,"

"Where immortal spirits reign."

Though Hannah was thus prayerful and serious, and, about her eleventh year, as she afterwards thought, felt some of the joys of religion, she did not profess to have experienced a change of heart, and the forgiveness of sins, until after her removal from Concord.

In the year 1826 her parents were engaged to take charge of the boarding establishment connected with the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Mass. This was soon after the opening of the school, and Mr. Thompson abandoned a lucrative business, and an agreeable situation, for the purpose of contributing to the success of this enterprise among New England Methodists, and especially of placing his children under decidedly religious influences. At great personal inconvenience he removed his family, and established them there, in the early spring of that year. It was at the time of their removal to Wilbraham that I first saw Hannah. I was on my way to the Academy. We had been travelling on the same route many miles, in different coaches, and I did not particularly observe her, till when, within about eight miles of our destination, we, and her two sisters were placed in the same coach together. She was only a child of thirteen; but the lively interest which she showed in relation to the school, the good sense which she manifested in her inquiries and observations, the sweetness of her disposition, and the simplicity of her manners,

impressed upon my mind a remembrance which was never effaced, and which was blended with every idea of her which I subsequently formed.

At Wilbraham she attended school at the Academy, and was considered a successful and proficient scholar. She was particularly pleased with the difficult and higher branches which, to youth of her age, are usually so annoying. The Latin, Greek and French languages were her delight, and she would pursue the study of them out of school hours as a recreation. Algebra and Geometry were pleasurable rather than irksome; and it was in the solid branches of knowledge that she excelled during her relation to the school as pupil. The admirable taste and art which she afterwards exhibited in various ornamental accomplishments, were much later acquisitions. By her previous studies she formed a character of persevering industry, acquired a nice discrimination of the beauties of nature, art and literature, disciplined her faculties, and prepared the way for her future delicate and beautiful exhibitions of taste and genius.

During the first revival of religion in the Academy, in which many of the students shared, her own religious feelings became deeply interested. This was the first season of general religious interest which herself and sisters had ever witnessed. They had been taught religion at home; but in the town of Concord, where they had resided since their very early childhood, there was only occasionally evangelical preaching. The clergyman and church in the village were Unitarian. But though good morals were inculcated, they were

such as could be performed without the renewal and sanctification of the heart, and were considered not inconsistent with balls, assemblies, and parties of pleasure. In these a deeper interest was manifested by the people generally than in the subject of personal, spiritual religion. Though the sisters might sometimes have felt an inclination to seriousness in conversation with their parents, they drank into the spirit of gaiety, and the love of fashion, which pervaded the people of the place. Hannah, being the youngest, was indeed less exposed to such influences than the others, but she had not become a decided Christian.

Mr. Thompson and his wife were now permitted to rejoice in finding their daughters brought under a religious influence, which awakened deeper feelings of regard for their own personal salvation, than they had ever before realized. It is true, these feelings of interest did not permanently affect them all from that time, though they may have given a direction to their views, which, together with other circumstances, led them ultimately to Christ. Hannah, however, ceased not to seek, until she obtained and manifested satisfactory evidence of pardon of sin, and peace with God. Her parents, convinced of the genuineness of her conversion, allowed her, though young, to unite with the Methodist Society, and to make a public profession of religion. In the religious impression made upon the minds of their daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson hoped to realize the fulfilment of their highest wishes. How many parents, like them, have placed their chil-

dren in that Seminary, with the same fervent desire and hope of seeing them attain a truly Christian character. And the teachers and officers of the school were not wanting in endeavors to bring their young charge to Jesus, as well as to train them in useful knowledge and intellectual discipline. God has graciously heard the prayers of parents and teachers, and signally blessed the Institution with frequent and powerful revivals. O that they might be still vouchsafed!

The time came when several of the young converts were to acknowledge Christ in the holy ordinance of baptism. Though Hannah's parents were Methodists, they had omitted what I conceive to be an important and interesting duty of Christian parents—the consecration of their infant children to God by baptism. It appears clear, that as infant children are in a state of absolute justification by the free gift which has come upon all men,* and are thus entitled to admission to heaven, dying in infancy, as well as to the blessings of God's kingdom here as far as they are capable of enjoying them,† it is the duty of Christian parents to recognize this great truth by the visible sign which Christ has appointed to shadow forth the justifying merit of his death. And it seems to me that the baptism of infants exhibits in a striking manner the great principle of justification by faith, in precisely the same way, and with the same significance, as circumcision did in the case of Abraham's posterity.‡ The sign

* Rom. vi. 18. † Mark x. 14.

‡ Rom. iv. 11—13.

applied to infants implies that it is "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but by his mercy he saved us." Tit. iii. 5. It indicates that it is the blood of Christ which washes away sin, by faith and not by works, when faith can be exercised, and without faith or works either, when neither can be exercised.

The rite was performed by Dr. Fisk, then Principal of the Academy. I remember the occasion well. It was on a pleasant Sabbath; and was a deeply interesting season to the students generally, for several of their number were to publicly consecrate themselves to God in this holy ordinance. The place selected for the ceremony was a beautiful pond, a mile and a half from the village. The still air ruffled not the surface of the little lake, and hushed the soul into quiet musing on the works and ways of God. The blessed sunlight of a summer Sabbath shed its glorious beauty over the face of nature; and the solemn services of the day prepared the spectators for a profitable contemplation of the scene. After suitable devotional exercises, the venerated and beloved servant of the Lord, in token of the washing away of sin, and as a living sacrifice to God, baptized her with water, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Then rose the hymn of praise; then ascended the earnest supplication that the solemn covenant might never be forgotten; then the apostolic benediction was pronounced; and the multitude, who, with attending angels, had witnessed this delightful scene, dispersed, in silent meditation, or serious converse, to their homes.

It was a novel and beautiful sight to behold one at her early age, publicly renouncing the amusements, the vanities and the friendship of the world, and devoting herself to her Saviour in a sacred and perpetual covenant. The vows she then made were ever afterward remembered; and though seasons of spiritual darkness and declension occurred, she never resumed the offering which she had made of herself to God. Though young, she withstood the temptations by which others fell, and retained her connection with the society till her death.

I take pleasure in introducing to the reader a letter received from the Rev. Charles Adams, now Principal of the Wilbrahan Academy, which contains some interesting reminiscences of our sister, a part of which I will here insert, as it is appropriate to this chapter of her earlier history. This tribute of memory is the more acceptable as it came unsolicited, and is the offering of an affectionate heart, which loves to treasure up the fond recollections of youthful days.

Wilbraham, Nov. 25, 1844.

My dear Brother Otheman,

Since the death of your excellent sister, Mrs. Hannah Thompson Pickard, I have often regretted that my opportunities for her acquaintance were necessarily so limited; for I have, for several years, been accustomed to regard her as one of those rare and select beings whom a gracious Providence vouchsafes to earth, to gladden and adorn, for a few days, the

circles of human society, and to remind mortals of that loveliness which, though too seldom seen on earth, yet blooms, in unfading beauty, in brighter worlds.

I saw that dear young lady, for the first time, in the summer of 1827, when you and I first met amid the hallowed scenes of Wilbraham, where we, together with herself and others whose names I would love to mention, were wont to associate and sympathize in the studies connected with our education, under the guidance and smiles of the now sainted Fisk. Hannah might be then about thirteen years of age, and faithful memory brings vividly to my eye her position in that interesting circle. Her father and mother, as you know, were at that time the kind and beloved guardians of the Students' Boarding Hall; and Hannah, of course, while she was recognized as a student, was, at the same time, contemplated as being *at home*, and in her father's house. Hence, if more liberties were allowed to her than to other students that were differently circumstanced, there was no jealousy. If, now and then, even in "study hours," her buoyant step and sprightly laugh were heard along the stairway, or as she tripped through the spaces, no student, as he bent over his lesson, thought of any disorder; and had she, in one of her playful sallies, been encountered even by the serene and dignified Principal, I fancy he would but have smiled at her vivacity rather than have reproved her for what, in any one else, had, perhaps, been deemed irregularity.

Hannah was, as yet, a child—a child in stature and in years; and yet she failed not to attract the notice

of every one. Her beautiful simplicity, her uncommon sprightliness, her open yet modest smiles, her artless loveliness, all won for her the friendship and love of every student; while her more than ordinary intellectual qualities commanded the respect of those older, by several years, than herself. She was my companion in one of those mountain rambles in which, as you recollect, the young ladies and gentlemen of the Wesleyan Academy were accustomed, now and then, to associate: and my opinion of her superiority and worth, which I then received, remained from that day to the present. In short, my impressions of Hannah at the period named, are, with tolerable accuracy, expressed in an extract from a poetic effusion, delivered, not many years since, to the "Young Ladies Literary" of the Wesleyan Academy, and in which herself and the ramble just alluded to were briefly noticed.

"Of tender age was that sweet child;
And as she talked, and sung, and smiled,
I seemed her dear — her elder brother,
Son of her own beloved mother.
Her form was fragile as the blade
That waved beside the path we strayed;
I could, nor weary once nor faint,
Have borne her up that mountain height
Within the arm on which she leant,
So slender was she, and so light,
And yet within that fragile form,
Fair Genius was already dawning,
Pure as the rays that circle warm
The glowing brow of radiant morning."

CHAPTER II.

Removal to Boston. Love of the City. Social and Sensitive Nature. Improvement in character. Connection with the Sabbath School. Her Writings. Death of her sister, Susan. Becomes Preceptress at Wilbraham. Letter to her Parents. Local Associations. First passage in her Journal. Winter at home. Letter to her Parents.

In the year 1828, her family removed to Boston, where she chiefly resided till her marriage. She spent a year at the Academy after her parents left, and then lived at home, with the exception of the seasons which she passed at Wilbraham as Preceptress. In Boston she was favored with peculiar advantages for the acquisition of knowledge, and especially for the cultivation of her taste and genius in the ornamental arts. She was very fond of natural, especially of rural scenery; but she dearly loved the city for its privileges and associations. She highly enjoyed its literary and religious advantages, and formed here many valued and beloved acquaintances. She delighted to consider Boston as her home. Its cleanliness, its general morality, its numerous churches, its intelligent population, its literary fame, its benevolent institutions, the public spirit of its citizens, its storied recollections of puritanic

piety, and patriotic devotion, its safe and quiet homes, all enshrined in it the ardent attachment of her heart.

It was during her residence at home after her return from the Academy, that her filial and social qualities were more fully developed. It was then, amid the endearments and the vicissitudes of the domestic circle, that she acquired such a heart-engrossing attachment to *home*, as rendered succeeding separations deeply afflictive and distressing. She suffered, however, sometimes, while surrounded by those dear to her heart, from that exceeding sensitiveness which will, now and then, question the continued love of even devoted friends. Such a nature never forgets, when it has once loved, and dreads to be forgotten. But in those who knew her she failed not to inspire a fond attachment, and a high esteem of her intellectual and moral worth which secured that attachment. The exquisite delight which a sensitive nature frequently realizes in the exercise and assurance of friendship, is, on the whole, far preferable to that free and joyous confidence which an easy disposition feels in the undoubted stability of supposed admirers. The steady love of years, which she experienced from her own relatives and long tried friends, was sufficient, however, to dispel all fear and doubt, and afforded her in later life a very large share of pure enjoyment. The following brief note, written to her cousin, Miss Joanna Maynard, whom she tenderly loved, and with whom she spent many agreeable hours, reveals something of her taste and sentiment at this time of her life. It speaks of an interview which they had one evening.

"Joanna, we have been sitting this evening, watching the calm moonlight, as it fell softly, silently around us; we enjoyed its balmy air, and its soothing quiet together:—its hours have fled, and we can never sit again, as we then sat, overshadowed by the same clouds, and with the same light about us. Other moons have passed above us, other evenings, as much beloved, have glided by us, and are forgotten; and thus 't will be of this—its transient interest, and of *me*. This evening is but an epitome of our lives—changing, changing and still changing. That little white cloud, how many forms it has already worn; those shadows of our chestnut trees,* they are lengthening, varying as the moon retires; and soon these lovely pageants will be lost in the coming darkness. Is it not thus of those who, for a short time, mingle in our path, and whom we remember (if at all) but as the early evening shadows? *Must* it be thus of *me*? No, I have loved you too much! Let me not be remembered by you as the delicate shade, the beautiful cloud, or the waning moon; but as the steady star, which shines on in cloud and storm, although appearing to change its place, yet still looking upon you from the same orbit."

During these years she acquired many excellent habits and qualifications, which fitted her for the responsible station which she was soon to occupy. She was not remarkable, at this time, for religious character. Indeed, though she forgot not her covenant with God, maintained an upright life, and, as opportunity pre-

* The Horse Chestnut is a favorite shade tree in Boston.

sented, (it did but seldom,) was found in the class and prayer meeting, as well as at public worship, yet her mind seemed to be occupied with numerous concerns, and she allowed herself too little attention to the cultivation of inward holiness. This she exceedingly regretted afterwards; and, especially, lest her deportment might have exerted an injurious influence on her associates. The latter years of her residence in Boston, however, were years of spiritual growth, of Christian labor, as well as of intellectual improvement. This increased religious interest was stimulated, doubtless, by an event, to be narrated, which was calculated to revive and impress upon her mind all the obligations of religion, and all the solemn associations connected with her relation to another world.

She obtained, also, while residing at home, a sense and power of self-dependence, most important in discharging the duties of life. The perseverance with which she applied herself to the cultivation of her taste and talent in various branches of art and knowledge, was an excellent discipline for her mind, and requisite for ultimate perfection. I am well persuaded that for her success and reputation in future situations she was indebted not more to her native gifts, than to an untiring and determined habit of physical endurance and mental application. Difficulties and labors, which would have deterred many a delicate lady at her age, (and she was never robust herself,) were courageously encountered in the acquisition of valuable attainments, as though she were excited by the distinct assurance

of some dazzling advantage to be won by assiduous toil.

She was for some time connected, as teacher, with the Bromfield Street Sabbath School, and afterwards with the Blossom, now Russell Street Sabbath School. She manifested in these schools a strong interest for the welfare of her scholars. They, in turn, became fondly attached to her, and remembered her with peculiar tenderness when she was no longer able to be present with them. For their encouragement, as well as to contribute to the general interest of the school, she wrote several beautiful articles to be recited in the school and at exhibitions. Some of these articles will be readily recalled to mind by many readers of this volume, as they have been extensively used on similar occasions in other places.

The practice of writing for the children gave exercise and improvement to her pen. Though she never seemed animated with an ambition for literary fame, she furnished occasional contributions for several periodicals. Many of these productions are admirable specimens of fine writing. There is, in all her writings, a richness, yet chasteness of thought and expression, which marks her mind as exquisitely delicate in its perceptions and tastes. Her style is, in general, ornate, but adorned with true poetic thoughts and images, so as to entitle it to be called the Poetry of Prose. Several of these articles are deemed worthy of preservation in connection with her Memoir, and will be found in the latter part of this book. While in Boston, she collected the materials of several deeply interesting narratives,

some of which were afterwards published in a couple of small volumes.*

In the month of March, 1834, a scene occurred of thrilling interest to her, which made an indelible impression upon her susceptible heart. When she was but eight or nine years old, she was deeply affected by the death of her only brother—a very estimable and promising lad of fifteen. For some years, however, the family circle had been unbroken; and she went on unconscious of the change that awaited them, happy in her associations, and gathering strength to her affections from every day's connection with the remaining number. But her affectionate sympathies were now subjected to a most painful trial—a dearly loved sister, the one nearest her own age, bid, at this time, a last farewell to the hopes and joys of earth, and sought her home in fairer worlds above. Susan was a woman of unusual sprightliness and cheerfulness of mind, and of more than ordinary personal loveliness, and reciprocated the ardent attachment of her sister. She had been married about three years, and was now the mother of a lovely infant boy. During her sickness she had sought and found the Savior, and, though her bodily sufferings were most excruciating, she endured them, and died at last, in great ecstacy and triumph. It was heart-rending to hear her groans of bodily agony, and yet soul-inspiring to witness the heaven of joy that beamed in her beautiful eye, and irradiated her dying countenance. Hannah's heart

* Procrastination, and The Widow's Jewels.

was wrung with anguish at the sufferings of her sister, and was profoundly sensible of her own loss when that sister ceased to mingle in the company of earth. She ever after realized a lonely place in her heart, and felt that earth was saddened as the scene of so much suffering and so painful separations. There are affecting references to this event in passages of her journal, written upon returning to Wilbraham, and also in a piece entitled "Notes of Memory," which the reader will find among her Select Writings. This event, though the bonds of human attachment and earthly association were riven, served to stimulate her attention to the important interests of eternity, and led to increased devotion to her God and Savior.

In the year 1838, Miss Thompson was invited to become Preceptress in the Wilbraham Academy. Her native diffidence led her to shrink from the observation and responsibility to which this situation would subject her. It was only after much persuasion from her friends who knew her best, and who had full confidence in her ability to fill the place, that she at length consented, and then reluctantly, to accept the invitation. She entered "in fear and much trembling," upon the important and laborious service; but her success was most signal and gratifying, and far greater than her modesty led her at any time to hope. The undertaking was no light affair for one of her delicate bodily organization, and so unaccustomed, as she was, to the daily management of children or youth. The charge of, at times, over a hundred young ladies of all moods and manners, required a versatile and vigorous mind, and, in

order to successful discipline and instruction, a large share of intellectual attainments and moral worth. Of all this she showed herself possessed. And her genius and taste in the branches of instruction to which she was devoted, her happy faculty of winning, almost unconsciously too, the esteem and attachment of her pupils, the excellent moral and religious influence which she exerted over them, and her success in securing the respect and confidence of her fellow-instructers, rendered her connection with the Academy creditable to herself, honorable and profitable to the Institution, and highly beneficial to the worldly and spiritual interests of the young ladies in her department. Out of school, she took a lively interest in all the literary and social interviews and exercises by which the minds and characters of her pupils might be improved. She also zealously engaged in the benevolent operations of the day, and devised agreeable plans among the scholars for the increase of their funds. She early took a class in the Sabbath School, and, during a large part of her time, taught, on the Sabbath, a numerous Bible Class, which was made delightfully agreeable and useful. She became a diligent attendant upon all those social as well as public devotional exercises, by which the Methodist Church endeavors to advance its members "in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

The following extract from a letter to her parents, written in an unreserved and playful humor, will give the reader some idea of her views of herself and circumstances shortly after commencing her duties in the Academy.

WILBRAHAM, Sept. 22d, 1838.

MY VERY DEAR PARENTS,

I know well that news from me can never come too often to be welcome. Writing to you is next in pleasure to receiving a letter from you, and the latter, I hope you will *remember*, makes some of the very brightest moments in all my course *while here*. Every day but proves more and more that life would be but little worth to me, when unshared by any of you. I am one of the *quiet ones* who prefer *doing well*, and am willing any body else should do *better* if they please. Perhaps if I had thought so three weeks since, I might have done more wisely; however, there are but about nine weeks more, and long as they may seem, an end *will* come.

From my last letter, you supposed that I had not the greatest satisfaction in the performance of my duties. I am convinced that I am quite out of my element; to teach "*young* ideas how to shoot," would be to me an easier task than directing the aim of older ones. We have about ninety-seven young ladies connected with the school, very few young, but from the age of fifteen to thirty; and I need not assure you, it is a task I would never envy any one, to walk in and take a seat in the centre of so many eyes, all fixed upon me. I have no *real* trouble yet, but am expecting *something, something*, every day. You must not think me dreadfully gloomy and ungrateful. I hope I shall be able to do my *duty;* at the same time I find a very strong inclination to say *what* that duty is; and

while I think I wish to *be* led, am constantly choosing to lead. Indeed I hope I shall never see it my duty to stay away from our pleasant home, while we can get along so pleasantly and profitably together. You said you thought it was all for the best; I do not see *why* it was for the best. But true it is, I have gone, so far, *much better* than I expected, notwithstanding I feel it so irksome. And when I look back, I cannot help wondering how I was induced to accept what appeared to me so difficult. I can only say it was so, and I have been assisted much more than I deserve. You must not be anxious about me. Every one seems very kind, the young ladies respectful as I could wish; almost every day I have a nice apple or peach, "if Miss Thompson will accept." Mr. Patten is very kind. I know not what I should do without him, or with any one else; he is one of the very best; does all in his power to make me happy. I attend to my duties now, but constantly with another object in view, which seems to me greater than all the rest, that of returning to you. One term will be *glory* enough for me.

You must take much love; be sure, I never knew I loved you so much before. I suppose there is no need to add my name. H.

We have had occasion to observe that our sister loved the city: but she was also an ardent admirer of the works of God. The scenery and associations that surrounded her in Wilbraham, were eminently calculated to cherish her love of nature, and the gentle feelings of her heart. Not only was there much in

the varied landscape to excite her admiration, and much in her connection with the school to call into exercise benevolent and generous emotions, but Wilbraham was to her a place of endeared recollections and of hallowed associations. Here she had spent several of the fresh and buoyant years of childhood, when busy fancy invests every object with peculiar charms; here she had acquired a great relish for literary attainments; and here, especially, she had given her heart to Christ and to his church in early and happy consecration. True, she had occasion to sigh over sad scenes witnessed far away, and the recollection would tinge with melancholy some of the visions of the past, and temper some of the high-wrought emotions which present objects were calculated to produce. But is there not a softer hue given to character by these chastenings of the spirit? Does not a milder, richer radiance invest the soul of friendship and piety, as it reflects on the departing glory of those who die in the Lord?

The following reflections, which are contained in a small note book, connect interesting notices of her departed sister with familiar points of local scenery that have been endeared to many a youthful heart. They seem to be the first of those occasional musings which partake of a character higher or different from that of a journal, but which, for convenience sake, we shall designate by that name.

"WILBRAHAM, Sabbath night, Sept. 16, 1838. Here once more, after the intervention of many eventful

years! Eventful? Ay. Those mountains bold still stand upon their firm foundations, deep in the sunless caverns of the earth; sublime but insensate; seeming eternal, yet without a spark of that celestial essence which alone endues with immortality. The rocks remain the same; and trees the same, but, with increasing size, have worn and changed, and worn and changed their coronal of leaves. The little brooks *appear* the same, in just such murmuring haste. Then why eventful? If none of these can tell the story, then ask it of the *heart*. O! 'tis there change keeps its own unfading record. Ask, and o'er its faithful tablet gently come the lineaments of one most loved, now sleeping in the tomb; of one whose presence in fond association mingles with every point of this rich landscape. Once, alive to its attractions, we together loved its scenes; together sought the wild flower nursed upon this soil, or from the bent bush together pulled the clustering berries. O Susan! like a presiding genius of the place seems thy pure spirit now to me. Like an angel guest, thou seemest present when I am else alone, although the mortal vision and the heavy ear *are* not sensible of thy approach, for in loneliness with silence, thou dost condescend to be my kind companion.

"What is her employment this sacred evening? Somewhere she is now, with pleased obedience, waiting the will of God; perhaps adding her voice to that of the innumerable company in holiest adoration round the throne; perhaps beside the pillow of some dying saint, whispering in the weary ear those tones of hope

and faith which once, in that dark hour, were joy to her; perhaps she comes to watch *our* steps, to inspire those high resolves of faithfulness which sometimes come within our hearts, pure as if shed by some blessed spirit's influence. But we *shall* meet again. Will that moment find me, like herself, arrayed in light? Sisters once on earth, again more nearly united by holiest affection, shall we be angel sisters there, enjoying the smiles of our heavenly Father in that brighter, happier, unchanging *home* for ever?"

The winter following this term was spent by our sister in the beloved circle of her friends at home. During this time, she recreated herself amid the refreshing joys of friendship, and the familiar scenes and interesting privileges of our goodly metropolis, and endeavored to improve, by practice, in the several branches of instruction in her department at Wilbraham, preparatory to her re-employment in the spring. Two or three elements of her mental constitution combined to render her sometimes unhappy in her connection with the school — extreme sensitiveness and self-distrust, and a remarkably adhesive attachment to home and friends. The influence of conflicting circumstances, however, and especially the controlling power of moral and religious sentiments, counteracted, to a great extent, any injurious effect upon her character, arising from these constitutional tendencies. It is important to remember these particulars in estimating the bearing of certain expressions that may be found in her correspondence and other writings. The

following portion of a letter to her parents, written during the Spring Term of 1839, will be better understood by such a reference. The letter is quite characteristic, and is inserted chiefly on that account.

Wesleyan Academy, April 30, 1839.

Dear Parents: —

The smallest incident in your every day course, which I should scarcely notice at home, now becomes clothed with no ordinary interest; and the thought which brightens my most weary and gloomy moments, is about what you have last written, may next write, or what I shall write to you. Perhaps, then, you will wonder why I have not written before, for, indeed, a long time has passed; but — I have not been all the time in the best spirits, and thought it better to wait until my letters should not be "doleful," as Emma intimates with regard to my first, which, by the way, *I* thought an uncommon specimen of *good cheer* for me, and cost me *quite an effort*. But as the time for which I have been waiting has not yet dawned upon me, and I fear may be far distant, I will seat myself again at my desk, to give you another solo on the "black keys," as pianists say.

I received father's letter by this evening's mail, accompanied by one from Joanna. I was glad enough of them both, you may be sure. One of the young ladies had just come in to make a call when they arrived. I sat with the greatest uneasiness, so hurried was I to read them. She favored me with her society

about half an hour. Just as she was leaving, another called, and another. There lay my letters, both open, from neither of which had I got a taste; nor did I finally shut the door, and sit down to enjoy them, for nearly two hours. I am glad you are all doing so well at home; in about *ninety* days I hope to be there again;—to think that I have been here *only* three weeks! Time is an old man, and needs rest; he must have sat down to sleep somewhere. What a delightful walk you must have had, father, out to N., admiring the face of the earth, sonnetting to the trees and birds in such fine style. When I look upon the trees and buds here, it is but to remind me how pleasant the horse-chestnuts are beginning to look in our good city.

I suppose you wish to hear something from the school. All moves on about the same, so far as *rules* are concerned. There are some more than one hundred young ladies here this term, and more in this house than have ever been before, and none of the *steadiest heads* either, requiring not a little skill to keep them in order. Mr. P. does all he possibly can to relieve me from too much care; still I cannot lay it aside altogether or in part, with such a freakish set. They are quite agreeable and respectful toward me, so far as I perceive, with the exception of one development of self-esteem from ———, about my age, but very unwilling to render aught to Cæsar of his due. However, I have got out of every difficulty I have met with as yet. It is eleven o'clock; good night.

Yours most affectionately, HANNAH.

CHAPTER III.

Sketch of her Character. Use of Religious duties. Religion, the Perfection of Character. Grateful Memorial. Acquaintance with Mr. Pickard. Letter to Mr. Pickard. Journal. Reflections. Letter to Mr. Pickard.

Our sister had now been one year connected with the Academy as Preceptress; and having spent a short Summer vacation at home, had returned to fulfil her appointed labors with increased efficiency and success. As she became more familiar and interested in her duties, the rare and estimable qualities of her mind and heart were more fully developed; and she only showed increasing power of execution with increasing demands upon her talents.

It is, indeed, delightful to contemplate her character at this time of her life — which was only the more rapidly matured in her subsequent history — her native simplicity, her refined taste and sentiment, her poetry of thought and feeling, her exquisite sense of the delicate and beautiful in nature and art. Emotion was a striking characteristic of her mental constitution, and consequently developed itself in her social intercourse, and in the productions of her pen. It played over her countenance as the sunshine and the shade over the face of nature. And, as her heart was the seat of

much native good humor, the sunshine of a ready smile was the prevailing expression on her features. This became more constant in after years, when the increasing glow of divine love increased the joy of her heart, and the benignity of her mien. Amiability — not a passive amiability, such as there is but little credit or virtue in exhibiting because other strong traits are wanting — but an amiability which, while it was natural, was also cultivated as a necessary grace and accomplishment, was a crowning beauty of her social and moral character. But however much there was to admire in the excellence of her disposition, the sprightliness of her wit, the richness of her imagination, the sincerity and ardor of her social affections, the sensibility of her heart, the refinement of her taste and manners, the beauty of her productions in literature and the ornamental arts, still there was much more to admire in the depth, the purity, the spirituality of her religious life.

For a few years past her religious feelings had become much improved. This improvement was partly, perhaps greatly, owing to her employment in duties which required the exercise of strong religious principle and affections. This was the case in her previous connection with the Sabbath School, but more particularly, in her daily intercourse with the young ladies of the Academy. Scarcely any thing serves more effectually to arouse religious interest, than the actual discharge of religious duties. Could the careless, backslidden professor be induced to engage in those exercises which may be called the socialities of religion,

his sense of moral obligation and his religious feelings would be greatly quickened and revived. To converse with our friends and neighbors on the subject of personal piety, to attempt the relief of suffering, to teach children and youth the truths of religion, to be placed in situations where we realize that our influence is exceedingly important on the moral interests of others, serves to produce this result. Hence many a young person, who has engaged in teaching in a Sabbath School class, without the personal enjoyment of religion, has soon begun to realize the need of it, and been led to embrace it. And it is this principle which, among other things, shows the adaptation of the various social relations to promote the cause of true religion.

On the other hand, it is delightful to witness what a lustre religion can shed on the brightest genius, on the most exalted station; how adapted it is to develope the human faculties and feelings; and how well it qualifies men for the various situations and relations in which Providence places them. I do not mean that it should be relied on to the exclusion of other influences, and other qualifications, but that it powerfully aids in acquiring others, and is an indispensable requisite to the completion of the means of usefulness. How agreeable to the eye are the various and beautiful forms of vegetable life; how delightedly do we contemplate the sweet prospects of "mountain, glade and glen," the charming varieties of land and water scenery; but where were all this beauty without the light of heaven? What, indeed, were all these charms without the glorious Summer-sunlight which adds an

indescribable loveliness to all the objects of nature and of art?

> "Sunbeam of summer, O! what is like thee?
> Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!
> *One* thing is like thee, to mortals given,—
> The faith, touching all things with hues of Heaven."

And who can behold the endless variety, the grandeur and immensity of the works of God, without realizing that the crowning glory is, that a Supreme Intelligence made, and sustains, and governs all? His presence of benignity and love pervades all being. He

> "Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

So with the human character. Though there may be many estimable and admirable qualities in an individual, yet if the influence of a divine and heavenly religion be wanting, a painful deficiency is realized — a lack of that perfection which renders him most useful to his fellow-men, and which alone can abide the scrutiny of angels and of God.

The following precious memorial of gratitude to God, I find inscribed by our sister in the detached kind of journal already mentioned, a few days after her return to Wilbraham for the Fall Term.

"Saturday, Aug. 31, 1839. — This is the last day of Summer — the last day of the most blessed month

of my life. When Spring first came, I ventured to cast a look towards the scenes which advancing Summer *might* have in store for me; dim, confused, and uncertain, indeed, were the delineations which my fancy pictured then; like the variable March, cloudy, stormy and sunny by turns, seemed the future unto me. I saw some budding hopes put forth, which I prayed *might* live; and some which seemed so fair and frail, I felt assured that they *would die*. Into His hands I commended them, who gives His storms a charge concerning Summer's frailest flower, nor lets the falling rain, or heavy dew-drop mar its angel-tinted beauty.

"And now the months are passed. I stand upon their farthest verge, while the shadows of coming Autumn lie even at my feet, and look again toward His throne with heartfelt praise and song of gratitude. I love Him, for as I pass along the dangerous path of life, He gently guides me on. I love Him, for all along its course He calls around the fresh and fair, the bright and beautiful. He bids the young buds blossom into open joys, and revives the drooping; and if some *are* early blasted from which I once had hoped to gather sweets, I know it is because the odor of their matured bloom would have fallen on my soul in dampness, blight, perhaps — in death. I love Him, because not only may I pluck from what is born of earth, joys doomed to change and fade; not only taste the pleasures which sparkle here; but He gladdens my heart with visions of ever-during bliss above, where are the fountains of living water to which He will lead our feet; where He

sheds abroad His own glorious Spirit, and reveals Himself to the adoring society which His compassion once redeemed, which His unslumbering watchfulness has guided to His presence, which love, pure, omnipotent, everlasting love, now crowns with joy such as the purest, holiest, highest thought from earth can never echo back."

In Wilbraham, Miss Thompson first saw, and commenced acquaintance with Mr. Pickard, her future husband. This was in the spring of 1839. He was then a student at the Wesleyan University, in Middletown, Conn., and was on a visit, during vacation, to the Wilbraham Academy, where he prepared for College. Mr. Pickard graduated in the Summer of that year, and, on his return to his native province, commenced an epistolary correspondence, which, on her part is marked by all the beautiful and affectionate simplicity characteristic of her mind and manners. A large portion of these letters is well adapted for public perusal, as expressing sentiments of no mere "private interpretation." The following alludes to his voyage to New-Brunswick from Boston, where he had been detained by stress of weather.

WESLEYAN ACADEMY, Sept. 7, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your interesting letter of the 26th ult. I received night before last; it was sooner than hope had promised, yet pleasant tidings are not the less acceptable

for coming unexpectedly. Gladly do I now withdraw myself, for a short time, from the many cares by which I am surrounded, to attempt an early, and something like a worthy reply; yet were it not that I may submit it to your kind forbearance, I might be almost discouraged from presenting to you a communication so unenlivened by interesting incident. The panorama of life in our quiet village offers little change for "lookers on," *ergo* you will pardon the obtrusion of the convenient and important *ego*.

I was glad that you could discover so many circumstances to contribute to your enjoyment in those days which must have passed so wearily, and almost as if detaining you from the sweet scenes of *home*. Stationary as my star has ever been, I scarcely knew what to imagine of your course, or when to think it ended; and could only, by way of association, while remaining in that haven of east winds, glance idly but involuntarily towards the clouds, studying their changes, in which practice I had of late acquired some skill. But that was not all. In the evening, leaning against my window, forgetful of the busy preparations of the day, forgetful of all circumstances immediately about me, I looked upward to the calm, pure sky, and was thankful that such glory rested not alone upon the city, nor upon the land, but also on the *sea*. Then, while enjoying those rapt, undefinable emotions which such an hour, and such a light, ever inspire, my thoughts stole away without message or direction, in quest of a voyager upon its pathless depths; and when they at last returned it was with a report more vague, perhaps, than

watchers love, yet sad and sacred. They spoke of one "homeward-bound," and said that Fancy had borne him onward in joy to the friends who awaited his coming; that when he found not some, whose presence had so endeared those early scenes, his thoughts went up to that better home, and mingled with those who had gone to its unbroken rest; then, they said that his mind turned trembling to the high and holy duties to which he had devoted himself; then, listening attentively, I heard them whisper that *some* thoughts lingered around the shore he was leaving, and that *none* of his friends were quite forgotten; then they reminded me of the long time which must elapse ere that voyager might return; officiously summoned up shadows which might darken the future, and — I hastily dismissed them.

In reading your letter I pause upon the words, "I am almost ready to say, New-England shall be my home." A wish awakens in my heart, which I dare hardly acknowledge to myself; yet I know that variations from the course which Providence reveals as duty, not only deserve to fail of securing the good proposed, but ever do deprive us of His favor which is life, and His loving kindness which is better than life. Sweet as are all the enjoyments of earth, and delightful as would be to me the anticipations I might then indulge, yet if such be not His will who maketh all things work together for our good, my heart, I trust, is ready to relinquish the thought, having confidence in Him in all things, grateful if (to use your words) I may "trace the finger of Providence" in the cherished remem-

brances of the past, then sacredly commit to His care every event of the future, and — "be happy."

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Another of those sweet emanations from her heart, already mentioned as composing her journal, is found in the small album from which the first was taken. Its beauty of expression is only equalled by the purity of her sentiment, and the depth of her devotion. It closes too abruptly, as though the thought, which so frequently recurred amid the early associations of Wilbraham, had absorbed her meditations, and arrested her pen.

"Wilbraham, Sabbath Night, Sept. 15, 1839.— Another 'eventful year' has passed away! I turn a single page to make an entry of its flight upon this little Souvenir. So large a portion of my life's short pilgrimage has been so soon measured! How soon, indeed, it seems; yet were I to number mercies as I number hours or moments, how vast would be the sum! I look around me and within — thought is lost amid the dazzling multitude of priceless blessings. Through all the days of this swift year, beams of the 'all-beholding sun' have blest my way; but richer gifts from the upper sky have been more freely given. The deep forests are again clothed with myriads of leaves, but the gifts of God are more countless! — the bounties of his Providence daily bestowed; the blessings of love, hope, memory; and richer, holier far than all, the blessings of his grace — pardon of sin,

faith in Christ, and promises of everlasting life. O, more than an angel's portion, all the brightest treasures of that eternal world are offered to frail, erring human nature!

"O my soul, what dost thou here? no emotion, no love, no gratitude! I seem to hear the voice of her who has now numbered another year amid that happy band above. While I have been slumbering upon earth, she has been learning a 'new song;' been advancing nearer and nearer to the throne. While darkness has settled around my steps, she has been changing from glory to glory. O my sister! once we lived, and loved, and walked together; now how far are we separated!"

I shall be able to present the reader, occasionally, with a few passages of a more regular form of diary, though contained on loose sheets of paper, which, however, if not more oracular, are more truthful and more precious than the famous Sibylline leaves. To the serious Christian they will furnish evidence of her deeper searchings of heart, more earnest spiritual desires, and richer experience of divine things. To all they will evince her thorough sense of the value and importance of personal religion. Would that all who read might be led by her example to as wise a renunciation of the hollow joys of the world, and as entire and blessed a consecration to the service of our God and Savior. The following serious reflections will introduce her character to the pious mind in a very favorable light — chiefly, however, as in a

transition state preparatory to more extended usefulness and enjoyment.

"Friday Morning, Oct. 11.—In seven weeks from yesterday will be Thanksgiving. Then I hope to be at home. Home! a thousand blessings on the word! most significant of all the sweet hopes and wishes of the heart! O that I may be forgiven the distrust and discontent which so unfit my mind for receiving with gratitude the innumerable blessings given me, and for the pure contemplation of that better and enduring home above.

"Sabbath Morning, Nov. 3.—'O for a closer walk with God!' I have endeavored this morning to give myself anew to Christ. Knowing the waywardness of my affections, the deceitfulness of my heart, and the feebleness of my resolution, I tremble at the thought of entering into covenant with a being of perfect holiness—even the great God: yet I remember that it may be with Him as He reveals Himself in the face of Jesus Christ. O, I pray for grace to keep me, that I may live to His glory. O for an abiding sense of His presence; this only can keep me. Long have I dwelt and walked with the world, and with those who followed its spirit. Now it is enough—I would now give up all; take, O take me to Thy care, my Savior. From this worldly state, sometimes for a few days, I have raised feeble petitions and desires to Thy throne; but from this state I would now rise myself. O receive me, or I fall again. Let me dwell

with Thee, O Lord; and may my love to the world be as occasional, as faint, as have been my thought and affection for Thee. May I prove the promise made to those whose 'life is hid with Christ in God.' I would now renounce all for Thee.

'Poor as it is, 'tis all my store,
More should'st thou have, if I had more.'

"Sabbath Morn, Nov. 10.—I have sweet hope and consolation in God. How rich His mercy! How condescending His love! How free and full His promises to us in Christ Jesus! How unceasing His care and long-suffering to us-ward. O that my heart may be melted in gratitude to Him for His unspeakable gifts. O that my soul may be stayed upon Him, and be daily becoming more and more free from sin, possessing more and more of the image of Christ. This is the will of God, even our sanctification. O that this were mine. O that I might receive it now through faith in Christ. I know it is my privilege; yet, something whispers it is not for *me; I* could not maintain it if I possessed it; but—'*My* grace is *sufficient* for *thee!*'

"Monday, Nov. 11.—It is a lovely morning, but O, how lovely to my heart open the sweet scenes which lie before me. I have calm, sweet enjoyment in my Savior this morning.

'The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
For Jesus shows His mercy *mine*,
And whispers, *I am His*.'

"Monday, Nov. 18.—To-night I have enjoyed sweet communion with God in prayer. O that He would reveal *all* His will in me, and enable me to fulfil all His requirements. He has shown me to-day something of my unworthiness; it has humbled me; yet, O, I cannot see it as it must be seen by Him; in mercy He conceals from me its depth and darkness. O how merciful!

"What a life I have led for weeks, and months, and years; how full of self and vanity; how far I have strayed from Him whom I professed to follow. What a wonder of grace that I was not long since cut down as a cumberer of the ground. O why was I spared? For all these years my path has been *all* blessings; and now, after so long time, He enables me to feel a desire to be unreservedly His; now He still calls me with the voice of love. He has added brighter hopes of happiness in this life to the same rich offer of everlasting life. What depth of mercy! Had He awakened me to the subject by danger and afflictions — but He has led me with more than parental gentleness and love. What can I say?

'Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.'

"O help me to serve Thee faithfully, if Thou art, indeed, fitting me for usefulness.

"Saturday Night, Nov. 23. — It is to me a solemn hour, for it closes the last week of the term. I look back with humility, with feelings painfully melancholy,

and yet withal a mingling of gratitude ;—how imperfect, and often ineffectual, have been my efforts to promote the highest interests of those with whom I have been surrounded. O that I could recall those opportunities of usefulness, for I have failed in them — *I have failed in them!* How *much* might have been accomplished in our community by a spirit of fervent, humble piety! Imperceptibly, yet certainly, it would have spread a sacred influence upon all around; and although the 'thought were broken, language lame,' yet, if sustained by the living principle of faith unfeigned, it would not have been lost, but would have added to His glory and to my bliss in the eternal world. But it is past. The reflection overwhelms me; my heart almost ceases its beatings before so stupendous a thought — but God is greater than my heart, and knoweth all things. If, while I attempt to recall the scenes of a few months past, to talk with those months,

> 'And ask them what report they 've borne to heaven,
> And how they might have borne more welcome news;'

if, while incompetent, as I now am, to realize the *responsibilities* of life, incapable of seeing them as they are seen in heaven, the thought so sickens and overwhelms me, how can I bear the revelations of the last day! This surely must be 'the death that never dies,'— to gaze constantly upon a life all misimproved, with the bright light of truth for ever beaming upon its devious course, revealing all the thoughts, emotions, deeds! O, it is a fearful thing to live, though that life be passed in the lowliest sphere which the hand of Providence could

trace for the immortal mind; yet can we not forget that, lonely, secluded, uncultured, 'tis still — the *immortal mind* — still has duties to perform worthy of its destiny, and in view of righteous retribution!"

As usual, while she was Preceptress, Miss Thompson spent the ensuing winter at *home* — a word of magic power to her, to endue at once with life all thoughts and feelings most delightful to the heart. And what she so ardently anticipated, she as eagerly enjoyed. I will close this chapter with extracts of a letter to Mr. Pickard, which left her amid the rest and comfort of her small though much loved family circle. It contains expressions of personal unworthiness, similar to those which appear in her reflections at the close of the term.

"Boston, Jan. 14, 1840. I am not remarkably interested in observing times and seasons, but there are some days I can never pass by without something like thought — of these, the last day of the year is with me most attractive to reflection. As I have no events of much importance with which to furnish you a *rich* treat, I must occupy some of this fair surface with the plain materials of domestic manufacture, and will tell you a little of my commencement of the new year.

"Mother was not very well, and retired early; father went to the 'Watch Meeting;' but I, who felt that I had much to transact in my own mind, preferred to watch alone by our parlor fire. Accordingly, assuming

a posture most indulgent to thought, I was soon surrounded by my best friends, that is, you know, always *those we love best.* The company was *select*, and not *very* crowded — there were clergymen, and laymen, and sisters. The scene was very satisfactory to *me*, for, as, beside taking lead in the conversation myself, I furnished them all with something to say; of course it could not be otherwise than just what my vanity dictated. I held my levee nearly an hour, and dismissed them all soon after the clock struck twelve, with mutual good wishes. But you must not think I could pass over the time which *seems* so to connect the past and future, without some more serious emotions than I have been describing. I tried to fix my eye steadily upon the year, the last sands of which were about to mingle with the irrevocable past. It was a moment of painful interest — I have never known one as much so — for I had never passed a year so crowded with high responsibility and opportunities for usefulness. The thought that those opportunities could never return to afford me a chance of retrieving neglect, of correcting errors, of amending even the *best* of my deeds, but all unworthy as they left me, *so* I must again meet them, became almost overwhelming. When suddenly, wearied with these reflections, and almost disheartened from farther attempts, a text of incomparable sweetness came to my mind, 'Behold the Lamb of God!' I think that in some degree I feel the import of this, but what an infinite fulness is in it which I too little apprehend! My dear friend, you know not how unfit I am for anything like usefulness; surrounded by

blessings and privileges, I have failed in performing the least of His commandments, and wonder that His mercy should yet give me so much as the strong desire I now feel to serve Him better. When your prayers ascend for the most unworthy, may I not then believe myself remembered?

"Do not again think of the spirit of my words more highly than you ought to think — it is very embarrassing to *appear* better than one really is. I must still say, friendship, however sincere, can ask for you no more than the one thing most valuable — a heart waiting 'to learn the will of divine Providence,' and submitting its own to that, in the assurance that 'He will fulfil the desires of them that fear Him,' and make their paths plain. We have but to turn an eye to the past years of life to be convinced that we know not what are really the important or unimportant circumstances which come to our share as events pass by; often those which appeared too small to be the objects of a thought at the time of their occurrence, are of sufficient importance to influence the whole course of life. I have had frequent opportunities for observing this myself, yet, after all, I fear I have not, with you, that firm trust in Him, with whom are all circumstances and their consequences.

"I am already beginning to look across into the second week in April with some apprehension. I wish May came between March and April. But I confess it is wrong for me to shrink so from a situation which, as I have never sought, I must believe to be an arrangement of Providence."

CHAPTER IV.

Principal object of the Memoir. New Term, reflections. Trust in God. Benevolent Association. Letter to Mr. Pickard. Her interest in personal holiness. Robert Newton. Close of the Term. Fair for Oregon. Belief in Special Providence.

Some readers may possibly regret that, in this volume, no more details are furnished of her labors in the school. But, in the first place, such details would not be particularly interesting, as they were chiefly the ordinary routine of practice, though superior in kind, in the ornamental department of the Academy. In the next place, the bare recital of such details would be of little service, unaccompanied with suitable explanations, and an enlightened statement of principles, for which I profess no ability or skill. But above all, it was the principal desire of her husband and friends that her bright example of social, moral and Christian virtues should be held up for the imitation of others in the various relations of life; as well as to honor the grace of God ,which was so admirably displayed in her.

The quiet, retiring disposition of our sister caused her to become the subject of but few striking incidents in her course of life; at least of such as might occur to a bolder and more confident line of conduct. True,

she was, now and then, devising and promoting some plan to add to the interest and usefulness of her pupils, as may be noticed in her journal by and by. Yet her chief ambition, or aim at least, seemed to be to perform, in the most perfect and beautiful manner, the services and duties required of her at the time, cultivating, as best she might, a simple and childlike submission and conformity to the high and holy will of God.

With what emotions and purposes she entered upon the cares of another term, the reader will see in the annexed passages from her diary.

"Tuesday Evening, April 7, 1840. — The sun is just setting beyond the plains where I have so many times watched its declining light; and now I behold it once again, separated from Home, and its connected joys, surrounded by high responsibilities, and with no strength in myself to sustain them. I feel calm and supported. The darkness which I saw hanging over my way a few days since, I do not find. What is this? Can I hope it is truly assistance and comfort from God? I should think it so indeed, had I not by murmurings and repinings proved myself unworthy, *so unworthy*. Yet it must be from above. I will believe that *some* whose prayers are acceptable before the Throne of grace, have interceded for *me*. I will believe that God, of his unfailing mercy and exhaustless love, listens to those prayers, and will aid me to discharge those duties which his own Providence has so evidently marked out for me. 'Away, sad doubt and anxious fear.'

"April 15. — Have just been reading Rev. Mr. F.'s letter on Christian Perfection. How deep, and full, and glorious was his experience. What is mine? O Thou, from whose eye no secret can be hid, pity my folly, my ignorance of Thee, my darkness and stupidity. O help me that I may know more of Thyself. O reflect love into my heart that I may more fully and constantly love Thee. Thou must give the power; O, aid me to give up my hold upon the world for happiness, and to seek only that which cometh from above. Would that I had *unwavering* confidence in a *faithful God*. Would that the presence of Christ were more constantly manifest to me, and the precious blood of sacrifice, with which I have been bought, were yet more and more the subject of my thoughts.

"Friday Morn, June 5. My dear brother and sister are now on their way home — to *my home!* — while I am left here alone to discharge the many duties devolving upon me; and yet *I am not alone*, for I know that *One* is with me who cannot disown or forget me. While He commands to pray, while He invites to prayer, while He encourages us to come to the Mercy seat from which he ever listens, how can we be *alone?* 'T is true, He is a Sovereign, and sits upon a throne, but it is a throne of mercy — thus Majesty is blended with compassion; and we may have communion with the glorious Author of our spirits, and intercourse with Him who suffered upon the cross to redeem them. I will remember Thee, O Thou Holy One — and in Thy glorious kingdom, Lord, 'remember me.'

"WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 24.—On Monday evening our company met, and formed themselves into a benevolent association for the support of a little girl in Oregon, once benighted Oregon, now merging into light. It is little that we can do; the wiser and greater in this world might despise what may seem an ineffectual effort. 'T is, indeed, trifling, yet 't is all which now seems practicable for us, and—*the altar sanctifieth the gift.* May our humble efforts receive the blessing of Him from whose gracious lips these condescending words once fell."

On the 26th of June she wrote Mr. Pickard a letter in which, after referring to his personal experience narrated in one to her, she more particularly details some of her views and feelings in relation to the state of grace denominated Christian Perfection, or perfect love. This subject had begun to occupy much of her thoughts, and to awaken strong desires for more religion. I hope the reader will carefully note every step in the progress of her mind to a full appreciation of the necessity and freeness of this blessing, and to the full enjoyment of its glorious experience.

The letter also relates, somewhat circumstantially, an interesting visit to Springfield, for the purpose of hearing Rev. Robert Newton preach.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is Friday evening, a period of time ever grateful to me as introducing a rest of two days from my more active and monotonous employments. Although the post will not favor us till

Monday, I am disposed to secure the first moments thus disburthened, in replying to the letter which greeted me last evening. That it was not unwelcome you will believe; more — *profitable*, I trust it is and will be to me. The feeling of embarrassment which *will* often trouble me in addressing you, now throws a double spell over my pen. I am reluctant to answer it, because I know I cannot do so with those corresponding religious feelings which will harmonize with your own.

"As I read it, I was deeply and *painfully* aware of the contrast between the state of your mind, and the variable, sometimes almost insensible condition of my own heart. For a while, overcome by a true sense of the unworthiness of my whole life, I well nigh cast away my confidence, and was ready to forsake my hope of the interest in Christ which I had so often thought mine, but of which I could discover so little genuine fruit. I will not give you anything like a description of the depression which gathered around me, until I could see nothing clearly, either of resolution or encouraging promise. I tried to seek the throne of heavenly grace, but the way seemed closed, and I could not urge the suit I had commenced. O, it was indeed an *hour* of *darkness* most oppressive, which permitted me not to remember the repose of night. To-day, I have less despondency, but communion with my heart still teaches me a painful lesson. I believe the promises of God, all, but fail to apply them to myself. Will my ever kind friend excuse me for the gloomy picture I have presented, and yet

further, if I should express some of the emotions of my heart — which, I fear, is thought far better than it is estimated in the sight of heaven?

"The relation of moments of your experience, for which I thank you, encourages me to tell you the feeble aspirations of my own desires, not for *holiness* of *heart*, but for more *constant* devotion to God, for more *abiding* peace of mind. That high gift of redeeming grace, of which I hope *you now* have the full evidence, I have never thought could be *mine*. It is a provision which I can believe and rejoice in for others, but from which I practically imagine *myself alone* excluded. I can from my inmost heart repeat the words of the hymn commencing,

'I want a principle within.'

Do you think it possible to possess all these without believing to the sanctification of the spirit? That is a place so near the throne that I dare not think of attempting to occupy it. Yet for this I must not, do not, excuse myself.

"During a few weeks past my mind has been much more than heretofore awake to the necessity of 'living with heaven *continually* in view.' I *have* tried to be more active and constant in the discharge of Christian duty, and to remember the great importance and *obligation* of '*personal effort*;' and, in connection with these, have often enjoyed, as I think, the direct witness of the spirit, that I was accepted in His sight. But

often I have not been sensible of this, and have reproved myself, then, with the words,

> 'For what are outward things to Thee,
> Unless they spring from love?'

It is this I need continually. I *know* I do desire, more ardently than any thing beside, to possess this, and feel ever the assurance that I am approved of *Him who seeth in secret.*

"I do rejoice for you in the privilege which you enjoyed at home, of the society of those who 'professed this great blessing'— together with all the sacred associations of that concluding evening hour — an hour to be remembered in heaven. I am glad to learn that the influences of the Spirit have been so diffused in the Province, as well as in highly favored New-England. In *our* community, at the present time, we have very little religious interest. I think I never knew so little here. What responsibilities rest upon those who lead the minds now committed to their care! I feel my weakness and imperfections as I am not accustomed to feel them, and know that without larger supplies of grace I must be almost valueless and useless in our community. You have sometimes said that I had remembrance in your prayers; now you will not forget me. I desire unchanging love to God, and to exemplify it in all my conversation. I desire a clearer witness of His love to me. May I solicit for these an especial recollection?

"I must not omit to mention a circumstance of high pleasure to me. I had the gratification of listening to

the Rev. R. Newton when he preached in Springfield. From his first arrival on our shores, I thought it would be worth a little pilgrimage to see him. I had heard he was to preach in Middletown, Hartford and Boston, and thought for the moment, 'woe is me that I sojourn in' Wilbraham. When, unexpectedly, he came so near as Springfield, the power of attraction was very strong, and a large number of our company hastened to hear him. I never thought of obtaining a seat, but, when I found myself within hearing-distance, was perfectly satisfied. He chose for his text the words, 'Instant in prayer.' The sermon was *blessed* — I can think of no more descriptive word — so eloquent in purity, simplicity and *practical* instruction. I should think it possible that those who went to hear an *orator* were some disappointed, but tears abundantly testified its effect upon the heart. My own was perfectly in tune to receive the most pleasing, and, I hope, profitable impression. How delightful to see the first order of talents consecrated to, and elevated by the service of the gospel: to be able to forget, while listening, that such an one is popular, (in the ordinary application of the word,) by his humble, spiritual appeals to the conscience. After the exercises in church, I had the honor of dining with him at the house of Mr. Robb. The interview was very brief, as he left immediately for Boston.

"Again wishing for you every aid and happiness in your many duties, I remain,

"Yours sincerely, H. M. T."

July 22d, the following occurs in her journal. "What expressions shall I use in making my entry of this day's termination. O for a thankful heart! I am poor in nothing but thanks.

> 'How do Thy mercies close me round,
> For ever be thy name adored.'

Our term has closed. Its opportunities for usefulness *so* misimproved, are past. But O, how rich, how full and unnumbered are its mercies, equivalent only to my ill desert. Every thing has passed away satisfactorily; more I have received than I could have asked, of grace, wisdom and *favor with the people.* It *is* all of God. O, let me never murmur or complain again. Thou hast kept, and wilt still direct all my interests, and all the interests of my dearest friends.

"Our Fair, for which we have toiled, is past. We have exceeded my most sanguine expectations — to God be all *the praise*, to us the bliss. The sales have amounted to more than seventy dollars — and this evening we again meet to plan what shall be done. The little girl in Oregon is to bear the name of H. M. T."

It has seldom been my privilege to meet with an individual who had so intelligent, steadfast and consoling a reliance on the guidance of the Divine hand, as this beloved disciple of Jesus. At first, it was a confidence in the universal operations of supreme wisdom, goodness and power; but in her later experience it acquired the character of a delightful, heart-felt repose

in love and power divine exerted in her behalf — a Providence that watched and directed *her* steps, a special presence that accompanied and guarded *her*. The reader will be pleased to see these remarks illustrated here in two particulars, which most essentially concerned her happiness. One of them is of so tender and sacred a character that it would not be minutely traced, were it not for the important view which it gives of strong religious principle, and for the hope that the example may be serviceable to many a youth with similar designs and prospects. I refer now to her affiance with her future husband, in reference to which she records her views and feelings shortly after a visit which she was permitted to enjoy in addition to the usual attractions of home during vacation. The other particular is her connection with the school, respecting which she writes to Mr. Pickard :—

"I suppose I shall pass the Autumn in Wilbraham. I have endeavored to *think* that I could be, at least, as useful at home ; that, perhaps, it was my duty to be there ; and that, consequently, I should not return here, (Wilbraham ;) — but cannot *say* so, because I am not sure that this would be according to the order of Providence. Shall you think me almost visionary upon the doctrine of Special Providence, by my frequent allusions to it ? I am happy in my firm reliance upon its watchfulness. Notwithstanding I can see little good which I am doing here, or which may result from my being an incumbent of this responsible station,

I would not leave while by doing so I should transgress against a voice undefinable within."

Of her visit home, she thus writes in her journal:

"August 23d.—Home and its pleasant scenes have again been mine—that home *so* dear, the dwelling of my Father and my Mother! The cordial welcome of friends has every where greeted me; the too partial eye of kindness and affection has overlooked my unworthiness, and awarded to me the tribute of sympathy and regard. The tenderest hope of my heart has been fulfilled—I have enjoyed the society of the *one* who is *much beloved*, who will, probably, in the future, be my *dearest* earthly *friend* and *protector*. I am thankful that I am permitted to trace the finger of Providence in this acquaintance; and should after circumstances or coming changes thwart the present design, I think I can say still, 'Thy will be done.' Yes, pleasing as are the emotions of the present, and bright as are now to me the hopes of the future, I think I would rather they should perish from my way, than that I should be compelled to feel that the eye of Providence no longer regards it with favor.

"I would that our love to each other might be sanctified by a constant and unreserved dedication of ourselves and our interest to the service of Christ. Without this we cannot be fitted for usefulness, and for a becoming discharge of the duties which appear to be marked out for us in life. They will be most difficult and arduous, without Divine aid. Yet I can rejoice that such duties have been revealed to my

friend as the way in which he must serve God. I prefer, above every temporal good, that to him should this grace be given — that he should preach the unsearchable riches of Christ — the unsearchable riches of Christ! O Thou who *callest to holiness*, enable me to be Thine, to serve Thee in newness of life each moment."

CHAPTER V.

Advancement in holiness. Christian Perfection, reasonable and Scriptural. New resolutions. Sense of responsibility. Increase of light. Evidence of acceptance. Rejoicing in God. Earnest desires. Longing for God. Her relation of the experience of perfect love. Continued consecration.

In August, Miss Thompson was again in Wilbraham. During this term, attentive as usual to her regular duties, she yet made greater advancement in the divine life than ever before, and exerted herself more widely in promoting the salvation of her pupils. For her own personal safety, and for suitable Christian influence, she had long felt the necessity and importance of a greater maturity in grace. The object at which she should aim, had been attaining distinctness; and she began to realize that nothing short of entire sanctification would answer the claims of God, and fulfil her responsibilities to others. As we have seen, she at first shrank from this elevated position, but as she contemplated it, she felt its attractions, and finally reckoned herself "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

How truly desirable and appropriate does the state of "perfect love" appear for a Christian. It is the

perfection of his character. There is in the human mind a disposition to delight in whatever is perfect of its kind. A rose-bud is very beautiful, but should all roses remain only buds during the season of flowers, we should feel that there was a deficiency in the powers of nature, and they would become painfully disagreeable. A well-formed dwarf is an object of admiration as a man in miniature; still we feel that the contrast between him and an able-bodied man of the ordinary size is very unpleasant. A babe is lovely — a beautiful bud of promise and hope; an active, amiable child is an object of deserved interest; but what if all human beings were to remain only babes or children henceforth? We should mourn for the future condition of the race and of the earth, and sigh for the perfect men and women of other days.

And do we not wish to see perfection in moral and religious character? Are we satisfied with our own continual schooling in the "first principles of the oracles of God," when for the time of our profession we ought to be teachers, fathers, and mothers in Israel? Are we pleased with the general dwarfishness of Christian character in the church? O where are the men of God who have arrived at "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ?" Does the church now train up her members as she once did,— as she ought to do? The apostles were continually urging their brethren to "go on unto perfection;" to be no longer babes and children, but to be "perfect men," of "full age." They taught them not only to be thoroughly instructed in the doctrine of Christ, but to be "perfect

in love," for "love is the fulfilling of the law;" "sincere and without offence till the day of Christ," in moral and religious character.

I know that to the pride and ignorance of the human heart, there is an air of "ultraism," of extravagance and needless rigor in this requisition. At least, the representations which some Christians feel it their duty to make, of the obligation and privilege of believers, is considered by formal and worldly professors as the dream of the visionary, or the wildness of fanaticism. But how highly honored of God should that church consider itself to be which is made the depositary of this glorious doctrine; how great its advantage for usefulness, how great its responsibility!

Our sister's mind was trammelled and embarrassed with the prevalent objections and excuses that prevent so many, even of the Methodist community, from embracing the exalted privilege of purity of heart. It was long before she fully resolved to seek and know for herself the blessing of "perfect love." But she did so resolve, and entered into this rest. And we now proceed to trace, in her own language, the way in which the Lord gently drew her on, till she was enabled to testify, "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all unrighteousness."

The Sabbath morning after her return to Wilbraham, she writes in her diary as follows:

"I feel a strange backwardness this morning. How is it, my heart? Am I not ready to say that I do desire, more than any thing beside, to be the Lord's—

to be approved by Him who discerneth the thoughts and weigheth the motives? My spirit certainly answers promptly, Yes. But why am I so cold in my love to God? Why am I not *now* happy in Him? Friends and home and future hopes can command my thoughts. And when memory or imagination presents them before me, all slumbering emotions of joy are aroused, and the anticipation of again mingling in these pleasures fills my mind with delight. O why are the representations of these scenes so vivid, and why do I have so dim conceptions of that bright world of holiness and glory which *may* be my home for ever? Why so feeble aspirations of love to Him whose love for me changes not, but now is as tender and free as when He remembered my polluted soul in the hour of atonement? It is because those pollutions have not been fully washed away by faith in that atonement, that this dark shadow of the *fall* is still upon my nature. O God, renew me in Thine own image.

> 'Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear,
> That pledge of love for ever there.'

I do purpose in Thy strength to strive to 'live with heaven continually in view.' I purpose with Thine aid to neglect no means to secure this object. Among the number shall be more watchfulness and meditation. I have often thought I would cherish the spirit of these by recording my thoughts, but I have not been systematic in this, and have often neglected it altogether. I now purpose to be more constant in this practice; it will, I doubt not, if rightly attended to,

promote my spiritual advancement, and be otherwise advantageous to me."

"Aug. 25," she again writes, "I hardly know how to record my emotions to-day. I will try, that I may be able more effectually to analyze them to myself.

"I feel that it is my duty to be *wholly* given up to God, to serve Him in newness of life. I know that unless I do so, I cannot be useful in life, or in death be prepared to meet Him. But O, my heart is so unstable, my desires so fluctuating — at one time ardently aiming at the blessedness thus offered, at another coldly following the convictions of duty. I would be thankful that this conviction remains upon my mind; it must exert an influence; certainly it prevents me from slumbering upon the subject. O God, withdraw not from me these faint enkindlings of the Spirit, but increase them until

'All I am is lost in Thee.'

I will not yield to the sinful inclinations of my heart, which so readily rise up to check the operations of the Spirit. No. It *is* the will of God, even *my* sanctification. I must believe this; I do desire it. O aid Thou me to seek it with all my heart, for in that day I am assured that I shall find. Help me to renounce the world; humbly and faithfully to bear the cross.

"How much work there is for me to do — I faint at the prospect. I am here 'in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling!' God has placed under our influence and instruction so many human beings — beings who have commenced an existence which will

never terminate — susceptible of being persuaded to that course by which they may spend their eternity in happiness, or if not so influenced, must never reach that place of bliss. O God, help me to feel this responsibility every moment; — let me never shrink from word or act which Thou shalt reveal as duty; and O, let me never so grieve thy Spirit that I cannot perceive the things which Thou wouldst have me do. Lend, lend me thine aid, and, all insufficient as I am, I can speak some word for Thee which shall bring forth fruit to thine honor and glory.

"27.— Several days past have been dark to me. I knew I *must* and did prefer the service of God above all earthly good, but could not find within those sensations of delight in His character which I desired, for it was too holy for my impure soul to gaze upon. I can, I think, trace the cause,— *I was unfaithful at home.* Shall I ever bear the cross with my particular friends? I have *so* neglected religious conversation and prayer with *them,* that I wonder God has continued to me the daily blessings with which I have been favored; and above all, that He has, even for a moment, manifested any tokens of love to my soul. O the depths of His goodness in our unworthiness! the fulness of His mercy amid all our sins!

None but *God such* love can show.'

"Yesterday and to-day, I have felt to prefer a termination of temporal and spiritual existence, rather than live so distant from my Savior in heart, and so unlike Him in character and spirit. To-night I came

to Him in prayer. I thought I could no longer endure the situation in which I was; I *must* seek again that mercy so unlimited, which yet, it hardly seemed, could be reserved for me. I came at His feet; — I begged for some word which should 'life and peace afford;' and the kind message of that mercy which immediately spoke within was, 'I will, be thou clean.' I hesitated, and grieved that it was from myself alone — yet still it breathed in my heart. It was not withdrawn for my doubts. As a light suddenly beaming upon dark waters to the anxious mariner, who fears to avert his steady eye lest he shall lose its friendly rays, but there it glows, uninfluenced by his fear, so was that word to me. O how shall I record His mercy suitably. O increase Thou within my soul that heavenly light; let me never, never, never again lose sight of it; but O, may it continue to brighten unto perfect glory. It will, if I live a holy life.

"It must be holiness of heart which I desire. It must be the sanctification of the spirit of which I am convinced I stand in need. *Something* must be done to remove from my heart all remaining traces of sin. I dared not aim so high as this; but I must, I can ask for this, and for nothing else than this. Jesus my Mediator, my Redeemer, it must be that Thou art a Redeemer from *all* sin. It must be, as Thou hast declared, Thy will even *my* sanctification. Yes, there was merit sufficient in Thy death to purchase even *this* for *me;* and Thou art represented to us as a continual offering for sin. I must believe, God being my helper, I *will* try to believe, even to the attainment of this.

"28.—My mind is lost for words suitably to express my obligations to God, and to redeeming mercy, this evening. I feel a brighter, yea I have a *firm* evidence within that I am accepted through the beloved. O God, keep my heart with *thy* 'peace which passeth all understanding.' Let me ever walk in the light of Thy countenance; then 'labor is rest, and pain is sweet.' I just taste Thy mercy, but O, let me fulfil Thy commandments, and grow in the knowledge of God my Savior. It is my duty to know Thy character, to study Thine attributes, to trace Thy providences, to receive communications of Thy grace, and thus to attain the measure of a perfect character in Christ Jesus.

"O how precious are Thy words; they are sweet, more to be desired than gold. What love didst Thou display to the world in condescending for us to leave on record those promises which are the sure refuge of Thy church and the basis of their hopes, while assured of Thy faithfulness. O let the word be written on my heart, let it be graven on the walls of Zion, let it be promulgated through the world—*faithfulness*—Thou art 'faithful and just!' Thy children cannot sufficiently praise Thee; the spirits of the just made perfect, and all the angel choirs cannot sufficiently praise Thee. O keep me each moment by Thy grace, until I come up at last to mingle my voice with theirs in that better land who render ascriptions of praise 'to Him who hath loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in his own blood.' Blessed be *His name!*

"30.—Sabbath Morning.—I look up this holy hour, and sigh for that holiness of heart of which the

moments speak, that I may be prepared for that *rest* of which this day is the emblem, and the implied assurance. God is here. In Him all things exist. Beneath, above me and around, all *are instinct with Thee.* I feel the overshadowing of Thy presence, and my heart swells with sacred joy. How delightful to my mind the knowledge that *God liveth* and *reigneth;* that a new and living way is opened by which we may have access to Him, not merely through the natural operations of His hand in the universe, but through the *internal* manifestations of Himself to the soul that believeth — by that mysterious, holy communion of *heart* which we enjoy when, living to Him, we *feel* the the words of our Savior, '*because I live ye shall live also.*' I know that my Redeemer *lives.* I think of Him this morning as interceding for me — O the depth of the riches of His grace — for *me* who have a thousand times grieved and denied Him, a thousand times resisted the influences of His Holy Spirit, and rejected its winning consolations. In vain my thoughts attempt to explore the mystery; my Savior lives and intercedes — I shall live also! I would take the gift of *life* thus obtained, and render it wholly up to Thee. It is Thine, forasmuch as I have not been redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold from my vain conversation, but with the *precious blood of Christ*, as of a Lamb slain without *spot* or *blemish.* In days of the Levitical Priesthood, and ceremonial law, the transgressor humbly brought to the Lord's altar a lamb without blemish, and by his sprinkled blood the sin was forgiven. How much more shall we receive the

gift which is by grace, who come with penitent boldness to the throne of mercy by the way which he has consecrated through the vail of His flesh! The promises of Him who 'is faithful and just to forgive our sins,' guard each step of the way — we cannot fail.

In a corresponding tone of earnest spiritual desires, she wrote to Mr. Pickard — "Sept. 1.—The small company who meet weekly in my room to spend the hour of twilight in prayer, have just dispersed, and now as its last rays are fading, I am happy to remember for you that it is Tuesday evening. I am truly happy to remember what is probably now your employment. I would that I could, with more faith, present before the throne the desire I feel that the presence of the Holy Spirit may rest abundantly upon you and your charge. I will specify nothing more — if He be indeed with you, every circumstance will be regarded, every want will be redressed. But O, what shall I do with my unbelieving heart! It will not be subject to 'the law of my mind,' so that I cannot do the things that I would. Shall I *ever* see the time when it shall be subdued fully? is a question I ask myself with much fear. I hardly dare, in this matter, examine myself whether I be in the faith, and yet it is a thought which banishes every other from me. On occasions like the present, though you ask my remembrance, you can derive little benefit from my small supply of faith — but *the promise is to you.* What an inestimable sentence to be recorded for us in the word of God, is that passage which you introduce at the commencement of

your letter. With what tenderness do such addresses invite our confidence to repose on Christ. To me there is no common thought contained in the words 'I will give you *rest*.' Let me thank you for suggesting these things to me. I *will* try to remember 'WHO hath said, I will not leave you *comfortless*.' I *will* try to rely less for happiness upon the flattering assurances which the world so often intrudes upon my thoughts, and make that only my choice in which, amid every vicissitude, I may feel confident, HE *will not leave me comfortless.*

"I thank you for your 'daily' recollections, and now often gratefully think I may ascribe it in part to your petitions in my behalf, that the long suffering of God is still manifested to me by the impartation of increasing desires to serve Him in *all* newness of life, yes, even *unblamably in holiness.* I do not think I can be otherwise *useful* or *satisfied.* Although I do now feel a sense of pardon, yet, undeserving this, I am not at *rest.* I know there is beyond me a sea of fulness, which the eye of faith has not yet revealed to me. When I can have a constant sense of the presence of God, tender and confiding love to Him, I believe I shall be satisfied — I shall then be awaking in *His likeness.*"

She continued the same devotional and pious strain in the subsequent records of her journal, evidently approaching nearer the realization of her enlarged desires. Note the following:

"Sept. 7. — This has been a week of various emotions. I have tried to seek the highest blessing afforded in this life — an evidence of my *full* acceptance with God; that I may reckon myself 'dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' I can see all, but I do not believe. I have not been accustomed to think this high blessing could be in reserve for me. Although I did not feel myself excluded from any of the covenant mercies, yet I felt that to be a gift bestowed only upon the eminently pious — upon those whom God was preparing for important services in his vineyard. But are not all the services there important? Is it possible to render there one act acceptable without holiness of heart, purity of motive — the doing of it with a single eye? It is true, my heart is persuaded of this, and will not rest, not only until I am dead indeed unto sin, but till I am *alive unto God.* O may it be so! Holy Spirit, suffer me not to rest. With the conviction I now have of its importance, to slumber upon this subject would be to resign my soul to the sleep of spiritual death — I know it.

"10. — I would record my gratitude to the God and Father of my spirit — the God of all mercies and comfort, that I am not yet deserted of His holy influences. He does not yet give me up to hardness of heart, and to blindness of mind. No; but, undeserving and vile as I have been, He still calls me to be like Himself. O wondrous grace! *Whence is this unto me!* I feel hope and joy in nothing else but the thought that I may be wholly conformed to His image. And this I

do continue to hope, because He increases in me a hungering and thirsting after this. Yes, *I* shall see the King in his beauty.' Hidden in Christ I may see Him as he passes. O when will he come? When shall I be *pure* in heart. As I have borne the image of the earthy, when, O when shall I bear the image of the heavenly? O for more *active* faith — the substance of things hoped for, the *evidence* of things *not seen*. How sweet *is* the word of God! 'Thy word is truth.' New light seems to beam from its holy pages to enlighten the eyes of my understanding. O may its promises be realized to my faith, and all *His* will be fulfilled regarding me.

> 'O save a trembling sinner, Lord,
> Whose hope still hovering round thy word,
> Would light on *some sweet promise* there,
> Some sure support against despair.'"

The glorious hour, at length arrived, when our sister yielded herself fully up to the claims of God's grace, and realized "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." Her relation of this experience, by the evidence of its truthfulness, and of her humility and sincerity, cannot fail of being beneficial to all who shall duly appreciate her testimony. It may be well to observe that while her mind was in a state of earnest desire for holiness already described, she enjoyed the privilege of attending a Camp-Meeting at Ellington, Conn. This meeting was interesting to her, and, probably, contributed a share of preponderating influence to the happy termination of her prolonged anxiety. The little prayer meeeting held in her own room at the

recommendation of one of her dear friends, Mrs. Goodnow, was, doubtless, rendered a great assistance and motive to her eager pursuit of holiness. In this meeting she finally took the lead, and was made a special blessing to many, by her prayers and counsel. We find, by her relation, however, that her mind was peculiarly led by the Holy Spirit in her search after full redemption, and that she had taken no one as a guide or model, but followed the teachings of the Spirit in her final experience of the great salvation. This is the more valuable as her experience exhibits such a strict correspondence, in its essential features, with that of all who have enjoyed the same blessing, thus confirming the belief that such experience is the work of God. This account is found in several different forms, which I will venture to condense in one, so as to give a connected detail of her experience.

"Sept. 16.— With humble confidence I would make mention of new hopes and joys — *new* indeed to me — the darkness is past, the *true light* now *shineth*. All praise be given to God! All praise be given to God! I can *now* reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but *alive unto God*. Yes, even *I am* alive unto God, *through Jesus Christ my Lord!* How sweet to add *His* name. I thank thee, O Father, for *this* way of salvation; this is the *new* and *living* way.

'O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
Which glows within my ravished heart,
But Thou canst read it there.'

"My earliest religious impressions were received by the bed-side of a dying brother, (the eldest of our family;) the kiss of his cold, damp lips, accompanied by a charge to meet him in heaven, (only an hour previous to his death,) sealed the interest of eternity upon my mind with characters ineffaceable. Years after this, when my heart embraced the hope of the gospel, I was still a child, and won to it rather by the love of Christ manifested therein, than as the refuge which it offers from the wrath of God. This characteristic of my emotions at that time, together with my lack of those raptures experienced by some, has often led me to doubt the genuineness of the admitted change by which my name was placed upon the records of our church. I have looked upon it perhaps as *natural religion;* this has ever been my most assailable point of temptation. Like many professed followers of Christ, my experience has been very fluctuating, often half-hearted, yet favored with seasons of enjoyment wholly undeserved by such cold affections.

"For some months past I have occasionally felt the need of some influence which should *keep* me from so frequent backslidings of spirit, but I could not think that this influence must be none other than *entire consecration.* My thoughts have often been seriously arrested in view of my preparation for the present and future duties of life while so vacillating. I could but ask myself how much better prepared should I be for the employments and bliss of heaven, were I to live on *so* till the hour of death. As my convictions of my own frailty increased, I felt more and more the need of a

principle within to keep my sliding feet, and felt it *must* be *entire consecration* alone. Yet, *now* altogether convinced of this, I was *unwilling* to be *sanctified*. It was, to my inconsistent heart, at first, so attended by an appearance of 'ultraism,' that I think a *tangible* offer of it some months since would have been *declined* by me! This the merciful influences of the Holy Spirit overcame. As the Spirit strove with me, and my repentings were so often kindled, I grieved more and more that I so grieved the Holy Spirit whereby I *might* be sealed, and began to see new beauty in this blessed doctrine. It no longer seemed to bear the odium of fanaticism, but O, it became to me the object of intense desire — to be *pure in heart* the constant breathing of my soul. I thought not of the high enjoyment, but to be accepted of 'Him who seeth in secret,' was my *only* wish. This became my prayer by day, my dream by night. Day after day it assumed new beauty and importance, until my common employments seemed intrusive; earthly visions faded away before it; earthly friendships were, for the time, almost forgotten, for

> —— 'While I sought my Maker's grace,
> And flesh and spirit failed before his face,
> Their tempting presence from my breast I drove; —
> It was no season then for earthly love.'

"I resolved to make an effort to obtain this blessing. I sought the throne of grace in constant prayer. On Saturday, (Sept. 11,) closing my door, and locking out care and all possibility of interruption, I resolved to make the surrender of all — my *little all!* I im-

plored the aid of Him who is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. I drew from their lurking places my faults and selfish appetites — O what a multitude of guilty outcasts! I paused over them one by one, as my nature struggled to retain them, and would let none escape me until the friendly, penetrating light of *Purity* enabled me to see clearly their unworthiness. I examined and re-examined, examined and re-examined, particularizing every circumstance which could influence me, weighing all. Matters of *taste* most annoyed me, and came up in a thousand forms: yet these *little* things, which *may* do so great mischief, I think I was enabled fully to overcome. I am sure now I desire none of them as I once did. The last thing which I had to contend with was this — would I be willing to return again to W. if such should seem to be duty? This, indeed, brought much contention of will, but in *this also* the will of God *shall* be done by me. I looked again, but could find nothing more which opposed at all; *all* I could resign, yes, *all* — the present, the future, *all for Christ.* I thought I might *reckon myself* then *dead* to *sin*, in that it had not *dominion over me;* but I could not believe my full acceptance, and say, 'alive unto God.' I could not feel *direct* access to the throne of mercy. I resolved to leave there my gift before the altar, and wait the evidence of its acceptance. Several days passed in this way while I maintained my spirit of consecration; I felt this to be my only safeguard against my former cold-heartedness and *final loss.* Still I hoped; the thought that it

might be before long that this high gift would be *mine*, sustained me. Yesterday (15th) I began to fear lest a promise being left me of entering into that *rest*, I should come short of it through *unbelief*. To-day the way has been much clouded; I feared it was not for *me* — that *I* could not believe; and thought that God could have no sympathy with such culpable timidity in relying upon His word; He would withdraw His spirit from me, and leave me to *perish*. My mind was exceedingly distressed, when suddenly the tender sentiment recorded by Isaiah came to mind, 'Can a woman forget her sucking child? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget Thee.' Again, with new confidence, in my room, alone, I sought to plead the promises of God which recurred to me. Again I hoped, again I sought to go up to the throne to bring down the blessing. I tried and tried to soar, until the wings of my faith wearied and drooped, and I was glad to come down, and rest *low* at the feet of Christ. I then found the word verified, it 'is nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy *heart*.' My mind was soon taken away for a moment by the *fullness* of the *atonement*. I had never so discovered it before. I saw it wrought out by *God himself;* then, infinite as his own character, boundless as eternity, it must prevail, it must serve for *me* too. My whole soul adored in awe. O how blessed, thought I, to devote my life — a thousand lives — to *Love like this!* My fear and all was gone, save the delightful thought of being *His alone*. 'Quietness and assurance' filled my heart. I had paused in my prayer, and could but ask, what is this? It *is* being

'alive unto God.' I can never express the sweetness, the joyous haste, with which I added the words which I had seldom observed before,—'*through Jesus Christ our Lord!*' I repeated them again and again. I had been anxious for an indubitable, startling evidence of acceptance. It came not in power or rapture, but like the message to Elijah. I heard a still small voice, and *believed* the Lord was there, and when I heard it, I wrapped myself in the mantle of *Christ's* atonement, and listened."

In a letter to her sister, Mrs. Otheman, from which a part of the above relation is taken, she continues the account of herself, as follows:

"From that time I have not doubted that my *nature* is pure in the sight of God,—*through Jesus Christ, our Lord.* I think so, because I had been many days in deep darkness, but since that have known none. I think so, because since then, though more severely tempted than ever before, I have received unusually rich blessings; because I have near access at all times to the throne of grace; and because of a conviction upon my mind which forbids me for a moment to doubt that God has done this for me. To Him I owe the confession I now make to you. Since commencing this relation, something has repeatedly suggested to me that I had better not speak of it until, at least, I return home. But of this suggestion I am too suspicious to yield. I remember my past fluctuations. My heart still *keeps* the offering first made, as *unreserved*

as then. For this I am thankful; it is enough. If I can have no more happiness than the consciousness that this is the case, *I am satisfied.* My only hope is in the *broad atonement.*

"I was not led to the consideration of this subject, and to desires for this blessing, by any thing which has been said to me, or by reading. I cannot doubt it to be *only* the work of the Spirit on my heart. I came not to my present feelings by following the light of other Christian experience. I should think it, perhaps, a feebler testimony than most could bring; but I have a calm, full evidence when in secret prayer which is resistless. Indeed, what would be the corresponding testimony of all saints, *without this?* I have told you all that is in my heart. You know my constitution, and will not expect me to come to you *perfect* in every respect, nor without my *ready smile.* I am not yet able to speak of these mental exercises under that responsible word of which I have had so exalted and fearful ideas — *sanctification*; but I should do wrong to withhold a relation of my experience thus far. And now I count not myself to have attained, either to be already *perfect*; 'but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'

"I did not expect to extend my remarks so far over the sheet, but I wished to be definite to convince you of my sincerity, and, if possible, to give you the evidence which I myself have that I have not undertaken this in my own strength."

CHAPTER VI.

Effects of her recent experience. Holiness, the glory of the Church. Religious influence. Interesting illustration. Grace produces humility. Severe temptations. Sensitive conscience. Supreme love to God hallowing other affections. Contemplation of Heaven. Shrinking at the Cross. Close of the Term.

The blessing which our sister had now obtained, was but the preparation for further advancement in holiness, for more decided and extensive usefulness, and for trials which awaited her, to which she would have been totally unequal without this "abundant grace."

Her attachment to the church of her choice, which maintains this distinguished doctrine of grace, and which employs means so admirably adapted to promote a growth in holiness, was greatly increased by her present spiritual attainments.

It is generally the case, that as the members of our church increase in spiritual affections, they become stronger in their love and devotion to her doctrines and usages. On the other hand a declension in religion is generally preceded or followed by an indifference to these modes of thought and action. It requires a high state of religious principle and zeal to carry forward the operations of genuine Methodism. And then,

again, we have undoubted evidence for the belief that the sentiments and practices of our church have been the means of promoting, in a remarkably high degree, the Christian experience and enjoyment both of the ministry and membership. We rejoice that it is so. We can only wish that Methodists might be true to their principles and their modes of operation, and they would yet be the honored and successful instruments of rapidly "spreading scriptural holiness over these lands." This is our mission. When we cease to aim at this, and this only, our candlestick will be removed, our glory will have departed, and we shall but have as our portion to sit down in mourning over the desolations of our altars. Is it not the anxious cry of every one among us — "O Lord, revive *Thy* work?" We are passing through fiery trials: if they but purge away our sins, and purify our souls, we shall have nothing to fear. Nothing but "Holiness to the Lord" will enable the church to maintain her honor and her influence.

From the time of her entire consecration, Miss Thompson was more earnest and successful in efforts for the spiritual welfare of her pupils. She had frequently sought seasons of personal conversation and prayer with them. This practice she continued; and for the purpose, visited their rooms, and sent for them to visit hers. Many will, it is hoped, have cause to bless God in eternity for her faithful and affectionate labors for their salvation. The Bible class, which met at her room, after tea on Sunday, and which now con-

sisted of thirty young ladies, was an important and fruitful field of usefulness.

But her influence was not confined to such systematic and direct efforts. She breathed the spirit of Christ in her daily intercourse with her scholars, and would frequently give them a word of religious advice or invitation, when attending to their exercises in school-hours. Of this latter kind of effort the following is an interesting illustration, furnished for these pages by the young lady herself, who was its happy subject. The precise period when the circumstances occurred is not stated, but the person referred to writes as follows:

"Early in Sept., 1840, while a member of Miss Thompson's class, she came and sat down by me at the drawing table, and in *her peculiarly attractive* way, said she wished to talk with me about religion. Several times the previous term, she had, in her friendly intercourse, invited my attention to the subject, but not with such anxiety and earnestness as now. Said she, after some moments conversation, 'When I have spoken to you of serious things, you have been disposed to listen, and not turn lightly away; but have you ever let the subject rest with the weight on your mind, which its importance demands? You think you have not deep conviction enough, yet you think you ought to be, but are not a Christian. Perhaps it is all the conviction you will ever have, and if you do not improve upon this, you may have no more of the Spirit's influence.' And she affectionately urged me, if I had

any serious feelings, to let them have room, and to give calm and undivided attention to the things which I knew to be of so much importance. She concluded by relating to me the anecdote of the old soldier at Gibraltar:

"'One evening, as the sentinel was pacing his usual rounds, and calling out at intervals, "All's well," he was much surprised to hear the call answered in a solemn voice by the words, "The precious blood of Christ." He was not superstitious, and upon repeating the call, and hearing the same reply, he resolved on finding out the cause. On searching in the direction of the voice, he found an old soldier, who said he could not sleep; and when he heard the cheerful call, the thought came forcibly to his mind that it was through the sacrifice of Christ that "all was well," and he could not help exclaiming, "The precious blood of Christ." It resulted in the soldier's conversion.'

"'The thought that it was to the Cross that the world owed every temporal blessing, as well as the Christian his hope of eternal life, so fixed itself in my mind, that, followed by the Spirit's influences, and the conversation and prayers of that *ever dear* teacher, it led me, in a few days, to hope for acceptance through that 'precious blood.'"

The pious reader will be pleased to trace her religious experience in more of those private records so rich in sentiment and in language, which have already contributed much to the interest of these pages. In the following we may notice the proper influence of

large supplies of grace to produce true humility; exalted in the Divine esteem, she was abased in her own.

"Sept. 18.—I still find it sweet to adore the goodness of God; to exclaim, 'how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast prepared for them that love Thee!' O what a privilege, to take the place which best becomes me, the lowest at the foot of the cross. While from past and present unworthiness I could not look up to the Throne, yet this, all this I may forget—I may look up to *Christ* and live! God has done great things for me, He is doing great things; and I find within my heart the strong expectation that He will permit me hereafter to enjoy such blessings as 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man.' Again I give myself away. O to sink lower in humility, to become more and more like Christ. It is not a desire for bliss, it is not a desire for the joys of heavenly society alone which now fills my mind; it is simply, only to be pure in heart, to be *like Christ!*

"Undoubting confidence in God in the midst of severe temptations, is the only shield and refuge of a soul in its endeavors to live entirely consecrated. This is illustrated in the succeeding extracts, as well as the fact that *fulness* of *joy* is not *always* realized even with the evidence of full acceptance.

"Sept. 25.—The past week has been strewn thick with mercies; blessings more full than any I have before realized, have been imparted to me at times. But O, what temptations have beset me, and into which I

have well nigh fallen for moments; yet out of them all the Lord hath brought me. The most bitter and most successful has been the suggestion that I am not wholly given up to God as I have believed. At times my confidence has been much shaken. My former ideas of the *sanctified* state return to mind; and because I have not all the rapture which I supposed to be the *invariable* attendant upon consecrated endeavors, I have yielded to fears. It is not so much *rapture* that I desired for itself, but as a *seal* of my acceptance. *This I will leave with the Lord henceforth.* It is enough that He delivers me out of temptation at the throne of grace. He never turns me from there empty away. Blessed be His name! However Satan may darken my hopes, and throw a mist over my confidence, at the mercy seat I can always

> 'read my title clear,
> To mansions in the skies.'

A voice tenderly assures me of my adoption into the family of Christ. Is not this enough, O my soul? I will *no longer doubt.* I will *no longer doubt. This* refuge is *mine!* 'The new and living way' is always open, always guarded. No lion is there, no ravenous beast goes up thereon, they shall not be found there, but the *redeemed* shall walk there.

> 'Hither, when hell assails I flee;
> I look into my Savior's breast;
> Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear,
> Mercy is all that's written there.'

"29.— Mercy again whispers to my heart. Hours of dark temptation have almost concealed from my view the light of evidence which gleamed upon my way, betokening my full consecration; but it is again there. May God help me to guard the precious treasure. I must be *obedient* and *walk* by *faith*. By the unlimited attributes of God, by the faithfulness of his promises, by the fulness of the atonement, I *will* reckon myself dead unto sin, and trust momentarily in the mercy of Christ to keep me alive unto God."

The peculiar sensitiveness of conscience which a high state of grace produces, is evidence of the genuineness of the work of the Spirit on the heart, and tends to guard the sanctity of Christian character, the glory of God, and the best good of society. Though there is no condition of mind, this side heaven, in which an accountable being is not liable to sin, yet there is one in which the least known deviation from strict rectitude produces intense pain, and uneasiness, and an immediate effort at reconciliation. Such a state is found in entire consecration, when the *whole* bent of the mind is to do the will of God. The occurrence of an actual moral fault is not inconsistent with the fact that the person may be, immediately before, in a state of full acceptance with God, and may, immediately after, recover, through the atonement, His forfeited favor. But it will always be found that the fault in such a case, is the hasty result of strong temptation, and is, in itself small, as compared with other sins;— though what might seem a trifle to another, would, to

the sanctified heart appear exceedingly aggravated. It is only when a person has lived for some time in the loss of the evidence of entire consecration, that he falls into great offences, and becomes weak as other men. If these views are correct, we may more fully appreciate the nature of the following record, which we would not withhold, as it shows most convincingly the sincerity of our sister's profession and experience.

"Oct. 16.—How full of mercy is our Savior! How 'faithful and just' is our Heavenly Father to forgive us all unrighteousness for Jesus' sake! Yesterday, I fell into tempation, and, I fear, by a moment's expression of wrong feeling, wounded the blessed cause of Christ. O, I grieve bitterly, deeply for this. Why did I not watch more, when the tempter is *always so near?*

'*Thee* may I always nearer feel,'

O my refuge and strength. Perhaps by that unguarded moment God is now teaching me that I cannot stand *alone.* No, *every moment* I must live in Thee.

'Every moment, Lord, I need
The merit of Thy death.'

How sweet to rest upon these merits. Here is safety, here is strength, here is righteousness too, and all for the tempted, the weak, the polluted! God can make even the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder he will restrain. Glory be to Him, He does not take from me the inward witness of His favor. I can

now give up my anxiety concerning this. I have sought, and did *at once* receive pardon at His hand. I have sought it 'carefully' from those whom I offended. O that it may not injure His blessed cause. I can hide nothing from the eye of Omniscience. No, I rejoice that he reads my heart. I give all to Him, '*my little all!*' 'Freedom, health, and friends, and fame.' I have heard His tender voice saying to me to-night 'Lovest thou me more than these?' With tears my heart replied, 'Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee.'"

It was now a time of revival in the Academy. Several of the students were made partakers of salvation. In this work she took great delight, and was instrumental in aiding some to find the Savior. She records an instance as follows:

"Oct. 18.—God still blesses me, and condescends to use so poor an instrument as myself to His great glory! I am humbled in the dust. O let me bear Thy full image, that I may glorify Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord! I feel like being all devotion to God, all humility. O to be divested of every thing pertaining to self. I want to be a whole, continual sacrifice to God, to live a life hidden with Christ in God. I now try to give up all anew, and rest in the death, the precious blood of Christ. This evening one of our company, in whom I have felt much interest, has been delivered from the power of sin, and enabled

to believe in Christ. After returning from the altar in church, I went to her room, and we spent an hour in prayer. We give all the glory to God! May she be kept by his abounding grace until we meet before the throne in heaven."

The following consistent and happy views of the holiness and joys of heaven, suggested by the contemplation of the death of an acquaintance, will be read with pious interest. And it will be remarked that the thought most transporting to her mind is that no sin, nor danger of sin, can invade the purity and bliss of that glorious state.

"Oct. 18.— To-day we have consigned to the undisturbed silence of the grave a meek, lingering victim of consumption. Her conflict with temptations is past; her fear of grieving a Savior's love is exchanged for *rest* in His bright, glorious presence; her weary days and restless nights are numbered. Where suns go not down, and the light of eternal, blissful day knows no coming shadows, *there* she is blessed! and more than this; she drinks from the fount of *holiness*, she breathes the air of holiness, and will be for ever assimilated to that Being whose holiness makes the glory of heaven — the hope of the redeemed. For ever *there!* *For ever* there! Here her spirit sighed for *full* salvation, and thirsted to quaff from this pure stream. She lingered, and feared, and faltered, like *me*, through unbelief, but *such* hours cannot return to

her. O could one glance of that exceeding glory and fullness, which is now opening, still opening to her undimmed vision, be vouchsafed to us, how would the weary soul take courage, and spread its wings for higher flights. But *now* take courage, O my soul! Through Jesus Christ our Lord I can say, I *shall* see him, though not now; I *shall* behold him, if not nigh. Spiritual warfare *appears* to be before thee — fears to dishearten, snares to beguile, unbelief to deter, and life with a thousand varied trials to cast its darkness o'er thy way. But faint not; a few hours and all these may have vanished away, and, O my soul, thou mayest be in heaven! No fears, no snares, no unbelief can hinder *there* the progress of the soul; no shadow from the life that now is falls upon that which is to come. Faint not; for should a long and dreary way be thine, and not one ray of joyful comfort beam upon thee — trust in Christ. I heard a voice from heaven, saying, "To him that *overcometh* will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

How ready we are to be excused from a duty which our groundless fear magnifies into a cross, heavier, as it seems to us, than even the grace of God can enable us to bear. And in our folly we prefer some easier way, when infinite wisdom and love are pointing out the path to exalted and purest happiness. May we wisely decide, with our sister, to let God choose for us, knowing that *He* will *call* us to no work which He will not qualify us to perform.

"Nov. 7.— Through the most merciful influences of the Holy Spirit, I still feel to keep *all* upon the altar. I have not those rapturous enjoyments of which many speak, but I feel that dear as are the friends and hopes and enjoyments of life to me, the Savior is infinitely more dear. O I do desire to be like Him wholly, to grow in His knowledge and favor. He *will* keep me in the hour of temptation, which I now perceive before me. The grace of God, how richly abundant for every demand which we may make! I feel that I have lost strength, and thrown obscurity upon my evidence, by neglecting to perform a requisition. I thought it could not be that I, in my weakness, should *really* be called to bear a cross so heavy as the one which was repeatedly presented. I was ready to say, Any thing but this, Lord. But '*any thing*' else would not do. God is the best judge in these things. I am resolved that should the opportunity again occur, I will go forward in the strength afforded. God shall choose."

With several extracts, partly epistolary and partly from her journal, we shall be brought to the close of this chapter, and shall witness the close of another Academic Term, and her return to the anticipated joys of *home*.

"I am happy in the anticipation of so speedy a return home; its enjoyments brighten before me as I approach them. 'Duty,' I believe, will permit me to spend the winter in Boston. In this I have more gratification, as my mother writes that she misses me so

much as to be waiting anxiously for the time of my coming. I cannot realize that I am so soon to leave these cares for home. The words rejoice me. Yet as I repeat them, they introduce another thought not less welcome, that not alone by the fireside where we seat ourselves, and gather round us the endearments of life, may we call ourselves 'at home.'

> 'Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
> Of sublunary care,'—

then,

> 'We shall lay our armor by,
> And be with *Christ at home*."

Can it be that we are indeed born to such a destiny? 'Conformed to Him, on Him to gaze,' 'without a dimming veil between!'

"I am still enabled to maintain confidence in my Savior, and to detract nought from the consecration which I so deliberately made, and which, I trust, He so graciously accepted. I must still exclaim, Whence is this unto me? and fall in grateful adoration at His feet. Through temptations which, at times, almost compel me to doubt what God has done for me, through days in which the dull spirit is insensible of divine influences, I continue to base my claim to the all-prevalent merit of Christ, upon the words, 'Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price, even with the precious blood of Christ.' While trying to keep His commandments, 'the darkness and the light are both alike to Him.' In the dark shades of night He brings to perfection the delicately tinted flower; in the deep

recesses of the mine He needs not the light of admitted beams to refine the bright hidden treasure — but when the sure sun again rises we may enjoy the beauty of the flower — when the hour of necessity arrives, He will reveal for us the depth of those riches which He has prepared in the willing and obedient heart.

"We have just held the last prayer meeting of the Term. These little seasons of prayer and religious testimony have been rendered profitable to me; but they are now added to the number of privileges and blessings which cannot be recalled. Though I may not go back to them, doubtless they will return to me in memory in the future ages of eternity. Eternity! The earth will be removed, the sun be turned to darkness, the stars, one by one, leave their places in the sky, the universe become a ruin: but *we shall live on; we cannot die!* The spirit will look down on these as but the changes of the passing shadow o'er the dial-plate, while it, with all its capacities, will be hastening on to other and still other scenes—for ever increasing in knowledge, for ever brightening in that blessed abode with more of God in its expanding powers; or for ever, *for ever* sinking in darkness and despair and keenest regret. Then, what is life, the world, with its pretensions? Let it pass on; the throne of God remaineth sure; by the new and living way, I trust, my life is bound to that. I trust that, cleansed from all unrighteousness, I shall at last come before its mysterious splendor and holiness, fully accepted in Christ."

CHAPTER VII.

Last Winter at home. Thanksgiving. Desire to remain at home. Self-accusation. Interview with Professor Upham. Nearness to Christ, beautiful illustration. Letter to Mrs. Stebbins. Death of her Mother. Detail of circumstances to Mr. Pickard.

In November, 1840, Miss Thompson returned to Boston, and spent her last winter at home. The visit was peculiarly interesting, owing to her increased religious interest, and to the probability that it was the last which she would enjoy in her father's family. It was also peculiarly dear and useful to her friends, for the "Baptism of the Spirit" which she had received prepared her to exert a more decidedly beneficial and religious influence. Her spiritual state was not only acknowledged in words, but was exhibited in her manners. Perfect love heightened the amiability of her temper, and gave an earnest tenderness, and untold grace to every expression of her countenance, every movement of her life. Her rich experience of divine things was rendered a special blessing to her parents. Her mother entered eagerly into her feelings, and realized in her own soul a larger measure of spiritual communications. They thus seemed to be mutually prepared for a distressing scene which occurred in the family, before the visit closed. On the occasion of the

annual Thanksgiving, dear to every New-England heart, she thus writes.

"Somerset Place, Nov. 26th.—Our annual festival has again arrived: the day which I joyously welcomed in childhood's years, to which I have, since that period, repeatedly looked forward with delighted expectations, and which I this morning hail with grateful emotions. In years past our little family circle gathered around a happy fireside; two now are absent—are *at rest;* one is the centre of another circle which she calls her own, whom we expect to-day; and I—to God I give the future. Led by His unfailing care, and richly blessed with His love, He has once again returned me home. What yet lies before me, or how to choose, I know not. I will rest upon His 'sure love and *tender* care.' I am not my own. If I may still receive from Him the inestimable *gift of the Spirit*, I can bid adieu to all of earthly good.

'Without *Thee* I am poor,
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.'

Sweet as are the enjoyments of my dear home, precious to my heart as are the friends so valued, and of whom I am so undeserving, I have yet sweeter enjoyments—a Friend more highly valued, and a Home dearer to my hopes—they are found '*alone in Heaven.*'"

It seems she was very much inclined to adopt a plan for remaining at home, instead of returning to Wilbraham, with the view of acquiring some fuller preparation

for usefulness in coming years. Respecting this state of mind and the result, she writes,

"Dec. 17. — During most of the time since my return home, I have had constant peace in believing; temptation seemed to have lost its power over me; to rest in Christ seemed to be enough, and the involuntary, constant expression of my heart was, Thanks be to God for the gift of the Spirit! His church, *our* church, and its means of grace, have been inexpressibly dear to me, and I thought that all the fruits of the Spirit were being more fully developed in my nature. Yet evil had not departed from around me; O how vigilantly must we guard the 'issues of life.' A *plan* very *plausible* offered itself to me, relative to the disposal of my time. It harmonized perfectly with my wishes; and my thoughts began to dwell upon it. I think I *tried* to persuade myself that I could thus *best* glorify God. I suffered my heart to go on without rendering an impartial account of its motives, until, startled by the risings of improper emotions, I found myself going farther and farther from Christ, my own will exalting itself, and my evidence of full acceptance totally obscured. I hasten to return to Him; I would wait for ever at His feet; I am distressed at having grieved His love. I gaze again upon Him as our continual sacrifice, and in humble prayer have some seasons of sweet assurance that I am wholly His — but my enemy seems stronger while my confidence is much weakened. I can say now in gratitude to Him who came to my rescue, 'The snare

is broken, and I am escaped,' though I may add, still trembling and ruffled by the dangerous entanglement. I fly to Christ, resolved to seek no other *rest*—'*all, all I want is there.*' His mercy faileth not to our unrighteousness, His forbearance towards our weakness ceaseth not. I can rejoice that it is the *Lord* who ruleth in the earth."

It is interesting to observe the various phases of Christian experience, since they may be occasions to others of profitable direction, or admonition, or of comfortable hope. And for this reason it is best to portray, as far as possible, the precise spiritual exercises through which a devout Christian passes, both of joy and sorrow, of exultation and depression. Our sister not only possessed a native diffidence which led her frequently to unnecessary self-condemnation, but she was really very conscientious and strict with her own heart, and allowed no truant thought or emotion to go unrebuked, no traitorous purpose to remain within her breast. January 9th, 1841, she writes:

"I have just returned from M., and am again preparing to surround myself with the employments of home, and to do what is necessary in order to my return to Wilbraham. These appear to press upon me, and with such accompaniments of care as almost unfit me to discharge them, I fear, with a state of mind acceptable to God. Where is the blessedness I spake of but a few weeks since? O that God would lift upon me the light of his countenance, and chase these

shadows from my mind. I do ardently desire to be all conformed to His likeness. I am weary of wandering from Him; I abhor myself that I can ever forget *His love*, or hesitate one moment to obey His voice with all haste and delight. And yet how often have I done this within a few days past. O my Savior, I come to Thee—I have no other hope, and it is not vain to trust in Thee, it is not profitless to call upon Thee. I come to the atonement, God is in that, and I can never be moved. I stand close by my Savior, who casts none away. My unworthiness is not seen amid the ineffable glory reflected upon me by His righteousness. 'Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us,' spoken of by the Savior, 'thou hast loved them, *as Thou hast loved me!*' O let the soul shrink at the thought; let it forget the mortal vestment which hides the Celestial Presence from its vision; forget the turmoil and discord of these fleeting scenes, and trace its better portion, its wealth of blessedness, in these words, 'Beloved of God!' This love is not the smile which earth's ephemeral friendship brings to bedight its favorites with — nor yet the pure love, such as the human heart bestows, mid sorrow, change and death, upon a frail though kindred heart. On these He looks well pleased, and, by the holy blessing they impart, would have us learn more fully how to love Himself. Bright rays of joy from that full source are ever gleaming o'er our way, so bright that we sometimes forget they are but emanations — yet these, all these do not mark us the beloved of the Father, God having prepared some better thing for us that, without this, life should not be perfect—*the glory to be revealed!*"

I feel some delicacy in presenting to the public a portion of the following letter, as it refers to the sentiments and experience of a distinguished individual now living; but it is inserted for the purpose of giving the influence of his testimony to the wider promulgation of a precious and important doctrine of Christian faith, in which his own heart so truly and fully delights. To an act of this character he will oppose no scrupulous sensitiveness of his own, since, I trust, with him the glory of God, and the good of souls are paramount to all considerations of personal pleasure or ease. To Mr. Pickard our sister writes:

"January 15th.— Yesterday, I received your last; and, after concluding a document which I had just before commenced, thought I might have time to attempt something for you, when Br. King called to say that himself and lady would take tea with us that afternoon, accompanied by Professor Upham, with whose name, I suppose, you are familiar in the walks of mental philosophy. Perhaps you are aware that both himself and his wife have heartily embraced the doctrine of holiness; they are true and faithful witnesses of its power and blessedness; it seems to be the air in which they breathe, and its spirit is evinced in every word. I think I have never met with any one who may more successfully recommend it. There is a childlike simplicity in his manners, which renders conversation with him most easy and agreeable. Holiness was all his theme, and during that short visit in which we met, strangers, probably to meet no more here, I felt that I

gathered precious principles, of which I may reap the fruit in the world to come. This is certainly one of the rich advantages of holiness to be 'instant in season and out of season,' and by yielding to the impulses of a ready and faithful spirit, leave a deeper impression upon the heart than it is possible for one of less firm and free will to do.

"He regrets, deeply, the general impression of the exceeding greatness of the blessing, which makes it appear so difficult of attainment to those who are led to contemplate it, and admire its beauty. He says, in few words, he wishes to assure such that it consists in nothing more than an humble, constant faith in God, and a more full development of long-suffering, meekness, love and all the gentler virtues of the soul — that the act is only entire, free consecration, believing that He who has promised *does* accept, *believing it steadily at all events*, and without waiting first to receive the witness within; because if we must not believe that we are accepted unless we can first have the full testimony, we are not walking by faith but by sight. He thinks that many do not receive an especial manifestation of the Spirit, when they may be cleansed, but pass into a state of mind characterized by 'quietness,' and 'a calm resting in God;' and he would never doubt but in such a state an individual may safely 'reckon himself dead unto sin, but alive unto God.' The Alpha and Omega, in his view of it, appears to be *faith* — still *faith*. Is not this orthodox?

"Since last I wrote you, I have had very little enjoyment. Though I have felt continually that the

world is *nothing* to me, I have not had that sweet consciousness of entire dedication, and of communion with God as before. Your doubts and difficulties trouble me some, and lead me to fear, from the readiness with which I first admitted the 'hope,' that I have been deceived, at least that my experience may be very superficial. Perhaps this is not an unprofitable exercise to me; yet I know not what more to do, than to take what has been done by Christ. I will make mention of His righteousness — of His only — for certainly *I have none other*. I can rejoice that the single object — to please God, actuates me in seeking to possess and exemplify this glorious attainment. I know that I wish to serve Him ever with all my heart. I give up the anxiety, to some extent, which has so disturbed me, relative to my acceptance; though He hide Himself — yea, 'though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' Shall we not venture out farther upon the merits of Christ as the ground of our acceptance before God? A short time since, in prayer, the thought was presented to my mind with peculiar force, of being so near Christ, so veiled by His atonement, that He only is seen by the Father; then followed a remembrance of the petition offered by Him while manifested in the flesh — 'That the love wherewith thou hast loved *me*, may be in them.' What can this mean? Shall we ever be able to comprehend its depth? Should we, even 'through Jesus Christ our Lord,' be permitted, with all the light of that holy place which He has 'prepared' for us, to study into the now hidden revelations of that 'Love,' will it not then be overwhelm-

ing mystery? O, is it not encouragement to trust in the Savior, if God is willing so unutterably to honor such approach to Himself?

"I don't know but you will almost tire of my exclamations, but as this idea takes possession of my mind, the 'new and living way' appears so lovely, so near, so direct, that I reluctantly admit any other thought, and cannot forbear expressing these to you. '*He is near that justifieth me!*' I must tell you an incident which very happily illustrates this to my mind. A young gentleman went with a party one afternoon to fish. They first sought the sea-shore, but being unsuccessful there, concluded to visit a lake upon a mountain some distance off. They found the ascent very toilsome, and long ere they reached the lake, were almost overcome with thirst. They searched around for water, and found a little pool, but it was so troubled and muddy that it could afford them no relief. The young gentleman selected an eminent position, and cast his eyes afar off to every point of view, for the desired object, but in vain; and he was about to throw himself down in despair, when just at the base of the *rock* on which he was standing, and nearly concealed by the fresh, high grass, a clear little spring softly issued its waters!"

The following affectionate remembrance, written to a valued friend in Wilbraham, will be read with interest, for the delicacy and Christian purity of its sentiments.

Boston, January 28, 1841.

My dear Friend, Mrs. Stebbins,

In one of the Oriental countries, a beautiful tradition prevails — that whoever first interrupts a long silence, has been touched by the wing of a passing angel. I do not assume to come to you with a supernatural message, or that I now write under any such inspiration, but simply to acknowledge a continued debt of affection and gratitude. There are many happy influences now in my mind which are not unworthy to be attributed to a source as high as this. Indeed with *whom* are the springs of Christian affection and sympathy? Who first unsealed the heart, and caused it to send forth a genial flow of mingling kindness and love, to beautify and cheer our course through life? Even to *Him* are we indebted who doubly blesses us by adding to these the *name* of *His son!* O, what a power in this thought to sanctify and render these precious gifts purer, dearer, and then too — *eternal!* Cheerfully may we resign to oriental lands their delicate imagery of genii and talisman — we have a more sure word of consolation, a richer gift, in hallowed friendship. You must excuse these exclamations — but I expressed, almost unawares, the vivid thought which awoke in my mind, of our deep obligation for these blessings of which you and I have so often tested the value.

I have not forgotten you while my pen has been inexcusably silent. It is but another illustration of a truth which much troubles me — that I do ever make so poor returns for favors of which I am most unde-

serving, for I do not think that you have ceased to remember me with interest, or that you will not welcome my tardy testimonials of continued interest in yourself.

I do not think I shall ever forget *Wilbraham;* nay, with all the fluctuation in its society, with all the changes which years may bring, I must ever affectionately remember it still. In default of more accurate information you would be amused with my frequent visits by the aid of that most perfect locomotive — the imagination. My first visit, on arriving, is usually at the Ladies' Boarding Hall, not, perhaps, because I find that the most pleasant, but by way of old association. Having passed from *space* to *space*, and found matters in customary order, I next glide out across to call upon Mrs. Raymond. I venture from room to room until I meet her ever cordial smile. Of her occupation, I am not always certain; of the tenor of her thoughts I presume I am less frequently mistaken,— a melancholy yet cherished object leads them, which I can appreciate sufficiently to point her to the bright issue opened to us in the words — "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." My next employment is to seek you in the well-known sitting room, shaking you heartily by the hand, which you do as warmly return, although now, I suppose, you can hardly acknowledge it. Jane and the babe have kisses of which they know nothing, and your husband many a wish for his success. But you will weary of the relation of my "travels at home," in which none are forgotten from whom I could expect a welcome.

I am very desirous of hearing from some one of the success or operations of the little Missionary Circle, this winter, and of the interest which there may be in religion, in the Church and School. I hope the prayer meetings of Tuesday eve among the ladies are continued. O, how much work have we before us, what facilities are provided to aid us, and how soon we may be called away from both. Hourly are we warned by the lingering sufferer, and the suddenly summoned; at every point we may hear an echo, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee!" Such an hour would appear to me to be full of joy — when the last voice invites the soul to its pure, unchanging Home on high. Are we both "looking for and hasting unto the coming" of that day? We shall need white garments then; are they *now* cleansed from every stain? O, I rejoice that this blessed hope in the full efficacy of the atonement has not been hidden from me through unbelief, or restrained by prejudice. I am thankful for *our Church*. But I am almost preaching to you, yet when I permit my pen to express a thought relative to our precious faith, I say more than I am at times aware of. I wonder not that the angels linger and praise.

Sincerely and affectionately,

Yours, H. M. T.

In the early part of the coming Spring, our sister was called to drink deep of the cup of sorrow. She had spent the winter most pleasantly and profitably. Her home affections had gathered strength in view of a probable separation ere long. To her mother she

was most fondly and most deservedly attached. Mrs. Thompson was a woman of strong good sense, of great energy of character, united with unaffected piety, great friendliness and courteousness of manners, and a most faithful and affectionate heart. Hannah, being rather more feeble in bodily constitution than the rest, and of a very sensitive nature, had been an object of peculiar maternal solicitude and attention, and had thus, naturally, a large share in the affection and confidence of her mother. There was between them, too, at this time, a strong bond of mutual endearment in the similarity of their religious feelings and interests. They enjoyed many seasons of free social intercourse, on the subject of entire consecration, and looked forward to other seasons of happy spiritual communion. But,

"O! 't is one scene of parting here,
Love's watchword is — Farewell!
And almost starts the following tear,
Ere dried the last that fell!
'T is but to feel that one most dear
Is needful to the heart,
And straight a voice is muttering near,
Imperious, Ye must part!"

That revered and beloved mother was now to bid farewell to her dear family and friends, and to sunder earthly ties that they might be transferred to heaven. Hannah was making preparation to leave home once more for Wilbraham, when her mother was taken ill. She became worse very fast, and soon the sad announce-

ment was made that she could not recover. The two daughters, with others, rendered her all possible attention, but could not stay the silent march of death. Hannah was particularly assiduous during the very last hours of her life, and seemed riveted to her bedside by intense anguish of feeling. Her mother died with the sweet expression of Christian triumph on her countenance, which she had uttered with her lips while she could speak, saying, "All is well, all is well." But Hannah was for a while overwhelmed with natural grief; and though sensible it was all right and for the best, yet ever after did this event occasion a sense of loneliness and loss which, though she was placed in circumstances most propitious for enjoyment, nothing was calculated entirely to remove.

She communicated the sad intelligence of her mother's death to Mr. Pickard in the following letter.

Boston, March 21, 1841.

My dearest Friend,

Once more I prepare to address you; but O, how shall I describe the change which has occurred with us since last I seated myself for that purpose. As a dread consciousness of its reality is forced upon me, my heart sickens, and language seems to flee away. Can I tell you — *my Mother, my dear Mother is no more.* Yesterday we consigned her long loved form to the keeping of the tomb. O, that day of tears and loneliness. I cannot, cannot express to you my feelings; — the pain of heart — the weight of grief and its wearisomeness

you have known, and will therefore excuse at this time a brief relation only of her illness and death.

She was attacked quite suddenly, a fortnight previous to her death, with complaints similar to some with which she had been heretofore occasionally ill; and although more seriously affected, we had no apprehension of danger until the Sabbath previous to her decease, when symptoms of organic disease appeared, which baffled the efforts of physicians, and affected every part of her system. She had not much acute pain, but for the last three or four days remained in a lethargic state, interrupted by some intervals of consciousness. During these intervals her reason never wandered, though she was able to converse but little, having much difficulty to articulate. This was a great deprivation to us; yet in the few sentences afforded us we have an abundant source of consolation. Last Monday morning, Br. T. C. Peirce came to see her. As his name was announced at her bedside, she slowly said, "I am glad; tell him, All is well," to which he solemnly replied, "Praise God," and she added "All is well — all is well — yes — *all — is — well.*" This was a favorite expression of hers; and when a friend said "I am sorry, Mrs. Thompson to find you so sick," she replied, "I am glad you find me *so well* — all, all is *well.*" As the effect of the disease seemed to increase upon the brain, she remarked that she found great difficulty in fixing her thoughts long upon any subject, but said that she felt "*great nearness* to God," and added, "Jesus is with me all the time"—"I have no fear of death because *Jesus* is *there.*" Never for

a moment did she appear to be disturbed by a doubt relative to her final acceptance. O, how merciful is our Heavenly Father that He did not suffer her to be tempted in an hour when she would probably have been unable to bear it. I feel that for this mercy alone to my dear mother, I owe to Him all I am.

From the commencement of her illness, she manifested no anxiety about any thing of worldly interest. I do not recollect that she made an inquiry concerning any of the affairs which had always occupied her attention, but she appeared to be daily in mind more removed from these; and when nothing else could be mentioned to animate her, the name of Jesus never failed. We cannot doubt that He has now taken her where He is, that she may behold His glory. About half past eight o'clock on Thursday morning, the 18th inst., her spirit calmly passed away from us, without a groan, or gasp, or motion. We feel that we should yield her up as peacefully. We *knew* it was of the Lord, who is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind." But O, the pain — the pain; my dear friend, you remember all — the tireless watching, the alternations of hope and fear, the anxious scanning of the physician's countenance, the importunate prayer to the great Physician — but now all is past, we are alone.

We all realize, in some degree, the fulfilment of the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." *He* is faithful and true, and *does not leave us comfortless.* We are enabled to acquiesce, and own it to be the best time. God had evidently been preparing her for this event, by awakening

in her increased spirituality of mind, and strong desires for holiness of heart. The day before she was taken sick, we were conversing together upon this subject, and she fully expressed her feelings. I do not think she had then a clear evidence of perfect love, but it was sufficient to cast out fear. We can but rejoice in our sorrow that she is removed from fatigue, and care, and sin, to the *rest* enjoyed in Heaven.

Excuse this unfilled page, for my mind is weary, and confused with grief and want of sleep; a few days' rest, I doubt not, is all I need.

Very faithfully and affectionately,

Yours, H. M. T.

CHAPTER VIII.

Returns to Wilbraham. Effect upon her of her Mother's death. Her reflections on that event. Extracts of Letters. Close of her connection with the Academy. Estimation in which her services were held. Her employment and appearance at home. Her sentiments in view of her contemplated marriage. Her marriage, and voyage to St. John.

In about a week after the distressing occurrence just narrated, Miss Thompson was obliged to return to Wilbraham, where the school, already in operation for the Spring Term, was awaiting her valuable services. She bade her bereaved parent and sister a weeping adieu; and commenced, in unwonted loneliness of feeling, the then peculiarly trying duties of her responsible station. With what deep yearnings of heart for the lost society of her beloved mother, she yet endeavored to submit to the infinite wisdom of Providence, will evidently appear in her letters and journal. Indeed the sickness and death of her mother were the severest trial to which her Christian faith and feelings were ever subjected. But though Satan was permitted to buffet her most distressingly with despondency, she, nevertheless, was enabled to hold fast her confidence and her integrity, and to derive, in the issue, most abundant encouragement and aid in her progress towards the

world "where immortal spirits reign." It is delightful to behold the vigorous young oak, whose leaves are yet bright in the freshness of spring, bending in graceful beauty beneath the storm which, at the same time, adds new lustre to its foliage by the descending shower; and then, as the wind dies away, and the sun breaks forth amid the scattering clouds, rearing its unbroken branches, and spreading them abroad in quiet repose, and with deeper and richer verdure, beneath the renewed splendor of the sky. Pity for the young tree bowed by the furious blast, gives place to admiration at the tested strength of its trunk, now more firmly rooted in the soil, and at the laughing lustre of its leaves, as they

"Glad, drink in the solar fire."

This familiar image has been strikingly suggested to my mind as I have contemplated the immediate effect and final result of this great affliction upon the principles and character of our beloved sister. I did fear for her, knowing the intensity of her filial affection, lest the stroke would be more than her religion, deep and pure as it was, could sustain: but I have also rejoiced to see in her experience an added testimony to the strength and blessedness of our divine Christianity. In the frequent recurrence of her thoughts to this event, which the reader may notice, he will see beaming out the sunshine-smile of a heart reposing in entire confidence on the wisdom and love of her heavenly Father. I have dwelt the more particularly on this point of her history, because it afforded the fairest test

which she ever had of the reality and resources of her acknowledged faith in Christ. The attendant circumstances of her own dissolution offered her no opportunity to show what would really have been her views and feelings in the known approach of death.

Upon arriving at Wilbraham, she thus writes:

"March 30. — All is past — all is past. Removed from the dear, familiar scenes of home, hallowed by the presence of one once active, and blessing us with love and kindness, I turn a moment to review the way, and glance at the future. But O, the pain, the lingering anguish of that glance. My Mother! My Mother! can it be that we shall meet no more until it be where all is spirit? O, without thy watchful care, and tender affection, how shall I encounter the ills and dangers of life; to whom shall I flee for unfailing sympathy; where can I find so kind forbearance, so wise and interested counsel, so ready an ear? How can we live without thee? But this I know, *all is right*. I will trust in the Lord and not be afraid; and O, may He direct my way as I go forth uncheered by thee, and grant me a sense of His presence."

The number of Miss Thompson's correspondents was small, and from but few of this small number have letters been received for this work. The letters which she wrote home were chiefly of a familiar, confidential character, that unfits them for publication, and many of them have been mislaid or destroyed. A few short extracts from her letters home, and one from a letter

to Mr. Pickard, will keep the reader informed of her mental state during the remaining weeks which she spent at Wilbraham. Her time during this term was more laboriously occupied than it had been in any previous one. There being one teacher less than usual, more devolved on the remaining number; and she undertook the charge of two classes in French in addition to her common labors, which obliged her to be employed with classes seven hours a day instead of six, beside increasing her preparatory cares and studies. These exertions, together with previous anxiety and present depression in view of her mother's death, and solicitude for her father's happiness, operated somewhat injuriously upon her delicate constitution, and account for that sense of weariness which she expresses frequently in her letters home. To her sister, who superintended the domestic concerns of their father's family till her return home, she wrote:

"April 12. — I am much relieved to learn that father continues well, and, in some degree, encouraged and happy, as I infer from the contents of your letter. I know that you will do all that it is *possible* for you to do to render him so; yet if I think *most* anxiously about him sometimes, and imagine a thousand difficulties, you can appreciate my borrowed troubles, as you are not yourself a stranger to them. It would be idle and worse than that, to relate all the things I have imagined about you there. I cannot prevent almost overwhelming sorrow, sometimes, from these, taken together with the remembrance of mother's death, and

it seems as if I could no longer endure to be away from you.

"You, Emma, cannot feel exactly as I do; but you can suppose the painful emotions which at times weigh me down — alone in my room, away from every thing which seems like home, and with the vivid recollection of our loss, and recounting, despite myself, the last days and hours of our beloved mother. At school, or in my room, I am reminded of one of her expressions on that afternoon in which she suffered so much distress, 'We change the place, but keep the pain:' And O, the pain of knowing, that never, never shall we again, under any circumstances, meet her cheerful, animated smile and voice, or experience her unfailing interest in our behalf, or feel that we are doing any thing which will afford her gratification. I know that you can and do follow me in these painful thoughts, although if you were here now, I suppose you would say, 'Well, Hannah, I do not think we ought to feel so, but think how much better off she is than she could be to live longer.' I do know this too, and believe I never experience these emotions of sorrow at her death, without some feelings of gratitude and praise to God for her infinite gain. But afflictions, though we are assured they are 'light' and 'for the moment,' must still be afflictions; we cannot but sorrow under *this*, and think of the loneliness which we must feel without her. Let it not be lost upon us, for should such a dispensation fail to bring us nearer to the state in which we ought to be found, what may we expect yet to receive at the hand of Him who chastens us

for our good. We certainly are not to cast away reflections on it, nor, in feeling acquiescence at the removal, consider it as concerning her alone, with no reference to ourselves. 'In the day of adversity, *consider*,' is the language of one who profited most richly by his repeated afflictions. I know that in the hurry and business of the time which we spent together, there was almost no opportunity to realize the loss and the gain which might both result to us from the sad event; and, had this long continued, we should, doubtless, have lost the benefit designed for us in it. But, with me, this all passed away in the few hours which bore me from home to this place; here I can do little else than think, though it adds painfully and wearingly to the constant employment which is allotted me. I hope you are afforded more time than then for contemplation, and are not only deriving present consolation, but acquiring permanent aid for future advancement. Two or three remembrances, to which I will only thus allude, are most distressing to me; they have been great trials and hindrances to me, but I give them up now. *One* knows my heart and purposes; *One* knows what they have fixedly been for several months; and, whatever temptation may have done, knows that my *brightest hopes*, my *dearest*, *happiest enjoyments*, are drawn from the 'wells of salvation.'"

"April 22.— I am so tired and low-spirited just now that it will be almost in vain to attempt to cloak it from you. I know there is no real cause for depression, but every thing quite the contrary, and yet I am

sad. I do wish I could see some of you. I long to lean my head upon some kind, sympathetic shoulder, and take one more sweet sleep; — but O, I do not know that this can ever be again. I do not undervalue your affection when I say this; but *mother* and I always felt so much alike; and, then, none *can* have the patience with this infirmity of nature so peculiar, I believe, to me, which she ever had. How unconsciously dependent upon her I have been for sympathy and affection; it is time that this should be otherwise, and it must be so; but it is a hard lesson. You must excuse me. I am selfish enough; I have more, a great deal more affection from each of you than I deserve; but I hope you *will* bear with me, and I shall try to become more like you, perhaps, in those things in which I am in fault."

The reader who has been affectingly delighted with the inimitable lines of Cowper on the receipt of his mother's picture, will not be surprised to find that a heart so sensitive as that of our sister, should have been deeply moved on receiving from home a faithful miniature of her own departed mother.

"May 2.— How much I do thank you for your undeserved kindness, I cannot, cannot tell you. I will only speak a moment of it. My heart is very grateful at all times for each one of you. It is very late; I shall write again this week, and will tell you all I can think of which would interest you. The miniature I received last Monday. What shall I say? I knew what

it must be when placed in my hand, and lost all power to open it at first; then I could never get ready. At last, I did so. Such moments are '*felt*, not described.' And now the difficulty is to close it. I have set off to go up to school two or three times without it, but always returned back to take it. I cannot leave it. I was going to say what I thought of its likeness, but I believe this is enough. Give my *love* to Pamelia,* as earnestly as possible.

"May 4.— The words of consolation which I have received from each in your kind letters, have not been in vain; the pleasant smile which seems to come upon *her* lips as I now look upon the dear picture, is not in vain. I can unite with you most sincerely in saying, I even *prefer* that it should be just as it is. That she is now for ever *safe, for ever blest*, fully satisfies me, although I cannot but mourn for ourselves. Yet with you, too, I can say, had I loved her less, I should now be without that composure of mind which renders mourning so much less bitter, by making me willing rather to bear the pain of the bereavement for the sake of her infinite and glorious 'gain.' O yes! I wish I were not so selfish; I know that you need consoling too, and yet I seem to think and write, expecting it at your hand; and yet this is well, we may be mutually the consoled and the consoler.

*Miss Pamelia Hill, of Boston, whose successful pencil has earned for herself an enduring reputation as a skilful artist; and whose delicate attention, and genuine social worth, were, by this beautiful tribute of affection, most sacredly endeared in the estimation of her grateful friend.

"The thought of separating from you, my ever dearest, earliest, tenderest *friends*, comes more vividly before my mind, it assumes more substance and painful reality than heretofore. I am glad mother is saved from the thought. Change and distance cannot affect our relation to her now. But there is father! and you, Emma! and E. and the children! a small company soon numbered, yet you have all my little stock of affection and happiness — *all!* the rest is only *hope.* My kind and honored father — but this will not do, yet expression is a sweet relief at times; and you must forgive so much of it, — you know I have no other free opportunity but in addressing you. O, that I could see you!"

May 1, she writes to Mr. Pickard, "I place your last valuable communication before me; I read again the considerate and sympathetic words indited by your kindness, and trace out to the Word of Life thoughts suggested by your remarks. I bow my spirit down before the mercy which gives such promises, such consolations, and from such a source. How appropriate to turn from the valley of death to which we are come, to contemplations drawn from the word of life; and, though with the tears which must fall over the new-made grave, to read the intelligence which has come to us through and beyond it by Christ, of the state of those who have found a welcome in that 'continuing city;' convincing us that from that 'secure abode,' they would not if they could, return to us, and enabling us to say, in all the loneliness of bereavement, 'we would not if we could, without sin, call them

back to earth.' O no! It is the will of the Lord — there is blessedness in the thought. It is safe to trust in the Lord. It is cheering to know by inward consciousness that in all things, in the alternations of joy and sorrow, of pleasure and pain, a Father's infinite love directs and guards. It is when I lose this realizing, filial confidence that I am cast down, and bitterly feel the weight of our late affliction. Such hours are frequent. During these few weeks past, although I cannot say that my confidence in God has failed, yet I have been almost destitute of joy in Him, with the exception of some instances in which my faith has testified that He has not forgotten to be gracious. My purposes are the same; I must, I will seek to do His will, though it interrupt my most cherished wishes; and I trust that He will give that grace by which I may do it, not from cold principle merely, but because it is more than my meat and drink.

"I am grateful for your continued and increasing joy; for the omens of good which are manifested where you have been so many months laboring, making the wilderness blossom around you. The idea which you gave me of the possible mode by which our friends in the other world may receive intelligence of us, is a very pleasant one, and interests me exceedingly. You will perceive how readily my somewhat visionary mind admitted it, when I tell you that, as I read the account of your meetings, with Christ in your midst, and of the numbers who seem to be listening to the call to be His disciples, and remembered the joy which there is in Heaven when *one* sinner repenteth, I

thought such tidings must be entrusted to some swift messengers of light; and my mind attempted to follow them as one after another they presented their reports before the Throne. For an instant I did imagine the anthem of praise which followed; and I loved to think that, with peculiar joy, your blessed mother might then mingle her song with the innumerable company; that, perhaps, it might not be without some former association, pleasant even there, that my mother would thus commence her strains of adoring praise. O, it was a happy moment, though imaginary, and left upon my mind a delightful impression that your name might thus become sweetly familiar in the 'presence of the angels!"

During the term she devoted herself most self-denyingly to the duties of the school; she continued to feel a strong interest in the spiritual welfare of those around her; and her mind and hands were still employed in plans of benevolent action. The examination at the close of the term was unsurpassed by any previous one in the beautiful decorations and successful recitations which her department presented; and increased the regret which the officers and guardians of the school realized in being called to dissolve their connection with one who had brightened their social circle, as well as won increased popularity to the institution under their care. This was the last term of Miss Thompson's connection with the Academy; and it is just to say that in no previous one had she given more satisfactory proof of entire competency for her

labors. She had exalted the station by her eminent qualities, and given an example of what a skilful and useful preceptress should be. Without offence, but with deepening impressions of her worth on the minds of all concerned, she had passed on from term to term, until it became a matter of anxious inquiry with the friends of the school, how her vacancy could be suitably supplied. As evidence in point, I quote from a letter received from one of the teachers, Br. Goodenow, who has been for many years connected with the Institution.

"I am much pleased with the idea of a Memoir of Miss Thompson, or rather Mrs. Pickard: I am quite partial to the old name. She was a lovely, refined and intelligent lady. As a Christian, she was *devotedly* pious and useful. As Preceptress of the Wesleyan Academy, she sustained a reputation that has never been excelled. And, finally, after she left, the importance of securing her services was felt to be such, that our Principal took a journey to Boston to see if he could not procure them another term, even if her contemplated union with Mr. Pickard should thereby be deferred. If ever I thought it the duty of a lady to remain single a number of years for the good of a literary institution, she was that person. Her field of usefulness was large, and she improved it not only professionally but religiously."

She felt, however, that this union ought not to be long deferred; and that the situation of her father's family required her personal attention so long as she could be

justified in postponing her marriage. She, therefore, bade adieu to the scene of her professional and Christian labors, of her mental conflicts and religious joys, and to the circles of attached friends, and sought at home, by filial duty and affection, to aid and comfort her surviving and honored parent. She now found herself invested with new cares and responsibilities. She had before enjoyed not only the presence, but the provident watchfulness, and judicious and affectionate converse of her beloved mother. Now she was called herself to superintend the domestic concerns of a large family, and to walk as nearly as possible in the remembered footsteps of her departed parent. This she did with the success attributable to a well-disciplined mind, and to an earnest attention to the voice of duty, and the leadings of Providence. The reader will be pleased to see recorded the impression which her appearance, at this time, made upon the mind of one of her early friends, who had had but one opportunity before this of seeing her, since she was a child. The writer is the Rev. C. Adams, whose sprightly account of her childhood is contained in the first chapter. He speaks of an interview with her after her final return home, in the following manner.

"It was my privilege to see your dear sister but once more. This was after she had retired from the Institution of which she had been so long a distinguished ornament, and a few months previous to her marriage. Her mother, whom she so tenderly loved, was no more among the living; and Hannah appeared to

be occupying the position of directress of her father's house. I had now the opportunity of contemplating her under new aspects, and the impression left upon my mind from this interview was of a truly delightful character. Her whole appearance, at that time, was suited to aid such an impression. Her person was slender and graceful. In her countenance modesty and frankness were admirably combined, while cheerfulness and sedateness, beautifully blended, gave to her general manners a charm which I never shall forget. And there was an air of piety and devotion accompanying her conversation that I had not noticed formerly; and, withal, a delightful dignity and propriety attending all her movements, whether in the parlor or presiding at the table. In a word, I saw, in that remembered visit, what I deemed a fair and lovely specimen of a lady — a specimen marked by the absence of scarcely a single desirable feature; in whom were united, in chaste and delicious harmony, those graces and those virtues which are wont to adorn the excellent of this world.

"But the scene is closed! Hannah, the blooming, the amiable, the talented, the pious, has passed to her heavenly and eternal abode, leaving foot-prints, few, yet beautiful, 'on the sands of time.' Her memory is blessed. It is good that she was born. Mellow, sacred and happy was the influence which she breathed, and the sequel is everlasting life."

She now looked forward with mingled emotions to the approaching period when she should enter that

new and holy companionship, which death alone could dissolve. Her religious exercises are indicated, with some distinctness, in the following extract of a letter to Mr. Pickard; and in this, and a subsequent one, she describes her varied emotions in view of the interesting event, and also her views of the responsibility which she should assume by becoming the wife of a minister of Christ.

"Aug. 13, 1811. — Were I able to think of this, (event.) as perhaps so soon to be, without some pain, I do not know that I should be more deserving your esteem. The kind attentions of my *good father*, the society of my much-loved sister and her family, and my circle of partial friends, are all before my thoughts, and the question arises with new force, *Can* I leave them? Were my emotions towards you of a doubtful character, I should even now decline, being unable to make the sacrifice necessary to so wide a separation — but I do not. Compelled to acknowledge the hand of Providence in our acquaintance thus far, and trusting in His promised favor, I am happy in my anticipations of the future, depending not for their realization upon external circumstances, but upon mutual affection and mutual devotedness to God.

"Cumbered, as I now am, with much serving, and surrounded by the things seen, which so draw away the heart from the high purposes it may form, I am in danger of forgetting that it is not all of life to attend well to these, and often look with hope of better days to the time when I shall have your Christian aid. One

not skilled in the knowledge of the windings of the heart, would wonder how, in a life of so little consequence to the world, discouragements should come of sufficient magnitude to interrupt a calm progress toward heaven; but when I tell you that I seem to be making no attainments in holiness, you will pity the slothfulness which neither of us can for a moment extenuate. I have done almost nothing for Christ, and fear I shall always remain the most unprofitable servant whom His grace visits. Meanwhile, His name, and word, and cause are inexpressibly dear to me, and I would gladly lay at His feet an offering more worthy than any which I have hitherto presented. How poor should we be in the sight of Heaven, if Christ had not redeemed us! I am not without confidence in Him, yet how much less is it than the infinite riches of His mercy would enable me to express. As my thoughts dwell here, my heart rejoices, and the insensibility with which earthly employments so successfully veiled these heavenly views from my apprehension, is partially withdrawn. *I* can claim our Savior's merits, and, through Him, grace, providential guidance, and a share in every glorious hope. I will hope that I am not so much a stranger to His grace, or alien from his love, as I was just now fearing.

"Sept. 10. — In the thought of so soon sacredly entrusting my all to you, I am happy; my confidence and affection toward you waver not, and, were only *my* happiness at stake, I should not be found of you, as now I must, 'in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling,' relative to the future; but as the time ap-

proaches, difficulties appear to magnify, and it is hardly possible for me at any time to dismiss an oppressive timidity about rendering myself worthy of confidence from yourself and church, by a useful and blameless deportment. You will suffer me to tell this to you at this late hour of our acquaintance, because I doubt not your sympathy will much relieve my fears. I could never adopt the opinion of some individuals, that in such a relation to society, there are no more responsibilities than devolve upon other members of the community; that home may mark the extent of duty and effort. I could not satisfy myself with so circumscribing these, and making no higher aspirations where so much seems to invite them. I have often set up a beau-ideal of a suitable character; but O, it is *not* your friend H. M. T. To be able to discharge such duties, however our Father in heaven may choose to vary place or circumstances, would gratify my highest aim; yet, withal, I fear I poorly understand them. Sometimes I am much disheartened; one thought encourages me—it is invaluable, and I would not exchange its steady light for all the self-confidence of vanity; it is, that *watchful Providence* has led us on. He surely never appoints to any situation those whom He cannot make suitable to answer His designs; there is, then, an open way to Him who 'giveth to all liberally.'"

The day at length arrived when her union with Mr. Pickard was to be consummated. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. B. Husted, in the Bromfield Street Church, Boston, at four o'clock on the

afternoon of Saturday, the second day of October, 1841. Hasty gratulations of friends at her father's, occupied the brief interval in which she prepared to embark for her voyage to a land of strangers, henceforth to be adopted as her home. They accordingly, soon after, went on board the steamer North America, and at 6 o'clock, left their moorings at the foot of Long wharf, and shaped their course for the city of St. John, N. B., in whose neighborhood Mr. Pickard was then appointed to preach. The wind, already boisterous when they left the wharf, increased very soon to a most furious and frightful gale, and lashed the ocean, darkened by the night and the thick and cloudy atmosphere, into angry, surging and foaming billows. The pilot wisely judged it necessary to safety to put into Portsmouth Harbor, where they rode out securely this protracted and dangerous storm, by which scores of unfortunate vessels were either stranded or ingulfed. At length, on Friday evening, they reached their destined port, amid thanksgivings and congratulations of friends for their safe arrival from the perils of the sea, and took up their abode in their pleasant, new home, in Portland, a parish adjoining St. John.

CHAPTER IX.

Description of the city of St. John, and vicinity. Her voyage and reception. Private reflections. Grateful sentiments on "Thanksgiving-day." Sympathy for the poor. Attachment to old associations. Sketch of St. John. Tea Meeting, first in New England. Cause of her cordial welcome. Impressions relative to religious society. Her devotion to God and zeal to do good.

St. John is situated at the mouth of the river of the same name, and, owing to its location, is destined to become a place of extensive commerce. The river St. John, with its tributary streams, waters a large extent of country which depends on the city for its supplies of foreign commerce, and which yields, in return, timber and agricultural produce. All parts of the province are exceedingly well watered, but in no other are so many streams connected as in this. The main stream is a noble river, and extremely picturesque and delightful, in its whole extent. For ten or twelve miles above the city the banks, which are composed principally of limestone, graywacke and granite, are very high and precipitous, the river apparently wearing its tortuous course among the hills. At that distance the bed of the river becomes more capacious, the shores receding on either side, and the view extending onward for twenty miles without obstruction. Then, in a narrower

channel, it sweeps along by smiling villages, situated along its banks, on the interval, which, in the spring freshet, is completely inundated. In many cases, at such times, the only mode of passing from house to house is by boat. The inhabitants endure this annual submersion of their land, and inconvenient position of their houses, for the sake of the fertility which the alluvial deposit communicates to the soil, by which they are enabled to reap most luxuriant crops of grass and grain. Just above the city St. John, the waters of these connected streams, coming, in all, the distance of a thousand miles or more, have apparently worn for themselves a new outlet to the sea through rocks of from thirty to sixty feet perpendicular elevation, which seem to stand aghast at the rushing and roaring torrent, as it rolls resistlessly onward to the ocean. Not only has the earth been washed away, but huge fragments of rock have been tumbled into the depths which, at low tide, form a majestic cataract, the immense mass of water not falling from a great height, but dashing and foaming over the rocky bed with tremendous energy. To span this tremendous chasm a suspension chain-bridge was once nearly completed, when it swung loose from its fastenings, and precipitated several workmen and others, sixty or seventy feet into the abyss of destruction. These Falls, of course, prevent the river navigation from reaching the wharves of the city, and occasion a portage of a mile or more from the basin above the Falls to the city below.

St. John is sixty miles from Eastport, the nearest town on the coast belonging to the United States; and

is about thirty miles from Nova Scotia, on the opposite side of the Bay of Fundy. Its harbor is sufficiently capacious, and is safe; and in this respect, it is as well situated as any place along the shore of the Bay, if not better. It is not at all probable that any other place in the province will compete with it in commercial advantages. It embraces a very enterprising and business-like community, which has shown itself possessed of substantial means of prosperity in seasons of great calamity and embarrassment. It has risen with renewed energy from the ashes of desolating fires, and is nobly recovering from the overwhelming depressions which the manufacturing, the lumbering and commercial interests have suffered within eight or ten years past. It is the first landing-place of a great many Irish emigrants, who, in due time, find their way to the States; but who, while they remain, add a floating population which contribute nothing to the quiet, the reputation or the wealth of the city. The settled population is about thirty thousand.

The city presents a fine appearance, on sailing up the harbor. It is composed of irregular elevations, covered with private and public buildings, several of which are substantial structures of brick and stone. The city is founded upon rock, principally slate. The streets are mostly wide and regular, crossing each other at right angles; and are, many of them, cut through the solid rock, so that paving is unnecessary. There are fifteen places of worship, including three for the Methodists.

On the side of the harbor opposite St. John, is the

parish or town of Carleton; and adjoining the city on the north, lies the parish of Portland, extending up the river to Indian Town, the landing place above the Falls, and including several steam mills in different locations. There are several large ship-yards in Portland, most conveniently situated for the purpose. About three years ago a very elegant and commodious ship just ready for launching, built by Mr. John Owens, and valued at nearly fifty thousand dollars, was suddenly consumed by fire, which spread to adjoining buildings and houses, and occasioned a great loss of property, and consequent distress among the destitute sufferers. Portland is built chiefly along the base of a limestone range, which, with its bald, rough brow, towers far above the humble dwellings of the villagers. There are four places of worship, one of which belongs to the Methodists. It was in this village that Mr. Pickard had his appointment, when our sister left her beloved home to accompany him to new scenes in the land of her adoption.

Her reception and situation in Portland and St. John will be most satisfactorily understood from the letters which she wrote to her friends, in which will also be found several characteristic incidents descriptive of the condition of the people and place where her lot was now cast. A few occasional notes in her journal will inform the reader of the state of her heart, and suggest the secret motives and feelings by which she was actuated in her present relations and duties. Portland is so directly connected with the city as to easily pass for a part of St. John, and this accounts for the use of

several expressions in her letters and journal, in which she considers them as one.

She thus writes to her father and sister, Oct. 10, 1841:

"How happy I am to sit down to hold communion with you once again after the few eventful past days; and yet I scarcely know where to begin, or what expressions to use, most satisfactorily to meet the thousand inquiries which I know your intense interest would suggest, could we see each other eye to eye. But since we are so widely separated that your eager inquiries cannot now reach me, I will talk awhile alone to you, and wait the necessary time for the most desired response from you, my true-hearted, long-tried, affectionate friends.

"Having outrode the gloomy, perhaps, almost dangerous storm, I for the time forget, in the novel quiet of our own dwelling, those long days, which seemed neither day nor night, so sickening, so monotonous, in which we toiled against the head wind over the rough water, and turn, in vivid recollection, to the time when, with emotions not to be described, I felt the severance of my lot henceforth from yours, as the boat pushed from the wharf; and relying solely upon a *chosen one*, and upon One stronger than he, I could nevertheless but *deeply* feel that I was leaving home and most highly prized friends, whose partial regard of me was kinder than I ought to expect to find again with these strangers among whom I am to seek a new home and new friends. That hour is past, I see none of you;

but O, when shall I cease to dwell upon the remembrance of you affectionately, as if I were continuing to experience the accustomed favors from you? And, be assured, your remembrance of me — that kind of sentiment which I know you will ever cherish, I shall always regard as among my best favors.

"Friday noon we were greeted with a view of the city St. John, from a magnificent bay which seemed to extend and increase in beauty as we entered and passed across it. We were met on board the boat by one of the ministers of the society, who very cordially welcomed me to the province, and next by Mr. Pickard's father. With but short delay from the inspection of custom house officers, we were soon within what is to be our home for the present. The part of the city where we are *beginning* to reside, is quite retired and country-like. A broad, and still brightly verdant slope before us to the bank of a small stream, separates us from the noise of the city. The houses around us are disconnected and agreeable; the one we occupy is small but very convenient, it is neat and white, cottage-form, with pretty entrance, and a long garden extending in front with walk to the gate. We found it very comfortably and pleasantly arranged for our reception. We have a very kind and lady-like neighbor, (Mrs. Owens) with whom I am now quite well acquainted, and into whose garden, adjoining ours, I can run without a bonnet. We, that is, H. P., his father and myself, took tea with her the first evening of our arrival. They invited Mr. P. to remain with them till morning, but he declined, saying, he must 'take care of the chil-

dren' in their home. He welcomed me most affectionately, and in our evening prayer commended *me* and *us* so thoughtfully and appropriately to God and His grace, that I could not but love him.

"I suppose you would be ready to ask me if I am happy. I cannot tell you in this poor letter; I designed a better one, but owing to an engagement have greatly hurried it, and I must now close. In my next I will tell you of that, *if I can* express it. Please remember me with all affection to the friends in B., to the members of our family severally."

Oct. 16th, she makes the following private record.

"Since permitted to make the above brief entry, the Providence of God has united indissolubly my present and future interests to the interests and care of another. The decisive words are spoken, the hour is past. I have pronounced the 'adieu' to the endearing scenes of my former home. I have said 'farewell' to my tender father and sister; and while a friendly gleam of late twilight lingered above my city-home, defining it distinctly to my eye when all other objects were shrouded in night, I began to feel that I was indeed separated from friends and delights most fondly cherished. I turned away and glanced upon the broad rough waters — it was to me like that sea of life upon which I was now embarking; yet I could calmly rely upon my *chosen one*, and upon One stronger than he, and be happy.

"Now, O Thou upon whom our united faith would rest, and our supreme love more abundantly dwell, we

turn to *Thee*, nor turn in vain. Thou alone art, and shalt be, the ground of our confidence for the present and the future. 'Our help and refuge is in God.' Thou hast, we feel that Thou hast given us to each other. O perfect that which concerneth us, and bless us that our affection for each other, our talents and the means of their improvement, our time and *all*, our '*little* all,' may be constantly and fully consecrated to Thee — that our hopes may ever meet in Thee, that our fears may ever subside at Thy feet, and that thus the life, so kindly blessed here in its earthly commencement, may be perpetuated and blissfully consummated where earthly Christian unions are spiritualized and refined, in those mansions prepared for Thy faithful followers.

"Nov. 4. — Another month is begun. With the swiftly passing days, and increasing cares, we are hastening on. Soon they will no more please or annoy us. Then let me be diligent, not with the hand that 'maketh rich' in earthly stores, but with that which 'scattereth' good to others, which wearieth not in well-doing. For this I may have care; then, when the bread which perisheth shall fail to revive the fainting strength, and the shades of night can no more yield refreshing repose, then shall the 'Bread of Life' be my portion, and my Rest shall be to live for ever in the presence of God."

She again wrote to her Father, Nov. 9th.

"I must not omit to remind you of me again this week, by communicating to you whatever I can sup-

pose it would give you pleasure to know of your distant, youngest, and, I may add, to you faithfully affectionate daughter. Although I feel the deepest interest in your daily affairs, and in all the minutiæ which may be affecting any of those whom I love so well in good old New-England, I yet, in thought, dwell much more upon my affection for them, which seems to kindle more brightly from separation so wide, and with much delight upon their testified and supposed affection for me.

"Your last letter was very welcome, and the assurance of your continued *fatherly* remembrance, a true cordial; while it always meets a lively return, I trust you will think me not undeserving. I must ever look towards you even from this far-off point, and towards your house, as still *my home*. Few, indeed, and far between must be my opportunities of testing the welcome to it which you have so very kindly, and so repeatedly promised me; yet scarcely had your farewell voice ceased upon my ear, and the outline of your figure quickly faded from my eye in the mists of that storm-gathering evening, when I had already commenced to anticipate that welcome, as I should again find my way o'er the waters whose motion I had then hardly begun to feel upon my outward-bound course."

Referring in the letter to the New-England Thanksgiving, which was to occur on the 25th of the month, she says,

"I will not write or think of such occasions; and yet there is pleasure in doing so while, as now, I am

surrounded by every thing to make me happy. I shall remember you then, and though I cannot be one of your circle, I can unite with you all in the true sentiment of the day. Should now and then a sad thought come to my mind, because I cannot take the wings of that morning, and greet you then, I can look around me and be most truly thankful. Have any cause for gratitude? I more. Should any banish sad thoughts of friends afar? Let me, I must add, never indulge them. One is our keeper, One is our Savior, and one Home shall be ours at last with those who have already left us. O when I remember this, I feel nearer to you, nearer to them; and think it matter of little consequence that the brief period which remains to us should be all spent in the society of each other. Let us be where we can do the most to the glory of God; then, when we shall have accomplished as a hireling our day, will we forget the temporary separation, and all these 'light afflictions' of our way, in the possession of the glory to be revealed in us when we shall *together* be for ever with the Lord. I think the question which you proposed to me, whether I am happy, is answered; but one thing is needful to make me pre-eminently so, and that is, a heart more constantly and devotedly given to the service of God. That I should *prefer* a residence in New-England, were this left me to choose, is certainly true; but that I should *prefer* a residence *here*, could we be more useful than there, *is as true.* I hope I may ever maintain this power to choose, nor sin by wishing to step aside myself from the ways of Providence, or to withdraw another from steadily pursuing them. Only

let *us* have your prayers in love and faith that we may always be found in duty's course—that path of peace, and we know *all* will be *well*. I can ask these, too, from each of you as a matter of debt, so often are you remembered at *our family altar;* and, perhaps, you may sometimes, I have imagined, receive additional blessings in consequence of petitions to which I have listened in your behalf, from hearts and lips wholly strangers to you."

Nov. 25th, she writes in her journal, "O Lord, 'how do thy mercies close me round!' Yet, O, what an unprofitable pensioner am I upon that bountiful Friend who daily crowneth my life with loving kindness and tender mercies! How does my precious time flit away, and my good resolutions sink forgotten to the dust! Lord, help me to arise, to overcome the hindrances which my *human nature* would cast in my way; and, while my soul looks up to Thee for aid, O give more of Thy divine nature—even grace for grace, until I shall *perfectly* serve Thee. The abodes of poverty and spiritual darkness are around us. I would fain cheer and encourage their wretched inmates. O Thou whose blessing maketh rich and addeth no sorrow, again I beseech Thee, 'help me'—go with me, and let Thy wisdom, through me, console and assist them, let Thy spirit of love inspire me to cheer by kind words the desponding. Freely I have received, freely would I give.

"This lovely morn brings to happy New-England the return of their annual festival, 'Thanksgiving day.'

How delightful, yet sad, are the 'thick coming fancies' which are called up as memory walks backward through the chequered past — my dear, dear home of other days, lightened by the presence of my father and my mother. *My* mother — I pause upon that sweet word — *my mother* — her voice seems to fancy's ear to reply, and her dear form stands quick before me. Thanks unnumbered be to Him who entrusted the dawn of my being to her judicious management, and tenderly affectionate care. How constantly did she seek to eradicate from my heart and mind the roots of bitterness, and every seed of springing ill; how untiring were her efforts to lead my spirit upward to its pure Author, and to encourage the commencings of every good, though feeble aim; and now she is gone to her *rest* from every labor. Since the last anniversary of harvest gratitude, she has been gathered in — not taken from life in anger, and by an avenging stroke — but called home from her finished work by our Father's voice of love. She knew His voice, and responding sweetly 'All is well,' followed through the valley His kind bidding. From its painful passage, she shrank not, nor murmured; but as she gained the farthest side, and was just entering into the joy of her Lord, no words from her lips could reach us, but we knew that the pearly gates were opening — one full glance of rapture from her eye lighted upon us, a radiant smile rested upon her countenance, and we saw her no more. She *is* for ever with the Lord. Well may we remember her on Thanksgiving day. Well may gratitude ever take the lead of all other deep-stirred emotions, when we think assuredly

that she is *so safe* in her blissful possessions. My dear, own, only sister, could we now meet in that room so consecrated to her memory, so inestimably associated with *her* presence, how should we remember her? 'In silence and tears' — yet should we thank her memory for the tender love to each other which she taught us, and for the deep love to her, unchecked by death, which her ever disinterested affection for us inspired in our bosoms."

As intimated in the above extract, her sensitive heart was deeply affected by the poverty and misery which prevailed, this season, among the emigrants and others in Portland, and in St. John. An unusually large number of emigrants remained over the winter, and such was the commercial distress, the severe cold, and the consequent want of employment, that the exercise of Christian charity and benevolence was in large demand. Nor was it withheld; but many a substantial act of kindness was performed by Christian families. Mrs. Pickard took a lively and active interest in the condition of the poor, and, as she had opportunity, visited their habitations to encourage and aid them. It was in the course of these visits that she became acquainted with the incidents which she afterwards so well described in one of the narratives in the "Widow's Jewels." She endeavored to make these visits profitable not only to the body, but also to the soul, and entered into the most familiar and earnest conversation with those she visited, on their spiritual concerns. There was a humility and a winning grace in her man-

ners and intercourse, which inspired respect, confidence and affection in all who enjoyed her society, and which rendered her peculiarly useful in visiting the abodes of want and suffering. Her courteousness led her easily to adapt herself to persons in all conditions of society, and her attention to the destitute and afflicted, was not so much the effect of cold principle, as the warm dictate of the heart. She possessed a very tender regard for children, and attached them to herself by the kindness of her spirit, and the ease and gentleness of her conversation.

The following extract from a letter to Miss Hill, a particular friend of hers, whose name has already been mentioned, will be perused with interest for its descriptive passages, the evident fidelity of her affectionate attachment to former associations, and the suggestion of a method of practical benevolence, which has since, as the result, been extensively adopted in New-England.

"Nov. 26, 1841. — Dear Pamelia, — I have been delaying from day to day to avail myself of the privilege of writing to you, until from some occurrences out of the pale of *our* affairs, I could be able to borrow something for your special gratification. And now although such materials may not be so rare but that I could well fill the sheet with them, yet my heart inclines me not to depend upon these so much as upon our joint stock of 'mutual interest and assurance,' which has heretofore so readily answered my frequent large demands. How many delightful remembrances crowd

into my mind as I begin to write! I can scarcely refrain from dropping my pen, and yielding myself up to the exclusive enjoyment of these 'thick-coming fancies.' The *last month* of our association — but it can never return; well remembered by me are its hours of pleasure and of sadness, which you so well appreciated as skilfully to contribute to enhance the one, and relieve the other; but my pen must not ramble among them. There are, beside these, hours of most high and sacred emotions in which we have been together — in years past some, and others — O, of how deep interest — within the few brief months just gone by. My *mother* — when can I forget those scenes, though I should be for ever removed from the localities thus endeared to me, or ever forget *you*, *our friend*, whose considerate attentions must leave, and have left, so deep a trace upon my heart.

"But I must turn the current of my thoughts, and try if my pen can be sufficiently graphic to give you some idea of our city. St. John, then, shall now be the home of my thoughts, and it is to me really a pleasant one. I do not mean that the town, in itself considered, is, on all accounts, the most to be desired as a place of residence. It has many advantages, but the change which is so apparent to me, from the handsome, clean streets of Boston, is not calculated to render it altogether pleasing to my eye or foot. Yet it is but sixty years since the first settlements were here 'founded upon the rock,' for this is literally true of the whole city. Almost every cellar is an excavation, and the streets are, many of them, levelled, with immense

expense and labor, through the solid rock. Its location is certainly one of the very best; rising commandingly from the bosom of a broad, open bay, at the mouth too of the noble river St. John, and attended on either side by hills of considerable and sudden elevation, it presents a scene of natural grandeur, worthy indeed the signature of royalty: doubtless when sixty years more shall have passed away, this Gibraltar will bear favorable comparison with the chosen parts of Boston, as they now appear. When the still, warm days have come, we have had some drives about, and I think I was never permitted to gaze upon scenery so delightful, (with one or two exceptions,) from the lovely and level, to the cragged and sublime, varying with every turn, and interesting in every change — presenting a subject for a painter's skill, wherever the eye rests. You must come, and look, and enjoy for yourself, and we will make pictures once again together.

"But where every thing is so engaging in the features of the landscape, there are characteristics of gloomy aspect, which cannot fail to attract the notice of any one interested in studying the lights and shadows of life, as they are presented in so mingled a community. Poverty and apparent wretchedness are to be constantly met, and that train of evils which follow in the footsteps of intemperance. The courage of benevolence itself might almost fail, so little can be done, seemingly, to relieve the ceaseless demands of poor human nature. The evident spiritual poverty and darkness are the most to be commiserated.

"How are you doing in the operations of *our* Friend-

ly Society?* How are the funds? (I suppose you will allow me still to say *our* Society, at least so long as your records preserve the name of 'H. M. Thompson' from oblivion.) I thought of its interests at the Tea Meeting which 'came off' this week, on Tuesday eve, after some postponement. I could say much in commendation of it, and think it would be well to ingraft it among the benevolent schemes of which New-England is so fruitful. Tables were prepared in the spacious vestry of one of the Methodist Chapels, for about six hundred people, and they were well filled. Fifty ladies, each of whom supplied her division of the table, had the oversight and courtesies to attend to — tea-pouring, et cetera. By an arrangement of the committee, all cakes and sweetmeats were contraband, and should any appear upon any table, it was immediately to be treated as such — consequently, good tea, good bread and butter, tea-crackers and cheese were abundant, and invitingly served up. The company of ladies and gentlemen assembled at six o'clock, and were seated at the tables; a chapter was then read from the Bible by the Chairman of the District, followed by singing, and a short prayer, when tea and conversation were animatingly circulated. This over, we had again singing and prayer, then addresses from several clergymen; and before ten o'clock, all had retired to their

* This is an association of ladies, connected with the Bromfield street Church, Boston, who collect money, and meet to sew, for the poor. It has imparted much relief and comfort to the destitute. The first Tea-Meeting held in New-England, was held by, and in behalf of this society. It was a plain and simple repast, connected with religious services and addresses.

homes. Such an interview would be well adapted to the social people of Boston, and I should like to have you make the experiment in behalf of the Friendly Society. The tickets were readily disposed of, at half-a-dollar each, and a pretty good sum thus agreeably raised for a worthy design. The gayest and the gravest seemed to be enjoying real pleasure from a socially religious source. All seemed cheerful, notwithstanding the recent sad cause of the postponement of the occasion — that scourge of St. John — the devastating fire, which, in a few brief hours, so relentlessly 'licked up' the fortunes of some of its enterprising citizens, as left too melancholy a shade of feeling upon the whole community, to allow them to participate in the scene of religious festivity which was to be offered them the next day.

"I thought of you on that dreadful night as I gazed upon the painfully sublime scene before me at the window. The whole surrounding country was presented in fearful light and shade by the costly glare; the clouds and water gleamed in the red reflection, the distant trees and masts appeared as if edged with lines of living light, while the desolating flames darted amid the huge volume of smoke, which continually rolled upward from the devoted spot. Myriads of sparks and blazing fragments, continually ascending, were borne off against the dark blue sky, contrasting strangely with the calm, clear stars seen through them, as they again slowly descended in their threatening showers. I thought of you and of every one whom I much loved.

"Of my dear, good father and beloved sister, I have said but little. I cannot indite a message of affection sufficiently longing for them. You cannot conceive with what tenderness of love my heart turns towards them, across the space which must ever divide us. To yourself, dear Pamelia, almost my sister, I need make no protestations of regard. Please remember me to 'cousin' Catharine.* She is, I am sure, one of the few best spirits which we have.

"St. John, they say, is a *cold* place, and so I am beginning to think, but St. John's citizens are a warm-hearted folk, as I have from the beginning felt. Not an eye has been turned upon me with any other than a kind expression, and my 'introductions' have almost invariably been accompanied with some cordially worded welcome to the Province. I attribute this not to any liking which I am capable of inspiring, but, to what I shall be excused for saying to you, the very high estimation which they have for the *one* with whom they find me."

The manner of her reception among the people of the Province was a matter that interested her particular attention, as her native delicacy led her to shrink from the curious eye of strangers, and especially as she apprehended some discomfort from the natural prejudice

* Miss Catharine Patten, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Patten, of Boston, who has now joined our glorified sister in the world of light and love. "The memory of the just is blessed."

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Sweet spirit, rest thee now."

which might be likely to exist towards an "American." But prejudice, from the first, seemed to be disarmed respecting her. This was owing not merely to her union with a highly esteemed minister, but to the intrinsic excellences of her mind and heart — the sensibility and genius, the unaffected humility, the disinterested friendliness, the native urbanity, which adorned her character, and were manifested in all her social intercouse.

In a letter to her sister, dated Nov. 29, she thus describes her impressions relative to the state of religious society.

"With the economy of the Methodist societies here I am, on the whole, better pleased than with their present state and regulations in New-England. Of course, every thing here is yet new to me, and I may be less pleased when knowing more of the system. I cannot afford to occupy the limited space remaining to me, with a detail of the difference between the two. I think Methodism has not to contest its way to a rank with other denominations as in the states. The 'Church,' of course, stands alone, in lofty, unyielding pre-eminence above all. You cannot imagine the distance which divides them. One would never suppose they were travellers to the same place; and when arriving at the end of life's short journey, they cannot even make their graves by those who were worshippers in 'chapels.' There is nothing in the States to compare with it. In the Methodist chapels we have two services on the Sabbath, one at eleven and one at six

o'clock. I do not know how much the time may vary from yours, I think it is about twenty minutes earlier here; so I always suppose us as going to church or chapel, (no one speaks of going to church, except to the 'Established Church,') together in the morning. Last *evening* was a sacramental occasion, to me it was most interesting, aside from the delightful emotions experienced by me before on such occasions; there was something to my mind peculiarly appropriate and solemn in the hour. 'Now when the *even* was come, he sat down with the twelve, and as they did eat,' were words presented to my mind; it was easy to send the thoughts back to that night, and to realize its wonderful scenes."

The following passages from her journal will close the chapter, and the year, and will leave her in a state of earnest longing for more religion, and in the exercise of active zeal to do good to her fellow-men.

"Nov. 30.—This morning I would bow my spirit down in humility before the Lord. 'The Lord gracious and merciful, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin,' I know he styles himself; but O, I am so unworthy, have allowed my heart to become so cold, and sin to again acquire such dominion over me, that I can only cry before Him, 'unclean, unclean.' For two days past my mind has been more strongly exercised with desires to be wholly consecrated to the blessed will and service of God. At times my heart, grateful for this renewed invitation of his slighted grace, has gladly responded, 'I will be Thine. Here, Lord, I give myself

away to Thee;' but at other times there seems to be a hanging back from full surrender. I desire nothing on earth which I think ever would be in opposition to His will, but yet I do feel that I am not wholly His. O, have I feared to see an enemy within, and thus performed a careless search? or do I really cling to earthly good? O God, do show me, nor let me deceive myself, or seek to deceive Thee. Most solemnly would I now, in true sincerity, approach to Thee. Humbled by a consciousness of my sinfulness, I own myself without a shadow of claim to Thy favor, or one grace to ensure Thy love. I deserve only Thy righteous displeasure, and to be for ever cut off from communion with Thee and with those who love Thee. I am indeed a wretch, but *Christ has died!* O, in this name, which is above every name, I trust, while I attempt to draw near to the living God, and covenant for His grace.

"O God, I have seen Thy dealings with Thy people, that not many wise or mighty are called; that the sacrifice of all things Thou requirest freely to be made for Thy sake; that steadiness of self-denial must perseveringly be their exercise. And I know, too, the riches of grace which are their 'reward in secret' from Thy hand; I have tasted Thy goodness, and have followed Thee in the green pastures, and by the still waters, and have felt there the light of Thy countenance. These have I known, and, therefore, I choose rather to 'suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.' O, I choose Christ with the cross, and gladly give up all beside. Help me, while I subscribe with my hand to the

Almighty. Only aid me that my *will* may be lost in Thine; that my thoughts and words may be in obedience to Thee; that every act may be performed as in Thy holy presence, and with strict reference to Thy glory; that this desire for Thy glory may at all times rule and reign in me; and *I will follow Thee.* O these, Thou knowest, are not idle words — they are from Thy Spirit, and I must meet the record of them before Thy Throne, in the hour of my judgment. Great God, be Thou my helper. Thou hast said, 'Yea, *I will* help thee.' O, may I not now claim this promise in Christ Jesus? I must, I do.

'Wash me, and make me thus Thine own,
Wash me, and mine Thou art.'

Even now I am not without some beams of joy. I do, I dare believe. I do feel a sweet spirit of consecration now resting upon me, like being in some newly purified atmosphere; but O, I almost fear to move, lest I should remove from this sweet state — lest the appearance of other scenes, and returning thoughts of earth-born interests, should drive away these dove-like visits of the Spirit. 'Into *Thy* hands I commend my spirit.'

"Sabbath, Dec. 13.—I have still to record, O 'my leanness! my leanness!' When shall I be *faithful* in all things to Him who gave Himself for me! O how ungrateful! I am amazed at my stupidity, my want of love, while so surrounded with His rich mercies. Surely none are so unworthy; none so little improve the grace given. Yet shall my pen record

His goodness. He has borne with my sinfulness; and, not only spares a life which brings so little glory to His name, but he has, at times, visited me with the sweet peace-imparting influences of His Spirit. O, I long to love Him as I should; I long to serve Him with all my heart, in every thought, and word and act. Once again I renew my covenant with God to do His will, and to seek that state of mind in which, freed from these distressing temptations, I shall know but one desire — to please God; but one fear, the fear of offending Him; but one trust, a trust in Jesus.

"Dec. 15.— My heart is grateful in some degree this morning for the blessings of God, yet this is but the enkindling of an emotion which should for ever live and glow in my bosom. In all my daily paths I meet with those who seem to have no knowledge of the Savior, and no desire for His ways. Iniquity truly abounds, and this, too, at a season when men should surely learn and feel their dependence upon the mercy of one who supplies the needy. Sin finds faithful subjects among those who are friendless and destitute, and who, of all others, need the consolations of communion with God — the one who,

'above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend.'

O would that I could do something to relieve the wants of those wretched beings who are not only without earthly comforts, but who are also without Christ; but ignorance and superstition have so blinded their eyes in many instances, that it is hard, indeed, to present to

their capacity of perception the glory and fitness of religion. May God enable me to attempt their relief, and to persevere in efforts for this, and to Him shall be the glory.

"Yesterday I visited a family who are in want of almost all the comforts of life, but who are yet blessed daily with a portion of the bread which cometh down from Heaven. Neatness, peace and gratitude seemed to throw a smiling aspect even upon the rough walls of their only apartment. Gratitude beamed in the eye of the mother as she spoke of the goodness of God to them. Five little boys were around her; the eldest, about six years of age, as I entered the room, turned to the window and stood, occasionally casting upon me a diffident smile. I extended my hand, and coaxed him to me; his little brother soon joined him, and as I talked to them a moment of the love of the Savior, I was pleased to see their eyes moistened with tears. Two other little boys, twins, were sitting lovingly together, and the youngest, who has been long sick, was in his mother's arms. It was poverty without its sting — sin. 'The blessing of the Lord *maketh rich*, and He addeth no sorrow with it.' How much less happiness may sometimes be found in the abodes where wealth pours its abundance. Blessed are the poor, who have a right by faith to the kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the rich when their gold is laid upon the altar which sanctifieth it, and their hearts are with an enduring treasure in Heaven. In every condition of life there is a sting — in all it is the same — sin — sin! But 'thanks be to God who giveth the

victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' This morning I witnessed a different scene — a little family of five, distressed indeed with poverty, but where a want of love to God had brought all other evils in its train. The father, a wicked man, had secretly left the country, and his wife and four infants were without food or clothing. They have been supplied with some articles by persons who understood their wants."

CHAPTER X.

Description of Fredericton. Mrs. Pickard's visit there. Accident in returning. Danger from fire. The Indian Basket Maker. Anniversary of her mother's death. Wesleyan customs. Visit to Boston and Chelsea. Conjugal affection. Fidelity to duty. Nestorian Missionary and Bishop. Various extracts. Visit of Mr. Pickard. Reflections on his return. Birth of a Son. Anniversary of her marriage. Return to St. John.

In the latter part of January, 1842, Mrs. Pickard made a visit with her husband among his relatives in Fredericton, where he was born. Fredericton is the seat of government of the province. Here the Assembly, the Legislative and Executive councils meet, and the Governor General resides — his house most delightfully situated near the river, and a little above the town. This is also the residence of the Bishop of New-Brunswick, lately appointed by the Queen. The Episcopal College occupies a very eligible and conspicuous location on the side-hill in the rear of the town, which, of course, it overlooks, as also the river for about ten miles towards St. John. The Baptists have also a literary seminary. There is a flourishing Methodist Society, with a fine chapel. Beside this, the Roman Catholics, the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians and the Baptists, have places of worship. The town

contains about three thousand inhabitants. It is most charmingly situated on almost a completely semi-circular bend of the river St. John, which is here about three quarters of a mile wide. The land is here entirely level, and at the widest point extends half a mile from the river to a straight range of hills, which seems like the chord of an arc drawn across from one end of the segment to the other, a mile and a half or two miles in length. The streets of the town, mostly macadamized and of good breadth, are straight and laid out at right angles. The soil of this interval or plain is fertile, and will yield abundantly to the hand of judicious cultivation; and the hill-side would afford magnificent sites for villas and gardens. Fredericton will not be a great place for trade and commerce, but it must be a charming resort for men of wealth and taste, who will lay out expense enough to adorn a situation capable of being made a very gem of oppidan beauty. It is eighty-five miles distant from the city St. John, by water, and the sail up and down the river is very speedy and pleasant, in the good steamers which ply between the two places. The ride, too, along the margin of the stream, at times turning off into the wooded country, and occasionally rising over hills commanding extensive views of land and water, is enchanting in the season of rural verdure. The journey which Mr. and Mrs. Pickard took, was performed by sleighing in the depth of winter.

Mr. Pickard, after attending the Missionary meetings which called him from home, returned in a week to his duties at Portland, leaving Mrs. Pickard to complete

her visit, which, as she had anticipated, was very agreeable to her, as she met with a cordial and affectionate reception among all his friends. They became endeared to her remembrance, as she also did to theirs; and their tender sentiment respecting her still remains, though the loved object which inspired it no longer needs nor shares its kindly influence. On her return to Portland, she experienced a narrow escape from imminent danger to her life, though not without severe injury. Her account of this journey, as also of a subsequent instance of Providential care, will be found in the letter below, directed to her sister. The reader will not be displeased with the incident of the Indian woman, related particularly for her sister's children.

"Feb. 25, 1842. Dear, dear Sister.—My heart says, O that I *could* see you this afternoon! Always longing for this, during a little while past I have been almost ready to take wings, and fly away to your 'nest' in Chelsea; but, had this been practicable at the best of times, while the desire has been strongest I could not make the attempt, for sickness has clipt my wings. Pain and inflammation in a few hours brought me low, and the physician's medicines and lancet kept me so, until now, at the close of the twelfth day, I summon force enough to commence the report so long due. Well knowing the wakefulness of your sympathy and foreboding anxiety, I am happy to assure you that I shall doubtless soon be wholly recovered; so dismiss all fears for me, and I will tell you something of the cause of my illness.

"After having very happily passed the short week allotted for our visit at Fredericton, Mr. P.'s duties here required him to return, but I tarried behind. When at the expiration of another week an opportunity occurred for me to return, under the conduct of a friend, we set out, six in all, beside the driver. For a few miles we had good sleighing, and came on very pleasantly, but the snow gradually disappeared with the miles, and the roads being very bad, we had soon to exchange our comfortable stage-sleigh, for a large open wagon, into which we were packed with considerable baggage. We toiled on the remaining sixty miles, over icy, precipitous roads, wild as nature formed them, while here and there a small log house, with the blackened stumps and soil around it, or perhaps a solitary cow who stood considering the barren scene, was the only evidence that we were not alone in all the circuit of our vision. I am not given to fear when travelling, but I confess I did not find myself free from it at this time. Tilted up upon the middle seat, which was elevated above its level by a huge trunk underneath, and supporting my constantly shifting centre of gravity, by a handkerchief noosed about the front seat, I continually cast a searching glance before and around the wheels, almost giving myself up to the probability of a launch off some steep descent, or among the rocks or stumps which lay beside our track. But as the day wore away I became more accustomed to the new situation, and, entertained by our intelligent travelling companions, I was losing my fear, when suddenly the horses cleared entirely from the wagon, through

some failure in the apparatus which secures the traces, and the wagon instantly rolled off a side hill, and upset among some logs and stumps. All were thrown out but myself. I was thrown across the front seat in such a manner as to occasion some slight internal injury,* resulting in my present indisposition. Kind Providence preserved us, and none were seriously injured, though the danger appeared to be imminent. As one by one the company picked themselves up, and came forward to our somewhat mutilated vehicle, we presented rather a forlorn aspect; we could not find much remembrance of *the moment*—I only know that I involuntarily clung to the wreck.

"No help could be obtained to repair the wagon, or to procure other conveyance; so, carefully and tremblingly we took the only alternative, and bestowed ourselves upon our seats, and, with new apprehension came slowly on our way, watching one of the forward wheels which rolled, like a drunken man, on its axis. My fright was so great, that I was not, at the time, aware of any pain or injury, although a little after conscious of faintness, which I attributed then to fear. You would have been amused at my nervous folly during the few miles remaining—I could not throw it off although I was ashamed. When we came to the Ferry, which separated us from the city, the steamer was aground; therefore we must wait until nine or ten in the evening, or leave our baggage and cross in a

* The injury which she represents as slight, was greater than she allowed, as her husband thinks it probable that she never fully recovered from it.

small boat. All seemed to prefer this, so I, being the only lady, said nothing, but followed. The last rays of twilight were just lingering on the wide, dark waters; and as I stood upon the landing, and looked down a steep flight of some twenty steps, to the little boat, scarcely distinguishable, I made a sudden halt. Our Dr. G. whose arm I had, looked at me n surprise —'Can you *swim*, Dr.?' I asked. I felt ashamed, and he laughed at the explanation which my question gave. A poor little Irish girl, in a calico dress, and small cotton shawl, who had just stepped up, wishing to cross with us, looked up very composedly, and said it would be a '*cold night to be upset*.' To gain the stairs of the opposite landing we had to pass close under the bow of a steamboat moored, whose machinery clinked sharply as we rowed across its shadow, keeping my heart in lively motion. Truly thankful was I, and found it pleasure enough for the moment, when, standing on the wharf, I fully realized that I was neither in a skimming-boat nor a wagon tottering to its fall. No carriage was to be obtained; so, burthened with clothes, and trembling with excitement, I made my way towards home, where, after a long walk, I found a *hearty welcome*, and dropped down into the rocking chair awaiting me before a cheerful fire, to relate the tale of my adventures while the thoughtfully ordered *coffee* was preparing."

Her husband states that she "was reluctant to acknowledge that she had suffered seriously, either from fatigue, accident, or exposure, and succeeded in keep-

ing up and attending to her ordinary duties three or four days. She then became very seriously ill, but was saved from the ill consequences which, for a time, were feared by her medical attendant, and soon so far recovered as to be able to attend with apparent comfort to her domestic concerns. In the course of her sickness she was providentially preserved from destruction by fire."

"Having escaped the water," she says, "I was well nigh destroyed by fire. Awaking one night almost suffocated with smoke, I started up, and threw open the bed clothes, and discovered that a flannel bag of heated hops and bran, which the nurse had placed at my side in the evening, (and in which, probably, a spark had secretly lodged,) was burned to cinders. The smoke rose thick and high from the burning bed and clothes; my own clothes also were very much burned. I immediately drew the counterpane and blankets from every corner, and, pressing them down about myself and my warm neighborhood, called loudly for help. The nurse, who was with me, was so stupefied that it seemed long before she could be made to comprehend that there *was* fire in the bed, and that I was not dreaming. Mr. P. hearing the bustle above stairs, and perceiving the smoke, came to our aid, and succeeded in extinguishing the fire, though it was long after order was restored, that composure so subdued our agitated nerves, as to allow us to sleep.

"I do wish I could once more see Edward and Francis — I could give them a hug and a kiss not to

be forgotten in an hour. Tell me something in your next about them; some word they must each send to me. I was thinking of Edward the other day, when I had some visiters whom he would have been pleased to see. I imagine him now standing by you, perhaps *old* Franky too, while I tell them something about it. It had rained all night, and was raining all the forenoon with great drops thick and fast, so that the streets were full of mud and water, and scarcely any body could be out. I was sitting alone, sewing by the fire, when I heard some heavy steps upon the gravel-walk in our yard, then upon the steps leading to the door, and then a loud knock. I went to the door, and there stood a poor Indian woman with her pappoose — a little girl seven or eight years old — and an equally privileged dog. They were drenched with rain, and the woman's long, black hair hung in stiff, wet locks upon her shoulders. Upon her back she had fastened a huge bundle of baskets. 'How do you, *sister?*' said she cheerfully to me, as I opened the door — 'buy any basket? some very good one. You see me, sister, me poor Indian, me come great way just now, me got no breakfast, sold no basket to-day. Buy some, sister?' 'Well come in, sister,' said I, 'and dry yourself, and eat something, and I will look at your baskets.' So, turning sideways to accommodate her pack to the door, she followed me into the kitchen, and side by side the three travelling companions seated themselves. When I had purchased some baskets, and given them some food, and they were getting comfortably dry, I found her very chatty, and we became good

friends. She told me where her camp was, (about twelve miles distant,) that her *Sanap* had been dead about seven winters, that she lived alone by the side of the river, and made baskets. She seemed quite anxious to know how she could get to Boston, when I told her, if she were there, she could sell all her baskets in an hour. She was very intelligent, honest-looking, and had such a pleasant, yet sad tone of voice, that my heart pitied her. She appeared to be a strict Catholic, and very regardful of the truth. She asked how many hours it would be before the sun would set. I told her; she shook her head, tied on her blanket, and gathering up her remaining high-colored baskets, again set off in the storm, accompanied by my good wishes."

The anniversary of her mother's death, which occurred on the 18th of March, she noticed in a letter to her sister, from which a few extracts are here presented.

"I cannot resist the earnest impulse of my heart to address some words to you, significant of my remembrance of you all on this sad, yet painfully pleasing anniversary. I know by 'the deep communion of my soul with thine,' that you are thinking of me to-day; and that, while for a moment the last eventful year seems forgotten, Father, and you, and I, are once again by *her* form which was at this time, one year ago, fast growing cold in death. O, Emma, I feel again the anguish of that scene, and can scarcely be

reconciled to the conviction that *never* more are we to meet her, until the same fearful change has come upon us. We each think alike about it, and *know* that 'all *is* well' with her. I am ashamed of a tear or regret at her happy release. But O, how often, daily, when sitting here alone, her image comes before me, with some familiar words or manner, and I begin in an instant to enjoy it. O, the thought that she is gone, is very painful. Were she living now, I often think how I should hasten to her. Some one has said, that although the dead are removed from our kind offices, we may not be from theirs. I always love to think that she knows our circumstances, and that we still share her sympathy, perhaps her aid. Yet it is but 'for a season' that we survive; a short time and all will be passed with us also. Gathered to the dead, shall we be admitted to the company of those who die no more? Let us use the present moment aright, and improve the grace already given. I do not feel that I have by any means derived the benefit from her death, which was designed for me. I am humbled by the thought, and have been observing this as a day of fasting. I saw the need of this particularly, and hope, should I see another anniversary, to have, ere that, reaped more profit unto 'life eternal.' I hope in view of their uncertainty, as well as the *worth* of the blessings which remain to me, that I shall prize them more and more.

"I am alone this evening, (Friday, 25th,) as H. is at meeting. It is 'Good Friday,' and universally observed here. Of course, by the Catholics and the

Church-folk, it is regarded as in the States, only with more strictness. All stores are closed, and business suspended, and religious exercises are held as on the Sabbath. The Methodists are very careful in the observance of it. I heard a sermon this morning in one of our chapels, on Isaiah, 53d chapter, first phrase of the 11th verse. This afternoon we met in Love Feast. It has been a Fast-day, and seemed so like the Sabbath, that I could scarcely realize that the friends at home were pursuing their ordinary employments. I am pleased with the practice, and also much pleased with some others attended to by the Wesleyans here, which seemed not to have been adopted, or to have been discontinued, in our societies. On New Year's day, for instance, the members of society always meet in the chapels, when, after appropriate singing and prayer, the 'covenant' is read. This is contained in a few pages, and presents definitely all the great responsibilities of the members, their duties, dangers and rewards. It was written at the commencement of Methodism, and is venerable from its age and author, and truly awful from its deep solemnity. After the reading, a few moments are spent by the audience upon their knees in silent prayer, and then they are called upon to pledge themselves anew. The hymn commencing,

'Come let us use the grace divine,'

or part of it, is sung, and then the sacrament is administered — the whole service occupies about two hours.

"I thank you most cordially, my good sister, for

your kind letter. I had been looking for it several days, and thinking the time *very* long in which I had not heard from you. Every month it seems longer and longer; such intervals are beginning to make me home-sick. While the sun is shining upon us both, let us not forget each other. Nothing of special interest has occurred with us since I last wrote to you. My health is now almost as good as before my Fredericton trip, although the local pain of my illness still follows me, and almost precludes comfortable attention to your recommendation of daily or frequent out-door exercise.

"Give my love to Mrs. Otheman, I will drink to her health and comfort my cup of cocoa to-night. Much love to Edward and Franky, I often remember them in my prayers. Give much love to Catharine and Pamelia. Give a great deal of love to my dear father. I send love to him and mother, hoping she is well and happy."

In the month of May, according to previous arrangement, she made a visit to Boston, and spent the summer in my family, at Chelsea. She looked forward to this visit with much anticipation of pleasure, and seemed to enjoy it exceedingly, with only one regret — the necessary absence of her husband. In reference to her contemplated visit she wrote on the 7th of May, as follows:

"I am this week to return for a season to my early friends. Pleasures, such as are only to be found in such society, promise happiness — but I am to leave

the *one* who is dearer to me than all other friends. O could he be with me there to enjoy those pleasures, they would be a thousand times more sweet. But, O, I do, I will give myself to the Faithful and True Friend, and be safe with Him."

She arrived in Chelsea, Friday, the 14th day of May, and was enchanted with the contrast which the vernal season presented here, to the aspect of nature in New Brunswick, when she left. There the trees were scarcely bursting their leaf-buds, and the grass but turning partially green. Here the very hill-tops were covered with verdure; lilacs, tulips and crocuses were blown, and pear and apple trees in full bloom—the peach, plum and cherry having already shed their earlier blossoms. The soft warm air, was peculiarly delightful, after experiencing the cold winds of the east, and the chilling breezes of the sea; and the scene appeared for the time, like an Eden of rural beauty. Her affectionate nature was also gratified with the sight and society of her beloved friends once more, and we eagerly rejoiced in the privilege of having her once again among us. Would that the joys of earthly friendship, the pleasure of friendly meetings, e'er could last; but this is not the land or the clime for perennial bliss. The yearnings of pure affection, so often disappointed and unsatisfied here, will be completely and for ever satisfied in that world where 'all the air is love,' and partings are unknown.

"The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house above."

On the Sabbath following her arrival, she wrote;

"This is my first Sabbath in New-England, after my interesting absence. With gratitude to Him who controls the elements, and orders and defends our steps, I would anew inscribe myself as His. O keep me Thine through these days."

On the first Sabbath in June, she wrote again;

"The first of summer's Sabbaths is again here. How beautiful is every thing around — the sky, the earth, the sea, all testify the goodness of God. He is Himself in all these glorious objects, and the wonders of His skill are visible where'er we turn our gaze. O, what a blessing to live! — to live in a world blessed by His presence, and doubly blessed to those who, taught by His spirit, can trace manifestations of His mercy engraven upon the page of nature, and, looking within, can read upon a heart redeemed from sin, and pardoned freely, those brighter, more sacred, more endearing evidences of the mercy which once stooped so low, to raise so high, a worm, a child of earth! To Him who gave my being, will I now give again my heart, and, trusting all to Him, care only to please and be accepted of Him. My dearest husband I give to Him. O direct his steps, Thou who hast given him his commission, and keep in love and faith the servant Thou hast called, nor let him ever turn from Thee."

The following extracts from a letter written to Mr. Pickard about this time, will reveal to us something of

the tender and sacred sentiment with which, as a wife, her heart was animated, as also the fidelity of her impulses to the supreme claims of duty, and the ardor of hope with which she encouraged her husband in the responsible and holy work of the Christian ministry. The notices of the Nestorian Bishop and the missionary, Rev. Mr. Perkins, though they embrace what may be familiar to many readers, will serve to rekindle the agreeable interest which was so generally felt by the American community, while these individuals sojourned and discoursed among us.

"My dearest H. — So many days have passed since I had any visible and outward correspondence with you, that I cannot refuse myself the gratification offered me by the silent converse of spirit with which 'thought holds the distant friend,' while the pen is employed with the simple symbols. And yet how poor are words, and how meagrely do they sometimes convey those sentiments which the heart feels and forms, and which it alone can comprehend, though it cannot utter. Chosen of all friends, and prized above them all, happy am I to feel you so, and happy for the 'uniting tie' which, removing formal constraint, allows me the pleasure of the sweet confession, by securing to me both the duty and the privilege of loving you more than all. How often and vainly do I repeat the wish that you were here, and as often am I compelled to banish the thought, because

'The dear delight seems so to be desired,'

that were I to admit it long, I might become almost discontented, even in the 'honey-moon' of my visit to these friends. O, to add your presence to the store now, would be to make it much too large — too large for long duration. That we may contemplate such an hour of meeting, after a time at least, I think and hope about, until, frequently, the days which intervene are almost forgotten. That I have, and shall continue to have, your affectionate sympathy, is one of my *first* earthly comforts, and that I do, and shall, retain devout remembrance in your prayers, is my first earthly dependence, if earthly it may be termed.

"After the day or two in which I was recovering from the effects of sea-sickness, my health was very comfortable, better than it had been for some weeks before; but near the close of last week, I was quite suddenly attacked with illness, very similar to the ill turn which I had in St. John, after my journey. We could not account for the recurrence, as I assure you *I had been careful.* During Saturday and Sabbath, I suffered so much from fever and inflammation, that I feared I should not soon recover; but supplies of laudanum, dover-powders, nitre, etc., with the best of nursing, have contributed to make me almost well. Now that I can write to you again, I shall *feel* myself quite so.

"The morning is pleasant, and the scenery abroad delightful. Chelsea is a charming place, and constantly improving. It is occupied by the residences of gentlemen who are transacting business in the city, and prefer to leave their families to the enjoyment of their gardens and hill-sides; yet so connected with the city

as to secure all its advantages. The Methodist Society here is thus furnished with the services of some of its most efficient and promising members. It is at present, as it has been during the greater part of the winter, favored with an encouraging spirit of revival. They have a very neat, new Chapel, to which, by the way, there are many thoughts among a *circle* of the members of inviting *you*. I find they are half ready, in New-England, to *claim* you on more than one account. They seem to 'calculate' upon your coming among them, I find, though not from any encouragement or word received from me. Whatever may be my private feelings, my lips, I am purposed, shall not transgress in this matter. Far be it from me! I would not, if I could, withdraw one glance of yours from the strait and narrow way of duty. Time is short, and it remains that all these enjoyments, and the plans of life, be to *us*, particularly, who are given more emphatically and singly to the service of the Church, as though they were not. To be imbued, invested with the Holy Spirit, I know, I *feel*, is the only preparation, and will be the highest gratification, which *we* should seek. I think of you much, and have great pleasure in commending you to 'care divine.' Next Monday, I think, is to be with you a day of almost unprecedented interest; I can but constantly think of you, and be encouraged. Indeed, I wonder that you should ever yield so long, as sometimes you have done, to despondency, when so evidently a *chosen* instrument of God, favored with the promised agency of His Spirit. O, look upward a little, and just beyond us, when *he who has*

been faithful in little, shall enter into the possession of that sphere of usefulness and bliss so much enlarged and glorified. *I am* happy *for you.*

"This has been the week of Religious Anniversaries in Boston. I had hoped to be able to attend them, but was prevented by the illness to which I have alluded — a disappointment for which I attempted and secured some amends, by as carefully as might be attending the last meeting — the anniversary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. There were addresses from the elite of all the denomination; and the Nestorian Bishop, and Mr. Perkins, Missionary to the Nestorians, each took part in the exercises. I *wish* you could have been there! I was so desirous of keeping *every* choice thought and incident for you, that somehow they sadly jostled upon each other. Yet if I can have time this morning, before Mr. O. calls for the letter, I will give you what I can.

"After some eloquent addresses, Mr. Perkins arose, and gave a brief statement of the affairs and prospects of the mission. Eight years ago, he said, they presented the appearance of an unsightly corpse, having lost every spark of vitality infused by the Apostles into the the form of Christianity, which they still retained. He sweetly recognised the hand of God in their defence thus far, and based all his future hope on this — tracing in the present improvement of the times, in the increase of English influence in Persia, and in the adoption of English customs, another branch of the operations of the Spirit of God. He said that *this ground* of his confidence was first discovered by an early visit from the Prince of Persia, who visited their school, then

a novelty in the Empire, and who was so gratified, as to issue a firman for the welfare and protection of these 'holy strangers,' who had come from the New World, for the benefit of his people, ordering a guard of soldiers for their defence.* He related some thrilling incidents — one, that while on a visit to one of their schools, he and two others were attacked by some ruffians, opposed to their object, one of whom drew a dagger upon Mr. P., but he escaped from the deadliness of the aim, by a slip of his foot, though the dagger penetrated his clothes, and left a wound in his flesh. Pursued, they fled into a house; and he added, he never felt a calmer reliance upon the care of God than at that moment, as he saw, in the incident, the presence of Him who said to the point of the steel, 'Thus far, and no farther.' It just served for the conviction of the villain, whose arrest alarmed and subdued the people to their influence. The Bishop is most venerable in appearance, though in middle age, and has a most benign expression of countenance, to which his long, coal-black beard, and dress of black silk, give much effect. He rose with hesitancy, and, with great difficulty, addressed us a few moments in English. He said, 'He travel much, he like our great, beautiful country much, he see almost all good folk, *few bad* (?): he wish us to remember the scriptures speak of Caper-

* It is strange that those who profess to be Christians, and who, certainly, could object nothing to the moral and Christian influence of this American Mission, should have been less generous, and less regardful of the welfare of the Mission, than the heathen Prince of Persia. What spirit of darkness is it, which led the Puseyite confederates in Mosul, to embarrass and interrupt the missionaries in their arduous and blessed work?

naum; we 'must, will be humble,' etc. He said, 'long time ago, their people great, send missionaries through Asia, good, knew God; but now, like the foolish virgins, their lamps gone out'— then extending his hands imploringly, said, 'Give us of your oil.' The effect was overwhelming; and the people seemed to separate with new zeal, by reason of this appeal from one who had suffered much for the Cross of Christ. He was once bastinadoed, but seems to be ready for his return with new courage."

Some other portions of her correspondence with her husband during this visit, as also a few private records, will be presented, which exhibit the characteristics of her mind and heart unchanged, and lead us to admire the grace of God in her, and her maturing Christian virtues.

"June 9. — My ever dear husband. I am feeling poorly to-night, too much so to write any thing which I can esteem good enough for you. The bed which I have just deserted, is not now uninviting, and Emma, my kind, beloved sister, is summoning me to join her in the next apartment; but the thought of spending a little time with you in 'fancy's bright domain,' is so sweet to me, that I gladly resist other offers of pleasure. The day has been a gloomy one — east winds and mists, and driving rains have succeeded in making it sufficiently so; but now as the sun goes to its setting, the west wind prevails against them, and I wish you could be here with me, that we might enjoy together

the surpassing beauty of the moment's scene. I would not, if I could, command the novelist's style, and weary you with descriptions of out-door matters, when I would so much prefer that, instead of the beautiful hills and tasteful cottages, burnished with late sunlight, which you would see from my window, your attention should be given to another object, which, though less deserving on other accounts, would, I am sure, more gratefully repay the bestowed favor. I can scarcely believe the suggestion of my heart, now affectionately hoping the time, not distant, when we shall happily 'meet again.'

"The little Bible which you gave me, lies by my side, and is, to my eye, the most pleasing among other pleasant objects; and your last letter of the 1st inst., which I see from between its pages, while it adds another to the rich list of my enjoyments, seems now sweetly to connect them all. I am reminded, as I look upon its white edge within that holy book, and abroad upon the shaded but very lovely scenery, of a thought, expressed by you in it, of that meeting, which awaits us in another and better country, not only with each other, but with all whom we love as brethren and friends of the Lord Jesus. I think my love of beautiful natural scenery has much strengthened by allowing it to become to my mind a faint representation of that 'country,' always remembering, that 'no midnight shade, no clouded sun' can obscure its beauty and brightness, for 'the *Lamb* is the light thereof.'

"Sometimes, when enjoying so much these fleeting weeks of association with my own family and friends,

the thought occurs, that henceforth, our paths in life will be separate, that only 'few and far between' can be our opportunities of intercourse, and I am more keenly grieved than ever; I know not *how* to leave them, should Providence spare my life. But when I place myself under the influence of that faith which surveys 'things unseen by feeble sense,' my affections and desires expand; wherever I place myself in thought, I seem to be *at home*, and feeling that *we* have a 'continuing city' in that bright world to which we *haste*, think I can forget what of sadness may remain about the years of separation, and happily go where duty calls. The way is indeed cheered, and more, it is richly, *sufficiently* blessed with earthly comfort while I can have *your* society, with the hope, too, set before us both, of this relationship purified, spiritual in that better state — and Heaven all full of blessings.

"Friday evening. — I had permitted my pen last night to glide thus along, adding line to line, until twilight withdrew its friendly aid, and I preferred to omit writing more, lest I should indulge too much in *essay*, to which you will perceive, my feelings were leading me. I am happy to be informed so fully of the interesting hour of your ordination, and of its happiness to you. My mind had tried in vain satisfactorily to picture to itself the circumstances of the occasion, but my heart failed not in attempting to present you before the throne of grace. I knew, before leaving you, that I should particularly regret my absence *then;* on that Monday evening, I felt it still more deeply; and, since receiving your last, I can scarcely forgive myself for

selling the opportunity at almost any price. But these regrets avail me nothing. I do as much rejoice in that He 'counted you faithful, putting you into the ministry,' and kindled such emotions in your heart. Dare you not believe that they were the effect of the *purifying* 'live coal from off the altar,' as you said, 'Here am I?' Why not?

"I am *pleased* with your appointment* on many accounts, and should still be so, had I more of worldly ambition for your career in life than I have. I think it opens a field for which you are well prepared, and I believe it will be agreeable to you. Its difficulties I, of course, cannot now understand, but I can think that your Conference would not tax *so good a son* with too weighty a burden of responsibilities, though I infer they must be many. I long to see you, and talk of necessary arrangements."

In her journal she writes,

"Sabbath evening, June 19th. — The hour is calm and peaceful. Scarce a sound is on the breeze, as it sweeps o'er these fair hills and gardens, save the song of many birds, and the soft notes of the city bells, calling the people to the place of prayer. It is an hour for thoughts most sacred and sublime; and on the very sky and air, there seem the tracings of holy time — fit season for the weekly offered, Christian sacrifice. From how many family circles is the offering made, and how

* Mr. Pickard, at the late District Meeting, had been appointed Book Agent and Editor of the British North American Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, to reside at St. John.

many congregations of the saints are now met to lay upon their general altar, that sacrifice which is pleasing in His sight whose name sanctifies every gift! In hope of seeing Thee in Thy kingdom of love and glory, O Thou gracious One, would we mention the name of Jesus; and, praying that through Him we may be permitted to enter the courts of Thine exalted tabernacle, when heart and flesh shall fail, would leave ourselves with Thee. Keep, O keep Thine own people; keep those whom Thou hast appointed to minister to them; keep *our* little circle of relatives, and let us all be found *in Thee;* keep that *one* dearer than all others to me. O be Thou the portion of his life, the place of his refuge in all trials, the abiding hope, ever to cheer his spirit; and when his present life shall end, and no more he shall need a refuge from its storms, or hope amid its trials, then, O be Thou his glorious portion.

"July 3d. — I live to see another Sabbath evening— how sweet, how calm; the thunder, and the lightning's flash, and the rain are o'er, and all is delightful as 'now comes still evening on.' O, I wish I could look up to God with all that love and consciousness of acceptance which He is willing to bestow. What shall I do? I need, I must have this. I desire it more than aught beside, and yet I seem not to desire it. Great God, aid me when I seek to give my all to Thee, aid me that I may renounce all; and if it be because of the stupefying power of sin that I realize so little communion with Thee, O Thou who art stronger than a thousand legions of its hosts, O do Thou overcome that power in me; if it be because of bodily infirmities and

disquiet, O Thou who knowest our frames, and remember-est that we are dust, O do Thou 'pity the heart that would be Thine,' and, at least, accept, for Jesus' sake, the poor offering, though it please Thee to hold back the brightness of Thy face. But *is* this Thy will? O God, I do give myself, my all — all — *all* to Thee. *Thy will be done*, and I will rejoice. Yes, Thy will be done. O take, O sanctify. In life, in death, *I would be thine*. O may it please Thee to keep me. O stand near me in the hour of approaching trial. I know not the issue, but O, do Thou be there, and let Thy will be done."

"Monday Eve, July 4th.— The bells are ringing merrily, making the air vocal with their pealing chimes. It is the anniversary of our national Independence — the joyful tale they are telling far as the undulations swell. For years I have listened to them thus, and enjoyed each tone, because they were tones of glad-ness, and spoke the language of ten thousand grateful hearts. When shall I listen to them again? None can tell. I must leave them soon — all these familiar scenes, and go to a stranger land, should my life be prolonged; but I go with one dear to me; I go with One who guards us both. All places are alike to Him, and shall be pleasant to me if He be with us there.

"July 8.— I trust I have this morning a heart of gratitude to my Heavenly Father, who not only supplies us with all temporal good necessary to our existence in a pleasant world, but who, in abundant mercy, lavishes upon us those crowning blessings which make the heart, like a well-watered garden, smile with sweetness

and beauty. Yesterday his kind Providence led to me the one whom I most love. Truly I am undeserving of His many favors, but his hand is open still."

The season which our friends spent with us at Chelsea, is remembered with a great degree of delightful interest. The weather in the month of July that year, was almost invariably fine; nature was in the very perfection of summer beauty; and the fond attachments which we cherished, and the Christian intercourse which we enjoyed, served to strengthen our conviction of the value of the relationships and affections of social life, especially when guarded and sanctified by Christian principle and influence. Mr. Pickard remained four or five weeks, and was then obliged to return home to attend to his official duties.

The following recorded tribute of earnest and pure affection, of sweetly pious resignation, and of holy hope and joy, seems almost too sacred for public notice; and yet it cannot fail of producing a blessed and beneficial impression on all who read aright the emotions of a heart so affectionate and so devout.

"Saturday Night, Aug. 13. Again we are separated — listening to the voice of duty, my dear husband has refused to hearken to the suggestions offered from any other source. His departure brought a bitter moment to me — to him — yet it is well, all well. A longing desire for the comfort of his presence and assured affection in that hour of approaching pain and danger, has prevented my feeling fully heretofore the

imperativeness of other claims, even while I would at once shrink from the thought of detaining him for a moment, when that distant duty required his absence from my side. I fear I have not urged his return as I should have done — may I be forgiven! O, our Father, Thou art *good*, bless us with Thy continued mercies; and O, for the sake of our 'Friend' alone, grant that whatever of earth-born care and selfish gratification has mingled around us, or dimmed our spiritual vision, may now be taken away by the blood of the cross, that it stain not the sacrifice which we again present to Thee. Let us be Thine for ever, Thine wholly. The future we leave to 'Thy sure love and tender care.' We do, we do! Every sorrow ceases, every fear dies at Thy feet; for from Thy love each pain and trial receives its commission, and would bear our trust upward to Thy presence. Then while in the depths of Thine own perfections, Thou workest out Thy bright designs respecting us, we rest secure, although we trace not Thy finger in all Thine operations.

"Bless dear H.! Happy have been the days allowed us together in pleasant New-England, 'my own sweet home of other days;' but happier, far happier will be the blissful days of eternity, when in holy companionship we go abroad among the unfading scenes of our glorious home on high.

> 'Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
> Invades its bounds; nor mortal woes,'

can shed a moment's gloom about us there! O, accept us, and let us sweetly labor on, until our sun go down;

then in some appointed portion of Thy vineyard, let the voice of the summoning angel greet us, surrounded by gathered fruits and finished toils, ready to enter into Thy joy. Give us, while we tarry for that hour, O give us, not of earth the golden store, but momentarily pardon, peace of mind, and sweet content; give us increasing love to each other, increasing love to Thee, and ever growing faith in our Lord Jesus Christ — yea, 'evermore give us this *bread*.' Again, bless dear H., now while o'er the waters he pursues his way, be Thou around his path. Save him from anxiety for any left behind; save him from fear of future trials; and let him find his strength and joy in Thee now, and his exceeding great reward in Thee hereafter.

HANNAH."

After more than the usual disquietude, despondency and anxiety which precede the hour of human birth, on the seventh day of September, Mrs. Pickard experienced a fresh and untold joy in the new relation of mother. Her husband, who had again been with us a short time, returned, after a few days, to his appointed labors, and left the mother and infant boy to follow him when it should be judged prudent and safe for them to venture. During her stay the anniversary of their marriage occurred, which she commemorated in the following record, which I transcribe, with its special indications of time and place.

CHELSEA, MASS. U. S., Sabbath Eve, Oct. 2, 1842.

"One year ago, at this hour, I was standing before

the altar to plight my faith to the one whom Providence had chosen as the partner and guide of my life; that faith I promised, and the love of a devoted heart I gave. I looked to the future, but could read none of its uncertainties; I looked upward for strength to meet its approaching events, and towards the respected, beloved one by my side, and though to become soon a stranger among strangers, I felt no fear. And now, at the close of a year, I look upon the past, and up to the Disposer of all, and am thankful. I am thankful for the silken cord which binds us as one; thankful for the delicate *gift* which endears and beautifies that union; thankful that it is to be perpetuated 'so long as we both shall live;' and that

> 'Beyond this vale of tears,
> There is a life above,
> Unmeasured by the flight of years,'

where we shall be re-united after the touch of severing death, and our spirits shall blend in eternal holiness and joy."

In a letter to her husband, communicating the time selected for her purposed return, she thus writes respecting the ideas and feelings awakened by her relation as mother.

"I have had some of the most delightful moments of profitable and elevating thoughts, with our little boy by me, which I have ever known; especially do I get, through the feelings enkindled in my own heart, some

deeper, I think truer, realization of the *love of God to His children.* O, I enjoy the train of thoughts thus awakened above all others, for it leads through all that is endearing, and faith-inspiring, and glorious in our hopes and in the promises."

And so did she always ascend from earthly scenes and relationships to spiritual and heavenly views; and seemed ever more deeply moved by those divine realities, so vivid to her faith, than by the visible, sensible objects which are only their representations.

Having once again bidden adieu to warmly attached friends, she, with the babe, accompanied by Mr. Thomas Pickard, her husband's brother, left East Boston in the cars for Portland, where they took the steamer Huntress for St. John. She arrived safely on the 29th of October, in the midst of cordial greetings, and happily found herself once more in her own home, which was then located in Duke street, in the City.

CHAPTER XI.

History of the Wesleyan Academy, Sackville, N. B. Description of Sackville. Mrs. Pickard's journey to Sackville. Opening of the School. Baptism of her child. The nature of her connection with the Institution. Anxiety on account of her father's illness. Note to Miss C. Patten. Attachment to friends both in her native and adopted land. Short visit to Boston. Commencement of the Academy. General esteem. Her aged Class-leader. Letters.

Soon after Mrs. Pickard's return home, her husband was appointed Principal of the Wesleyan Academy, just then completed, which is under the control and patronage of the New-Brunswick and Nova Scotia Wesleyan District Conferences. This Institution is pleasantly and conveniently situated in the town of Sackville — a border town of New-Brunswick, about equi-distant from St. John and Halifax, N. S. It occupies an elevation of ground, now called Mount Allison. This name is given to the spot from sincere and deserved regard to the truly estimable gentleman whose Christian liberality founded this greatly needed and highly useful school. Such deeds deserve, and will receive the meed of human regard and praise, however desirous the authors themselves may be to receive only the approbation of a gratified conscience, and the

divine favor. It is, perhaps, one of the most painful trials to which persons of truly modest merit are liable, that any of their really deserving acts should be made the subject of public notice and remark, so much of imperfection and felt unworthiness mingles, as they think, in all they do. Yet to excite the slothful and selfish to similar deeds, as well as to glorify Him who gives both the means and the grace rightly to employ them, is not the least of the benefits which may result from such wisely bestowed charities. And this result can be most fully realized only by preserved and public memorials of such beneficent acts.

The history and operation of this Academy, are so intimately connected with the remaining portion of our narrative, that a particular and somewhat detailed account of it seems necessary and important.

It is proper to say that the Wesleyan societies had, for some time, felt the urgent want of such an Institution, and had not failed to make efforts to procure one. As an ecclesiastical body, they were among the first in the Province of New-Brunswick, to attempt the establishment of a literary seminary. Several years ago some subscriptions were obtained, and a lot of land in Fredericton purchased, for the erection of an Academy; but a sufficient amount could not be secured to justify their proceeding farther than the purchase of the land, and the enterprize was abandoned for the time. The hopes, thus crushed, were most cheeringly revived by a very munificent proposal from an unexpected source.

Two hundred miles from Fredericton, where their eyes had rested as the location for their desired school,

and one hundred and thirty miles from St. John, the usual seat of their District Conference, God had put it into the heart of a very worthy Wesleyan brother to become the benefactor of his own people, and of the people of the two Provinces, by the endowment of a literary institution on a generous and Christian foundation. The impulse which moved him to this act, was a motive of Christian benevolence and of religious obligation. He had felt for some time that it was his duty to do more than he had done for the cause of Christ, with the means which Providence had placed at his disposal; and in contemplating the field of effort he could fix on no point more worthy, and more in need of the aid which he could bestow, than the establishment of a High School for the benefit of the Wesleyan Societies. Accordingly, in January 1839, he addressed a letter to the District Conference of New Brunswick, containing his proposition. The letter was laid before the Conference at its meeting in May following, in the city of St. John, in which he proposed to purchase a site, and erect a suitable building for an Academy, and to furnish one hundred pounds a year for ten years, for its current expenses — the Academy to be located in Sackville, the place of his residence, and to be under the joint control of the two Provincial Districts, New-Brunswick and Nova Scotia: and he modestly expressed the hope that the Districts would accept his proposition and appoint a Committee to superintend the business. The Districts, at their respective Conferences, did not hesitate in the matter, but gratefully received the offer, and made provision to carry it into effect.

The principles on which Mr. Allison wished that the Institution should be established are briefly but clearly set forth in the letter of proposal, and in his address at the laying of the corner-stone. "My mind," says he, "has of late been much impressed with the great importance of that admonition of the wise man; 'Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.' The establishment of schools in which *pure religion* is not only taught, but *constantly* brought before the youthful mind, and represented to it as the basis and ground-work of all the happiness which man is capable of enjoying here on earth, and eminently calculated to form the most perfect character, is, I think, one of the most efficient means in the order of Divine Providence to bring about the happy result spoken of by the wise man." It was under this impression, as he says in the letter, connected with a persuasion of his accountability to that gracious Being, whom he would ever recognize as the source of all the good that is done in the earth, that he made his proposition.

The Committee of the two Districts met in Sackville in the month of January, 1840, and determined on the plan of the building, etc.; and the building was commenced in May of the same year. On the 9th of July, the corner stone was laid with religious services, on which occasion Mr. Allison made the following brief address, in the act of putting the stone in its place.

"The Foundation-stone of this building I now proceed to lay, in the name of the Holy Trinity, Father,

Son and Holy Ghost. And may the education ever to be furnished by the Institution be conducted on Wesleyan principles, to the glory of God, and the extension of His cause. Amen."

This building, which is of wood, is a noble edifice, one hundred and fifty feet in length, 50 feet in width, and three stories high, above the basement. It has a handsome portico in the middle of the facade, with four Doric columns from the ground floor to the roof of the main building; and two half-square columns projecting at each end of the facade at proper distances apart. The basement is built of red sandstone, or freestone, the rest of the building is painted white. Its internal arrangement is planned in no narrow or stinted measure. The rooms of the lower or ground story, including chapel, library, recitation rooms, parlors and sitting rooms, are high, large, airy and commodious. The study and sleeping rooms of the students are of sufficiently ample dimensions. There are accommodations for about eighty boarders. The basement is occupied with dining hall, kitchen, etc., all light, dry and comfortable. The Principal and Governor occupy apartments at each end respectively, which are separated from the rest of the building, by partitions, so that the spacious middle hall does not pass throughout the building from end to end. The edifice is well and firmly built, and is neatly and comfortably furnished. It was erected at an expense of between five and six thousand pounds; four thousand of which, Mr. Allison gave as a donation,

accompanying his offering with a devotion of time, labor, and personal attention, which cannot be reckoned in the value of money, and which showed his deep interest in the enterprise. Additional subscriptions to aid in supplying furniture, library, apparatus, etc., were also procured to the amount of more than one thousand five hundred pounds.

Sackville, in the County of Westmoreland, lies at the head of the Bay of Fundy, and the Academy building commands a view of its waters as they ascend, with their mighty tides, the numerous creeks which resemble rivers in length and breadth. The township is rather the best cultivated of any in the Province. It contains a great deal of excellent land. It also contains a thriving and industrious population, not closely settled, with Epicopalian, Baptist and Methodist churches or chapels. The location is healthy, owing much of its salubrity to the high winds which purify the atmosphere as they sweep across from the Bay to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, about twelve miles distant. Immense tracts of marsh have, by diking, been redeemed from the waters of the Bay or creeks — the work of the former French inhabitants — which now afford vast quantities of English grass. Large herds of cattle, and considerable flocks of sheep are raised in this as well as other parts of New-Brunswick, for it is chiefly a grain and grazing country. Sackville is near the locality of the grind-stone quarries, from which the American markets are so amply supplied; and it is in the midst of a region abounding with interesting mineralogical and geological formations. The post-road

between St. John, N. B., and Halifax, N. S., passes through the village, which is, conveniently located for access from other parts of the Provinces. Its short distance from the Gulf, renders it easily accessible by the inhabitants of Prince Edward Island, from which several scholars have already been received. It is also expected that some aid, in subscriptions and scholars, will be obtained from Newfoundland, which the Rev. Mr. Rice intends to visit, in the way of his agency, the present year. No spot, probably, could have been selected, combining more advantages for a prosperous and flourishing Wesleyan school. The patronage, already furnished, in the supply of scholars, testifies both to the demand for such an Institution, the general sense of its value, and the facility with which its advantages may be secured. There has been a constant increase of scholars from the first. The first term, thirty-four in all attended; the second term, forty-five; the third, sixty-four; and last winter, one hundred; making as many both day and boarding scholars, as the Institution will accommodate. It is enough to say that this remarkable prosperity is unprecedented in the Province, and furnishes signal evidence of the estimation in which the excellent character of the Academy is held by the public, both Wesleyans and others — for admission to its privileges is open to all classes of the community. Another gratifying indication of the public sentiment and sympathy in favor of the school, is the fact of the generally free and practical response which is given to the calls of the worthy and active agent, Rev. Samuel D. Rice, for subscriptions and donations

to liquidate a remaining debt, and to increase its accommodations. It is becoming and pleasing to add, that the Institution is receiving a grant of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum from the Nova Scotia Legislature, and one of three hundred pounds per annum from the New-Brunswick Legislature.

Early in January, 1843, Mr. and Mrs. Pickard, with their child, removed from St. John, amid the regrets of personal friends, to their apartments in the Academy. With due precaution in the arrangement of their travelling accommodations, Mrs. Pickard and infant made this journey of 130 miles, in the depth of winter, with entire comfort. Some pleasing account of the journey, as of other matters, will be found in extracts of a letter to her sister, written after their settlement. The school, as will be perceived, was opened on the 19th of January, with private devotional exercises, the public and formal commencement being deferred till a more suitable occasion.

Wesleyan Academy, Sackville, Feb. 14, 1843.

My dear, dear Sister,

I will leave my poor apology for delay, and try to turn back over the long time since I last wrote you. I think I informed you that we were then soon to go to Mr. Owens' hospitable mansion. We were there, enjoying every comfort which they could devise for us, some more than a week; and left them on the day appointed, receiving, to the last moment, every demonstration of interest and affection which could be imparted. The day was exceedingly cold. I never

before saw such royal indications of cold; truly, we seemed to be in the territory of old King Winter. Humphrey had the livery on all day. He travelled outside with the driver, very actively and kindly looking in upon us with his coat white, his hair and whiskers hoary with frost, even his eyebrows and eyelashes *icicled!* I scarcely recognized him. You will wonder then, what became of our poor little babe, and my shivering self; well, I must tell you, I think Humphrey *smuggled* us through altogether without tribute, or the slightest knowledge of that "lynch" officer, J. Frost. The baby was generally sleeping, and waked, I think, to but one trouble — his many envelopes; I was not cold for a moment. Humphrey had previously sent on word of our coming, so the way was all prepared; we, every where, found good fires, ready food, a warm bed-room, etc. We had a capital Yankee driver, who of course, kept "ahead" of the mail stage, and boasted very slily and knowingly, of his much better "commodations." It was very easy to discern the family likeness here, especially when I heard him say, "The musquetoes bite pretty *sharp* to-night." I could hardly help exclaiming, "Why, how *do* you *do*, brother Jonathan, I am *glad* to see you here." When he landed us at our new quarters, shut up his snug little coach, and drove smackingly off towards St. John, in my heart I wished him good luck, and, some time, a return to his native land.

On our arrival, I found three servants already employed in the house, doing what they could towards putting it in order; but, as in all this time, no tidings

had arrived of the long expected vessel which was to bring much of the necessary furniture,* little could be done. We were no sooner here, than Mr. Allison appeared with his horse and sleigh to take us to his house, until we could be more pleasantly situated in the Institution. Words declining were thrown away, and there we were again, receiving a generous hospitality more than a week.

The school was opened on the 19th of January, without any ceremony; *that*, you will recollect, is deferred until next June; the present is but a private matter of a Term. There were five "Missionaries," the Rev. Messrs. Williams, Shepard, Wilson, Rice and Pickard, present, and Mr. and Mrs. Allison, myself, Mr. Hea, and seven students. Appropriate Scriptures were read, and several fervent prayers were offered; we were sure, by the sacred influence of the hour, that they were recorded on High. Mr. Allison was, during all, the picture of quiet gratification, and his wife reflected his image. After the services ceased, the little company remained to tea with us, and through the evening, mutually enlivening and enlivened by the *handsome* drawing-room in which we were assembled.

We have now fifteen students in family, and thirty included in the school — numbers exceeding the expectations of the friends, for the season and the circumstances. Mr. P. and myself make the head of our happy, social circle at table. Our hours are, of course,

* The vessel, with the furniture from England, was lost at sea; but they had comfortable temporary supplies, till the furniture, re-ordered, arrived in the spring.

systematic. All things are very comfortable, and more than that.

O, what would I not give to see you! such chats as I do sometimes hold with you, and laugh to myself meantime, and get so excited — but, ah, how soon the charm is broken. I am alone a great deal, except the baby and his *quiet* nurse, as Humphrey is constantly hurried with duties. He has recitations to attend to from eight in the morning, till half-past four at evening; these, together with the Magazine which he still edits, some domestic cares, and general supervision, as you may well suppose, keep him constantly employed. When shall we meet again? O Emma, I cannot tell you how much I think and feel about you. My heart almost breaks when I think of you and father — *good father* — *words* are nothing to my purpose; but you will believe me your most affectionate sister, and he must think of me as much as ever alive to his interests and comfort. May his life be long and blessed! If I begin to individualize, I should be glad to add many names in precious remembrance, but space forbids. Your children — dear little fellows — are, of course, to my mind, included in almost every thought of you. Tell Edward and Francis, I think of them many times every day, and can see just how they look. I thought of them and of you all, the night the baby was baptized, and wished you were by. It was on Christmas evening at St. John; the Chapel was densely and beautifully decorated with evergreens; the railing of the altar before which we stood, was entwined, and the fine marble fountain from which he was sprinkled, was lightly

wreathed with them — these things, of course, were not in my thoughts then, definitely, yet they did delightfully harmonize with all that was beautiful in the scene, and come up with very pleasant association in memory. I thought of you, and of those whose presence I almost realized as there, with the words which came suddenly to mind, "seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses;" — this seemed true, and yet I felt alone, so far as the congregation were concerned. The little Edward Dwight was very quiet all the time. He never looked half as handsome before. I wish you could see him now; there he is fast asleep in the corner, fair and plump and rosy cheeked, sweet as a new lily bud; almost always wakes smiling — he is indeed a good little one. He has changed much in resemblances since you saw him. You will smile, but he does look like *mother;* many times a day he brings her instantaneously to mind, and his whole face often seems suffused with expression like hers, that has a strange effect upon me. I chill, and almost imagine him a spirit. I always feel as if he were not to live long. But I know not how I could survive the loss of him, he is such a pure comfort.

I run on most confusedly, and here I am now at the place for closing the letter, without having noticed what, from interest to me, belongs on the first page — the state of your health, and allusions to your family circumstances. How is father now, and mother — I thank her a thousand times for her kind interest in me and the baby, and remember with much gratitude, her efforts to please and cheer me last summer. Much of

the time; lately, I find it very difficult to realize that you are, any of you, *alive* — it is a sad impression, and often almost weighs me down. In the warm season, packets are every week, passing from here to Boston, so, I think, I shall not then feel myself to be so very distant from you. Yours truly,

HANNAH.

Mrs. Pickard had more than a merely relative connection with the Institution. She not only longed for its prosperity, and felt happy in their connection with its interests, but she exerted herself, to the utmost, to promote the happiness of its pupils, and to maintain the economy, efficiency and satisfactoriness of its internal, domestic arrangements. "She properly regarded the Institution," says her husband, "as the child of Providence, and one which might be rendered a very great blessing to the world; and, therefore, she truly devoted herself, with self-sacrificing zeal, to the promotion of its interests. As the plans of the managing Committee in reference to the domestic department, could not be conveniently carried immediately into effect, she cheerfully undertook to superintend the furnishing of the house, and also the charge of that department for the first term. This service she performed with distinguished success. She was very anxious that the Institution should obtain a character, in all respects, worthy of its origin; and she justly judged that very much, for some time to come, would depend upon the history of the first term. The Academy owes very much of its prosperity to her well-formed plans, her

skill and judicious management, and her general influence. She studied to have the domestic arrangements such, that the pupils would feel as little as possible the absence of the peculiar comforts of their own homes; and all of them were contented and comfortable. Towards the younger members of the Academical family, she cherished, and in every possible way manifested, all but maternal affection; towards the older ones, the warm, disinterested kindness of a devoted sister. From the first day of her connection with it until her death, she was, from principle and feeling, identified with the interests of the Academy, and spared not herself in striving for its success." Being so fully occupied with her own domestic cares, and those of the establishment, she had no opportunity to continue the practice of even occasional journalizing, and after her removal to Sackville, I find but one, a very precious record, made not a great while before her death. She however wrote considerably, by way of correspondence, and an occasional article for the Magazine, and in the preparation of the manuscript of the "Widow's Jewels."

The affectionate anxiety of her nature was awakened, by a letter from her sister, informing her that her father had been dangerously sick; and she gave expression to her feelings in a sympathetic letter to him, from which so much is extracted as relates to that event.

"March 6th, 1843. My dear Father. — On the evening of the 2d inst. I received a letter from Emma,

informing me of a dangerous illness through which you have passed since I had last heard from you. O, how my heart was pained about it; you have almost constantly been in my thoughts since then; and although she assured me that you were restored nearly to your wonted health, I yet have continued anxiety on your account. My emotions, while I now again write to you, are indescribable. Surely, my good father, God was merciful to raise you up, even though it were mercy shown only to *me*. I know not how I could have endured the thought that you, too, were really removed from earth — that I could never, *never* again look upon you, or administer a moment's pleasure or comfort to you, who have always done so much for me. No, father, though I know you have had a rather stormy and adverse passage in life thus far, and that to live would probably be but to continue your trials, while to die would, I doubt not, to you be gain, yet my faith would hardly put her hand to your 'reprieve.' I would, selfishly indeed, keep you here, that I may once in a while see you, when permitted to visit the place of my former home, and know, from day to day, that you are still living there; and yet I know that the time must be, when you will be seen no more on earth, and unless my removal should first come, I shall have to feel the sorrow inevitable of this. It has awakened in my mind, more gloomy thoughts concerning our present separation, than I have ever before experienced. Though I have ever felt this deeply, yet I have but little realized the certain arrival of a period, when, in some future visit, you would not be one of the number

to hasten to meet me. O, what a chill comes over my heart when I think of it; it seems to be more than I could bear; but I need not, I will not pain myself in imagining such an hour. God has graciously spared you now, and I will try even to forget that I cannot many times go and come, and find all unchanged; or that you, my dear father, may be taken away in an hour which I know not of, when I should be too far away to hope to be with you, even at the last. May God bless you abundantly, and spare your life, is the warm response of my heart at every thought of you. I am thankful for the gratifying manifestations of friendship which you received, and in this matter, I can say with pleasure, inasmuch as it was done to you, it was done to me. Please remember me gratefully to those kind friends in this respect. I am thankful too, for the peaceful state of your mind, in the moment of your danger. I fear no evil for you; living or dying, I trust you are the Lord's. I can only effectually silence my murmuring thoughts at the separation of our lot in time, by a glance to eternity, where this trial will

'Fly forgotten,
As a dream dies at the opening day.'

'Remember me.' — We will live in love to each other, and believe that death itself cannot destroy this love."

Among the friends who so kindly sympathized with her in the afflictions to which she had been subjected, the Miss Patten, already mentioned, was high on the

list, to whom, in this letter to her father, she addressed the brief, though characteristic note following;

Dear Catharine,—I cannot resist the temptation of sending you a 'miniature' scale of my thoughts of you; but I am so apt to wander wide, to try forbidden paths, that I may go over the whole of this little enclosure, and yet leave almost all unsaid which I would wish to say. I am very far away from you, yet you would be surprised to know how often I am really with you. There is a quiet little domain, unmeasured by miles, unruled by change or absence, to which I often resort, and find pleasure with the few Boston friends whom I much love. First, I there meet my honored and beloved father, and our own family circle, then those always most welcome in it, and now most dear to me from association with *mother's* sweet memory. I cannot tell you how unalterably I feel myself interested and connected with such; it is ever delightful to think about them. I need not attempt to specify here — but yourself, Catharine, I place among the very first; Pamelia and Anne, [Miss Anne Nutting,] Mrs. Motley and Dr. Snow seem nearest, as linked in memory with the last days of her life. Then come others, belonging to other scenes, of whom I wish I knew now more particularly. Then again, (many in one,) the 'Friendly society;' I have as much interest in its prosperity as at any period of my connection with it. So you have had a 'tea meeting!' I give you joy. I knew you could but succeed well in it. Did you ever know a *Wesleyan* scheme to fail? I give you great credit for your courage and perseverance. How delightedly

my eyes lingered again and again upon the account of it in the Herald; and how gladly would I have given the price of a dozen tickets to have been one of the favored company. But I must banish such thoughts. I have *my* blessings, *my* duties — you have yours, *awhile* — then comes *the end.* Here our banished thoughts may rest.

A summons has come for my letter, please excuse all.

Very truly yours, HANNAH.

Thus did she continue most tenderly to cherish the warmest affection for her friends and kindred in her own beloved land. But she was cheerful and happy in her discharge of the duties assigned her by Providence; and felt and manifested for those whom Providence had made her kindred and friends in her adopted country, the sincere and ardent attachment of a generous and affectionate heart. Speaking of her relation to them, she says in a letter to Mr. Pickard's sisters, Mrs. Coburn and Mrs. Smith;

"I hope you will frequently send your thoughts after us. I often feel very unworthy of any claim to your affection, yet I would gladly win it. Let us love like sisters. You seem peculiarly near to me for Humphrey's sake, and highly esteemed for your own. I can scarcely realize that there was ever a time in which we had not the same relationship which we now hold to each other."

She renewed the expression of her kindred feelings

in a letter to Mrs. Coburn, dated April 15th, in which she also expresses her deep interest in Mrs. C.'s religious state, and discloses somewhat of her own.

My dear Sister.— Your very kind letter to me of the 2d inst., was duly and most welcomely received. I am sure I cannot express to you the true *comfort* it gave me; nor do I design these few lines as any thing by way of return or compensation for your favor. It is Saturday afternoon, hastening to night, and there are some domestic matters which will need obtrude to shorten my converse with you now; please to expect little where little can be given.

Before the arrival of your letter, I had been wishing long for it, and was much gratified to learn that all within your home are well; but would that I could see you. I never wished it more than now — how much I would like to talk long and freely with you upon that subject in which you appear so interested. You ask my views about it; but had I time and space I could not satisfy myself in communicating them. How I should like to have you here, that we might question and reply with each other. There is something like a charm to me in the very word '*Holiness*;' and when I hear it alluded to, I can compare my emotions to nothing else so well, as to those produced by messages from home — so welcome, so pleasant. My mind has been, of late, almost constantly desirous to attain the blessing, and often eager for it; yet it seems to myself hypocrisy and inconsistency for *me* to expect it. I am so strongly under unrighteous dominion, that shadows

of despair sometimes enclose me, not only relative to this, but covering every hope of heaven. Sometimes I receive delightfully applied words of scripture which bring with them lucid intervals, and almost kindle faith to be saved from *all*.

'But, ah! how soon it dies away.' I am thankful that I feel that nothing but holiness can save, or is to me truly desirable. I am thankful for your prayers; you have mine, especially since your last communication. *You* may well hope. I believe you may encourage yourself *in the Lord*, not only rejoicing in the grace wherein you *stand*, but in hope of what shall be revealed in you. Please to write soon again.

I am happy that we are to expect our honored father and perhaps Mrs. P. with him; it will give me great pleasure. How is sister E.? You tell me nothing of her, and she tells me nothing herself. I hope she and Mr. Smith are on the lists for summer too. Please to remember me to them affectionately. Thomas we are soon to see. I will reserve all compliments for himself till then. Of course, it is more than *common compliments*, I send you all. Love to Mr. Coburn and the children. Truly yours,

H. M. P.

It is gratifying to find that though our sister had not, at this time, the evidence of full acceptance, she, nevertheless, maintained her interest in the subject, and love for its enjoyment. It was now long since, through temptation and unbelief, she had forfeited this evidence; but she could neither excuse herself, nor be

happy, in its loss. If the Savior upbraided his disciples for their unbelief, easily may we suppose that her heart did not fail to upbraid her, when we consider the blessed light of experience in which she had formerly walked. She realized, indeed, the guilt and danger of remaining thus destitute of the Spirit's testimony; and was led, at last, by the force of this conviction, to renewed dedication of herself to God, and renewed faith in the all-sufficient merit of Jesus' blood. It was not, however, till the latter part of this year that she obtained again the "full assurance of faith and hope."

At the close of the term, and during the session of the District meeting in St. John, whither she accompanied husband, she made an unexpected and hasty visit to her friends in Boston and Chelsea. Her health had somewhat declined, through the severity of the climate, her ceaseless attention to the comfort of her family, and her generous anxiety for the prosperity of the Institution; and it was hoped that the voyage would prove beneficial, though her visit should be brief. She arrived in Boston, on Friday morning, and set out on her return by the same boat, the next day in the afternoon. Her return was hastened in order that she might accompany her husband to Sackville, where preparations were to be made for the appointed commencement of the Academy, and for the Inauguration of the Principal. This short interview was full of interest to her, and equally gratifying to her family. To them the remembrance of it affords a melancholy satisfaction, as it was the *last time* they were permitted

to look upon her beloved form, and to enjoy the delight of her society.

The formal opening of the Academy took place on the 29th of June, on which interesting occasion, Mrs. Pickard shared in the general high feeling of pleasure and gratitude which was inspired by the services and circumstances of the day. Nor was her interest limited to feeling, but in the agreeable and delicate attentions with which she received and entertained, in the drawing-room, and at table, a numerous company of visitors, she shed a delightful influence to complete the pleasure of the ceremony.

With the same humble and childlike submission to Providential guidance, as had before characterized her spirit, and with untiring devotion to the duties which seemed necessarily to devolve on her in consequence of the illness of Mrs. Des Brisay, wife of the Governor and Chaplain, she continued to contribute the full measure of her ability to the prosperity of the Institution. The great desire of her life in latter years had been to be useful; and she thought that in no situation had she been placed where she could do as much good as in the one which she now occupied. She, therefore, cheerfully fulfilled her allotted labors, and rejoiced to anticipate a time, which seemed to her not distant, when she should find rest from all her toils in a sweet home on high. While thus satisfying her own mind in the discharge of duty, she was winning the highest esteem, and fondest regard of all around her, by the true modesty, and humility, and unaffected grace, of her temper and deportment. To the family of the

Governor and Chaplain, of the Missionary on the Circuit, and of the several friends who frequented the Academy, as well as to the whole Academical family, she became most affectionately endeared. Even the farmers' wives, who merely brought to the Institution the produce of their farms for sale, would make the familiar yet significant remark, "I never saw so *taking* a woman as Mrs. Pickard." An observation which she made to Mrs. Des Brisay, distinctly indicates the profound sense which she had of her own imperfections, as well as the sincere charity with which she would excuse the faults of others. "When I look," said she, "at my own deficiencies, I cannot bear to reprove the faults of my domestics."

She most eagerly enjoyed the services of the sanctuary; and, in the midst of her engagements, found time, too, to attend the weekly class, in which she was mutually blessing and blessed. She had for her leader an aged local preacher, Rev. Mr. Avard, who had frequently been a companion with Dr. Clarke, and had often listened to the discourses of the venerable John Wesley himself. With this aged servant of Christ, and his very intelligent wife — though a lady of ninety years — she took sweet counsel, and afforded them, in turn, refreshing consolation by the vivacity of her spirit, and the ardor of her piety. With what thrilling delight would this old soldier of the cross recount the earlier days of Methodism; and how does the sight of such an individual serve distinctly to mark the wonderful progress of the work of God, through the instrumentality of that honored and devoted servant of the

Lord Jesus — the Rev. JOHN WESLEY. But little more than a century ago, the first Methodist society was formed in London, consisting of eight or ten members, and lo! "What hath God wrought." O that as a people, our gratitude, and love, and zeal bore some due proportion to the wonders of His hand, and the blessings of His grace.

The four following letters, or parts of letters, are the last but one which will be presented from her pen. They show that her heart of friendship was all alive to sentiments of affection, to remembered joys, and to scenes of tender interest. Her feeling on the subject of personal holiness very much increased during the latter part of this year; and the reader will find in the next chapter, a most satisfactory relation of the renewal of her evidence of full redemption — a most valuable memorial, as it appears to be the last record which she ever made in her journal. It may be proper to observe that these letters are, like herself, full of emotion, varying from the sportive and imaginative, to the most grave and devout.

TO HER SISTER.

AUGUST 8th, 1843.

MY DEAR SISTER, — Mr. and Mrs. B. called this evening, and informed me that they should leave Sackville in the morning, for Boston; the information almost distracted me for a few minutes, and, I believe, I am scarcely recovered yet. We are getting on very pleasantly; my health is improving. I hope you can

give me as good a report of yourself and Edward. I often disturb myself, when I might be very happy, about some of you. I cannot give one of you up; I think I love you the more the longer I live. I hope father will write to me, if it be but a few lines, tell him — for old acquaintance sake. Has Joanna been on yet, this summer? I would be glad to see her once again. Give love to Sarah (Mrs. Sarah Maynard) and family. Give much love to the little boys; tell them I can think of but one incident for them.

A few days ago — one Saturday, about sunset, as Mr. P. and I were returning from a visit, five or six miles from home, we passed through a piece of woods which had been burnt sometime before. The trees were still standing without a leaf from root to top, and stumps stood thick between; they had become white by the rain and sun. As we came near we heard a noise, and there were collected thousands of *crows* — every branch and stump was occupied by these black-coats for *acres*; and the greatest 'cawing' there was; every one in the assembly was speaking his mind. And they were coming in files from every direction. Long after we left them, we met a party of them high up in the clouds, beating their way along towards the place of meeting; these seemed like strangers, and once appeared to lose their track, but soon turned again, and kept steadily on in the right direction. We were much interested to think about the matter. We concluded that all the crows in the district must have been present. Edward and Franky can talk about it, and conjecture what brought them all together. They

must have come by appointment too, else they could not all have been there; they must also have known the time and place. If the children enjoy querying about it, as much as we did, they will not be sorry I told them of it. The next morning three crows came and lighted on the fence near my window. My first impulse was to ask them, *what was* the meeting about? for no doubt they were there. But they seemed well satisfied to keep the secret among themselves, strutted about a few minutes, and then flew off to enjoy some potato-tops.

Last evening I scribbled on thus far, and suppose I must send it as it is. Remember me to Mrs. Town. Tell her I think of her often. I can always hear her voice, and see her eyes sparkling. I hope she is well. When shall we meet again? Sometimes I think, *General Conference is a very attractive affair.* But it is nothing that concerns *me*, you know.

With much affection, Yours truly,

H. M. Pickard.

TO MISS HILL.

Sept. 13, 1843.

Dear Pamelia,

A favorable moment, and a favorable opportunity of communication with you, now smile upon me, which I gladly accept, though the moment should stay no longer than to permit me to assure you that I have not forgotten the kindest, best-loved friend I ever had beyond the limits of our own family. Often I think of

you with tears of affectionate remembrance; and, though I may never be allowed to do more than this, I shall love to do this until we meet where tears are no more a symbol of sacred remembrance and affection; there we shall *surely soon* meet — how sweet the thought!

I think, aside from your disinterested kindness, one thing which will ever associate you to my mind in most distinguished, sweet remembrance, is this picture of mother ever before me, and the connected scenes. I can forget Boston — all its beauty and its business, but I cannot forget you and other kind friends so associated.

I hope to hear, through father or Emma, that you are well, being in every way much benefitted by your journey westward; and that you have restored comfort and facility in pursuing your "blessed art, which can immortalize." Poor Catharine, I am truly pained for her. She has been the faithful and hospitable nurse of invalids; I hope the hand of sickness may press but lightly upon her. We should in vain try to supply her place in society. When she returns, please to remember me most affectionately to her, as one very earnestly desirous for her long life and happiness; the last, however, if need be, without the first.

Present grateful remembrance to Mrs. Motley and family, when you have opportunity; to Anne also. If her mother did not require her presence, I should be at once soliciting her society with us for as many months as she would please. Regards to B. F. N. also. Mr. Pickard desires to be especially mentioned

to his friend, Miss Hill. He always joins with much interest in conversations of you, and often interrupts a silence by wishing you were here. The second anniversary of your service to us is fast approaching, and finds us both well, pleasingly employed, and with an accumulated amount of happiness to the last. I hope all our friends of other days are well and happy.

Dear Pamelia, many things are in my heart to say to you. Gladly could I fill up these small pages with words drawn from that source; but the moment has fled. Summoning all in an ardent wish for the prosperity of whatever appertains to you, believe me,

Most affectionately,

Your true friend,

H. M. T. Pickard.

TO HER SISTER.

Oct. 31st, 1843.

My dear Sister,

I perceive that your last good, though hasty letter bears date of 28th Sept.; and, at this long interval from that, I seize a few wearied moments, and the best materials I have at hand, to say a few words to you; manner and execution we long ago proved to be vain in comparison with the indispensable and acceptable spirit. I may premise that we are very well; would, indeed, that I could look in upon you or father, or both, to-night, and know how you are each situated.

Let me give you some idea of our late journey. [To Fredericton.] We left home at the appointed

time with a fine morning sky, two good horses, and a covered carriage — it might not have been mistaken, on scrutiny, for one of the Governor' suite, but it was very suitable, and comfortable as a bird's nest. Caroline, with the baby and myself occupied the back seat, and Mr. Pickard the front with whip and reins. The trip altogether was new to me. Across land to Fredericton the distance is about two hundred miles. We went one way, and returned another. The roads across the province are well made, but, for the most part, leading through portions of country unsettled, or sparsely peopled, with here and there a log hut, or possibly an assemblage of them, occupied by a community of French people, who, in prevailing costume, lift their straw hats, and pass a "bon jour" to each traveller as he gazes after them. Almost limitless tracts of forest were sometimes around and in sight of us, the oldest, and darkest, and wildest, upon which axe had never been lifted. So dense it was, that I could easily imagine it might some time become a *coal mine*, for it would be strange indeed, that it should ever fall before any other speculation. As we passed along, we got no sight of the citizen-animals, save one bald eagle upon a leafless tree, one partridge, and a fox as he leaped over some high ferns. One morning we saw in the road, the remnants of a sheep, upon which we concluded a bear had made his early repast; none, however, had crossed our path. With every thing favorable, and well accommodated when we stopped for entertainment, we had a truly pleasant time, and reached the beautiful town of Fredericton on the

third day. We were there about a week, visiting constantly; then put our horses, etc. on board the steamboat, and came to St. John, where we passed one day only with our very valuable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Owens. From their house we were out some more than two days, in the most pelting rain storm with which the country has been visited for years. It seemed almost true, that the fountains of the deep had been broken up once more, as all high lands were pouring with water, and all low lands looked like lakes. The last part of our way, the roads became quite fearful from the injury to bridges, and from the depth of water we were obliged to ford; it appeared almost that "our lives were in our hands." I did then and still do realize that had not the hand of the Almighty been with us emphatically, we could not have reached our home so comfortably and so safely.

I cannot but believe that He has work *here* for *us* to do, and especially designed; — it is a solace and a confidence to me, whenever I am tempted to desire some other situation, or to become disheartened at the difficulties of this. Had not my previous education, and circumstances in life been such as they were, I am persuaded I could never have been as useful in the place which I now fill; and as I think of that evident preparation, and doubt whether I was ever doing more good than now, I can neither repine at nor resist the Providence which has placed me here. I would still infinitely rather move as He directs, though it may be across other inclinations, than attempt to make out my own way. Let Him do as He likes.

Sometimes Humphrey talks of going next summer to be at the Commencement at Middletown, or at General Conference, but I think it most doubtful; at least, I dare not flatter myself with the delight. I fear H. would never consent to my commencing the journey alone. You know, I *never think about it at all, yet "we shall see."* But if you come, it will the more reconcile me; indeed I don't think I should give it up without effort, should you disappoint me. O what should we say to each other? I must not think of it. I should soon begin to ask, Shall we ever live near each other again? perhaps, a sadder question, *Shall* we ever meet again? Do now, Emma, write me a good, full letter, whenever you can get time; tell me all about yourselves, and this one and that one. Love to all yours and ours.

Truly your obliged and loving sister,

HANNAH.

TO MRS. OWENS.

Nov. 1843.

MY DEAR MRS. OWENS.

Your last affectionate letter did me a great deal of good, as do all the tokens of favor I receive at your hand. I am sure I am thankful to my heavenly Father for so kind a friend, and I cannot allow this opportunity to pass, without telling you so, although it may seem like the thousand compliments which are considered becoming in letters of ordinary sentiment. How often, indeed, I have thought of you, since our brief

interview in Portland. I always, in fancy, see you as you stood in the open door, with hands spread so cordially towards me, as I walked up the garden; I felt then as if I could not speak. It was so much as I had often seen my blessed mother meet me, that, together with the welcome, and your peculiar personal resemblance to her, my heart filled, and I can never recall the scene without tears.

If you can favor me with a few lines by Mr. Allison, I shall be very glad, and I hope to hear that your health is better than when you last wrote. I hope that you may long yet be spared to promote so successfully the happiness of your family, and to diffuse the blessings of which God makes you steward. I cannot but consider you in your circumstances and happy relations in life, as marked with His especial favor; and I trust that this favor reaches not alone through the life which now is, but onward, O the thought! through the scenes of eternity. Of present realities, we judge by outward signs; but of the future possessions, and *true riches* in that better world, the testimony of our claim is only with the secrets of the heart. I trust you have *there* an unfailing one, read ever by the eye of Him who seeth in secret. There is also a "full assurance of hope" given to *perfect faith*, to which you alluded in your last letter, which does remove all fear and painful doubt. When I read your expressions of desire for this, I did, indeed, long to see you, as possessing feelings consonant with my own. God withholds no grace from persevering, faithful prayer. Let us then draw *near* to Him, moment by moment, in that "full assur-

ance of faith," and take continually the blessing which He *gives*. In Christ He gives us all things, "pardon, and *holiness*, and Heaven." I would rejoice to see you standing in this grace, and shedding around you the influence of a sanctified life. O, remember the "*price*" of our redemption, and first, in the spirit of humble, entire consecration,

"Into His hands *all* things resign,"

and then take the abounding mercy which follows.

Excuse me, my dear friend; it ill accords, I know, with my own worth as a Christian, to attempt to teach others in this matter; but, seeing its vast importance, in the spirit of obligation to Him, I testify to you His *faithfulness* and *truth*. I could write long upon the subject, would time and present engagements permit. May the Spirit lead you and yours into all truth. I love to think that we shall live *together* again in Eternity.

I thank you again for your kind thoughts concerning us. We are in usual health. I think I bear up under the burden which comes upon me, better than Mr. P. does with his accumulated labors. We have now nearly fifty, in all, in family; and, although I have never yet come to a moment, which did not bring its particular care, I, as well as the others, appear to be getting on very comfortably. You will doubtless see Mr. Allison, and may learn from him more definitely, of our affairs.

Mrs. Des Brisay still continues very comfortable; I think quite as well as at any period of her residence

here. Mr. Des Brisay is also better than earlier in the season. They would both, I am sure, desire particular remembrance to you, as they often speak of you both as in especial regard. Do not forget me to Mr. Owens, and Miss Sarah; I ever place them among my best loved friends — as well as the other members of your family. To Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, and Mr. Barber, please to present my best regards. I will not burden you with messages to other friends, though there are many whom I esteem — some who are with me in warm remembrance. I remain most affectionately,

Your obliged friend,

H. M. Pickard.

CHAPTER XII.

Regains the enjoyment of perfect love. Last letter. Birth of another boy. Death of the infant. Her anticipated recovery and visit. Her sudden death. Letters of Mr. Pickard, detailing the circumstances. Reflections on her death. Testimonials of affectionate respect.

In the Autumn of 1843, Mrs. Pickard became exceedingly solicitous to regain the full enjoyment of "perfect love." She had formed a somewhat familiar acquaintance with Mrs. Des Brisay, to whom she freely expressed her feelings. Frequent conversations on this subject ripened their intercourse into most intimate and endearing friendship. Both resided under the same roof; and as the charge of her numerous family prevented Mrs. Pickard from much out-door visiting, she found a ready and abundant sympathy in Mrs. Des Brisay, who entered with great personal interest into the relation of her spiritual desires and exercises. Christian holiness formed the chief subject of her communication with her familiar friend; and thus she showed that, though obliged to devote much outward attention to other things, her thoughts were engrossed with matters of far greater consequence. For some time she struggled hard with temptation and unbelief, until, at length, she found complete deliverance from

every painful doubt and fear, and was enabled to rejoice in the unclouded testimony of full acceptance with God. The news of this joyful event she soon communicated to her friend, who was greatly affected and edified by the clear and circumstantial character of her experience. The blessing which she sought, she found in the same way as before; but retained it in peace and comfort, all through the remainder of her life. We are favored with her own relation of this point in her history — the last record which she made in her journal. It exhibits a delightful example of persevering prayer, and of appropriating faith, and certainly serves to chide the lukewarmness of ordinary Christians. The day of the month is not given.

"Saturday night, Nov. 1843. — A week of unusual profit and peace is now closing around me; how delightful the thought, that in Heaven, that abode of purity and highest peace, this brief record of my unworthy life may enter without discordance. Long has it been since so favored a portion of time has been mine; and now, not by any worthiness of my own, but by the gift of faith, I have this inestimable inheritance. Temptations abound, but grace does much more abound. I give myself to God, in a perpetual, unconditional covenant, and He has become mine in His atonement, in His blessed spirit, in the consolations of renewed adoption.

"Convinced of the sin and of the loss of remaining without the witness of *entire dedication*, I did firmly and fully resolve to give up all to God, to do His will

and not my own, henceforth. I doubt not that the Spirit of God did indeed lead me thus far, but through unbelief I followed not on to the evidence of full acceptance. I continued, nevertheless, very much to desire this, and from day to day, with more or less fervor of soul, renewed the consecration of my *little all*, until about four weeks had passed away. Meantime, frequently falling before sin, and realizing that every hindrance to my deliverance from the body of this death lay in myself, I almost despaired of deliverance from so deep and long continued evil. But O, I desired most earnestly to be the Lord's, *for the sake of being His*, even though He should scarcely notice again, as among His children, one so useless and utterly unworthy as myself. Accordingly I ventured to repeat the words of formal consecration while at the throne of grace, feeling that if it should please the infinitely righteous God to bestow upon me through His Son peace and joy in believing, all were well; but, if otherwise, all were well — I would still give myself to Him, knowing that 'all were *right* which *He* could do.' After doing this, however, I still lingered a little upon my knees, not for the purpose of asking any thing further then, but I wanted to be sure of my sincerity, and I wished God to be sure of it. I was prompted to say — 'The blood of Christ be a witness between me and Thee of this;' and immediately followed, with a sweetness of application indescribable, the remembrance of these words, 'For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh; *how*

much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God.' My mind was satisfied, and rested in the efficacy of that blood, without a doubt. Since then I feel increasing nearness to God, and I long to be more lost in Him.

'Only to live my God to love,
My God to glorify.'

I feel the Spirit with me, and long to be led by Him to greater grace."

The following letter, which was the last received from her hand, exhibits a mental state so spiritual, so ethereal, as almost to appear like a premonition and an antedate of those wonderful realities which burst upon the soul, as it quits its earthly habitation, and soars to brighter worlds above. At the same time it contains such affectionate longings for the society of her beloved family, as make us grieve to think that they were never to be realized.

Sackville, N. B., Jan. 15, 1844.

My ever dear Sister,

Many, many days I have been in your debt, for an excellent and undeservedly affectionate letter; and, by each of the seldom mail opportunities which have intervened, have felt that I must do something in my poor way, which you would accept as an acknowl-

edgement and return. If you could read my daily thoughts about you, and know how heavily and frequently my spirit longs after you all, you would not suspect, though "few and far between" my letters have been, that my joys had ceased to be connected with the joy of you all. You, who are so faithful alike in your remembrances and letters, may then wonder why it is that I so seldom seek this most satisfactory mode of communication remaining to us. I cannot explain, but only say, that whenever I think of writing to you, I begin to get so sad, that, although I know I am sinning against the "golden rule," I still avail myself from time to time of the relief in this respect really afforded by delay. I wish it were otherwise, and know of no cause which may seem to justify it. I am not generally melancholy or discontented, only I have *not forgotten you.* My heart now breaks out in a prolonged exclamation — O that I could see you to-night; and while, for an instant, I catch something like a glimpse of you, and seem to meet you, the poor comfort passes away in all the uncertainty and conjecture of one, who knows but little, scarcely anything. Are you sick? are you well? are you together in Chelsea, or in some other place? And father, too, I often visit with similar questions, but with similar unsatisfactoriness. Well it must be so; one real comfort remains which I do not forget.

> "One there is whose watchful eye
> Guides our humble destiny;"

and a bright anticipation stands out before me in the

future with which conjecture and uncertainty may not intermeddle — where none say I am sick — where are no separations. The day seems very near; the scenes very real. I was remarking yesterday to Humphrey, that, though never a "Millerite," I yet felt something like disappointment that the year had passed, and all things remained as they were. Without looking at the state of the world, I cannot but think how much better to be altogether "at home." Does it not seem so to you, Emma? Life is such a turmoil, and its close brings so calm a respite; and then all, to be all together in freedom and rest with the pure in heart, is so desirable. Surely I am not sad in these thoughts, and I look upon my circumstances in life as being emphatically among the most favored of Eve's daughters; but no circumstances of the present moment are to be compared with those which "shall be revealed." I will not obtrude my reflections upon you; I hope you will excuse them for occupying so early a place at least, but they came uppermost as my pen went on.

I know of nothing to interest you much in our affairs at present, beyond what a few lines would communicate to you, yet if your ear were accessible, no doubt I should often be making to you many relations which take to themselves consequence as they come and go. What is the employment of each day, you can in some degree imagine, when I tell you that I find each night that I have accomplished little more than watch the various operations of the domestic machinery over which I am placed. The house is a large one, and to get from one corner to the other,

from the cellar kitchen to the chambers, back and forth, are journeys not to be performed without much demand upon time in themselves, to say nothing of the space necessary for revisions and directions given and enforced, etc. Sometimes the wheels begin to drag heavily, as I think this must continue another term; but then as the prosperity of all seems to demand, I am happy in contributing my quota, magnified by circumstances, to the desirable object. H. gets into a fever often about it, and really seems to see my health declining, and days shortening; but I am not so perceptive. My health is generally good, with my usual capability of resistance of colds and weariness. Do not be anxious ever on my account; I am sure a special Providence attends my steps — however it leads, I cheerfully resign myself as favored.

Since commencing this letter I have been weighed down with severe cold, so that I was unable to finish it. The last mail which came brought me another letter from you; it had been a fortnight on its way. It was, however, as if just from your hand. I could have cried, and believe I did, it was to me so unexpected and so desirable. I am rejoiced for all the good which attends you. Poor father, wealth could not buy me another pleasure like the gratification of seeing him; but all is vague now to my mind about it. I cannot wait to explain, as H. has just been hurrying me lest I shall be too late for the mail; but I do not see now how we can arrange to visit you together. I often think and speak of H.'s going on to General Conference, and I do think he may go. I as often suppose

he will scarcely consent to leave me behind, notwithstanding the obstacles which now show themselves in the distance. However, appearances and scenes change so many times, in so few months, that I am not discouraged at least, if I am sometimes delighted. Excuse H.'s hurry for this. Love to all,

HANNAH.

Nothing further was heard from her till the latter part of February, when Mr. Pickard wrote us that she had given birth to another boy, on the 19th of that month, but was as well and comfortable as might be expected. In the same communication he informed us that the babe was an exceedingly frail and feeble child, and that fears were entertained of its early death. We were, therefore, not disappointed in receiving the intelligence contained in the following note from him; and at the same time, were highly gratified to learn that the prospect for the mother's safe recovery appeared every way promising. It quite relieved any anxiety which we had felt respecting her, and left no lingering doubt of her speedy restoration. The note is addressed to her sister.

Sackville, March 1, 1844.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I did hope to secure moments enough to-day to write what might pass for a letter, at least, in the estimation of friendship — but here I am within a few minutes of mail time, and nothing done to secure the realization of my hope. But as Hannah says you will

not be particular at such a time, and that you will be glad to receive even two or three lines which will tell you something about her, I will send you this little sheet.

I am very glad that I can report favorably of the health of my invaluable wife, your excellent sister. She is gradually recovering, and is likely to do well. The little stranger is no longer with us — he remained not quite a week; he was born on Monday the 19th ult., at eleven and a half o'clock, A. M., and died on the following Monday morning, at half-past three o'clock. Hannah begins to sit up a little each day, but has been and continues weak.

She sends her love to all, and wishes me to say that she has a good nurse, and every thing to render her recovery safe, etc.; that you must not forget your engagement to visit us this summer. If you will promise to return with us, perhaps we will take a run on in May. If you knew how Hannah longs for letters from Boston, you would write, I think, more frequently.

I am, my dear sister, your unworthy
but affectionate brother,
H. Pickard.

We had, indeed, thought seriously, sometimes, of visiting them the ensuing summer; but the persuasion which we indulged from the intimation above given that they might come on in May, had led us to dismiss all present design of doing so that year. We felt a great degree of cheerfulness in the hope of hearing soon that her health was fully confirmed; and began

to anticipate the pleasure we should again enjoy in their society. We had had no intimation whatever, that any settled disease preyed upon her, and could not but suppose that, after the usual term of weakness to which a constitution like hers would be subject, at such a time, she would recover her wonted health and strength. We knew that her physical system was frail, and that her labors had been arduous; but as she had constantly affirmed her adequacy to the task, and her belief in its providential allotment as her duty, and as we knew her husband's desire for her greater ease and comfort, we had yielded her to care divine, in the persuasion that she would be sustained till some satisfactory arrangement could be made for her relief from so much responsibility. And we knew not but that, already, some permanent change had been effected in her department of domestic care. In fine, none of her friends here saw any thing of apprehension in the future, respecting her. The reader may judge then, how great must have been our consternation to learn by the next letter, a fortnight after the last, that she was actually *dead*. The news was like thunder bursting in sunshine from an untroubled and unclouded sky, and filled her sister's heart, especially, with dismay and sorrow overwhelming. Her father, to whom she was tenderly endeared on many accounts, nevertheless received the heavy tidings with great Christian firmness and resignation. The circumstances of this distressing event, are detailed in two letters from her husband, one to her father, and the other to her sister. To her father he writes,

Sackville, March 12, 1844.

My dear father Thompson,

I know not how to begin to write, for the hand of the Lord is pressing heavily upon me! I feel that *I ought* to send you the earliest possible intelligence of the passage to glory, of another member of your family, — but how can it be written by me, how can it be read by you! Not with other feelings than those of *unutterable* agony, unless we rest, meanwhile by faith, where the brighter beams of that glorious *gospel which hath brought life and immortality to light*, fall in noon-tide strength. I am striving to rest there, and, O my dear father, I do find *light* and *some joy there*, although thick darkness hath settled down suddenly upon every earthly scene. Take hold afresh upon the *hope of the gospel*, and then realize that another tie to earth is gone. Our dear Hannah is no longer of earth! She has gone, by angel bands attended, to resume connection with her sainted mother, and the throng of glorified spirits in the Paradise of God.

Her death was in a moment, and utterly unlooked for by us. She seemed to be doing delightfully well during the fortnight preceding yesterday morning, was free from pain and distress, and seemed to be gradually gathering strength; she seemed especially well on Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday morning, until after eight o'clock. She had sat up in her bed, and washed and taken her breakfast, and was preparing to be lifted from her bed to a sofa, as usual, and speaking most cheerfully of her feeling so well, so much like herself again — and, then, in a moment, asked to be laid down

a moment, and in less than ten minutes, I think, ceased to breathe. She fell asleep sweetly; there was no struggling, no stiffening of the muscles, a mere gasp or two, and the tyrant's work was done. So unlike death did it seem, that we could not entirely give her up for several hours; we watched by her bedside, hung over her loved form, and strove by every possible way to win her back to life — but alas! in vain. She is gone! Her sweet voice will ——

My pathway through life is so dreary and desolate, that I dare yet scarcely look forward to it at all. And, O, the little boy, how can a mother's kindly care be made up to him? My heart sinks as I think of him; but I have endeavored anew, at the bedside of the *one* who sleeps in Jesus, to give myself and my all in believing confidence to God. I will *trust* Him, I cannot *now* trace Him;

> "Behind this frowning providence,
> He hides a smiling face."

My dear father, my heart is full. I cannot write all to-day, which you will long to hear. The Sabbath before her death was a very pleasant one to us both. In the afternoon, I had an appointment to preach about three miles from home; she said, as I left her, she was sorry to have me go, and yet glad. I lifted her out of bed to the sofa just before I started, and thought I never saw her look so well. A young female friend, who has been spending the winter with us, read several portions of Holy Writ, and some hymns to her while I was away. She welcomed me on my return, a

little before sunset, with, if possible, more than her usual kindness. She said she had seen me coming. (She had requested her attendants to draw the curtain aside, and wheel the sofa round, so that she could look down the road for me.) I spent the evening at her bedside, and we talked of the *but imaginary future;* we thought the danger passed. I prayed with her between 8 and 9 o'clock, and bade her good night. However, when I came up to go to bed in the room opposite to hers, she sent the nurse out to request me to look in again for a moment. She asked, whether Edward was sleeping well; (he had seemed rather fretful through the day;) why I was sitting up so late; whether any thing was wrong? I told her it was only ten o'clock, and every thing was right. She said she thought it was much later. She asked, whether I felt discouraged at all about her recovery? I told her, no, every thing seemed encouraging. She said she wanted to hear me say so — she had been imagining bad things, and had got nervous. I again bade her good night, and retired to bed; but after remaining a few moments, returned to her door, and asked her if she would like to have me remain with her. She said she feared I would not rest any, but seemed so much pleased with the proposition, that I stayed with her through the night. She slept better than she had done, and in the morning, seemed very much encouraged. We talked sometime together before I left the room for breakfast.

I returned with the little boy, to give her his morning kiss, which he did, and then, earnest to get to the

breakfast table, he said "by-by," and I turned with him to the door; but after reaching it, asked him whether he had not another kiss for Mama, (she seem-to be looking after him so anxiously.) He reached back, and I held him down, telling her to take a kiss from his sweet neck; and while she kissed one side, I kissed the other. And this was our last interview, until in about half an hour or a little more, I heard a knock on the floor, and, rushing up stairs, found her gasping in death — insensible to every thing external. She had continued to talk in the same cheerful strain to her attendants — said she felt more like herself, etc., until she was in the valley of death. It is a comfort to know that her passage through it was so easy and quick. And although we had no opportunity to ascertain her feelings at the moment, we know in whom she believed, and that she was delightfully prepared for the unexpected change. It was the *disease* of the *heart*, which caused her death. She had been anxious about this for some months.

I have a great deal more to say, but cannot say it *now*. I intend to write to brother Edward by the next mail. I will not attempt to tell you *how* well she, who is gone, was here universally beloved. We attend to the last sad mark of affectionate respect to-morrow afternoon. I would that you could take another look at that endeared form, so lovely in death, ere it is borne away to the silent resting place. I know not how to yield it up —

> "But this, new rising from the tomb,
> With beauty brighter far shall shine."

We must try to think of her as in heaven, not in the grave. I need your sympathies and prayers, and allow me to assure you that you share in mine. H. P.

Additional particulars are contained in the following letter to her sister and myself.

SACKVILLE, March 16, 1844.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER.

I feel very much indisposed to writing to-day, and indeed to every thing else requiring any mental exercise. I feel disposed to sit down in silence amidst the thick darkness which envelopes me; but feeling must not be my guide, certainly not *now*. My heart is very heavy within me; my house is left unto me desolate — and O, how soon, how suddenly, how unexpectedly!! Would that I could run unto you this evening, that we might sit down together, and weep over our most distressing bereavement; that we might together think of the happy translation of the *loved one* who is gone; that we might together in our sadness approach our Father who is in heaven, seeking from Him consolation in this time of need! But I sat down to write you the particulars of the sickness and death of the one who has entered into rest.

My dear Hannah seemed to pass along through the anxious months which precede the hour of trial, more comfortably than on the former occasion, except that she had rather a serious ill turn immediately after Christmas, resulting from over-exertion on that day, which threatened for a time very distressing conse-

quences; but they were escaped, and in a very few days she was again attending to her usual duties. She continued to pass along so very comfortably, that I thought surely all would be well. After her confinement, she seemed to do well, except that she had, on two successive nights, what seemed like fainting fits, although she was perfectly conscious of every thing which was done about her, and could speak. She complained of irregular beating of the heart, and a death-like feeling throughout her system. This feeling about the heart gave her, and me too, so much anxiety, that, although we were perfectly satisfied with the attending physician, I sent some distance for another, of high reputation, who said that she had nothing to fear, at least immediately, from this; that the great weakness of the system was the immediate cause of the faintness, etc.; and that as she gained strength these symptoms would cease. His strongly expressed opinion greatly encouraged her, especially as she was not seriously troubled again with them until the fatal hour. During the last ten days of her life, she reclined every day, for a longer or shorter period, on the sofa; and during the last few days, several hours. She felt so well, indeed, that she wished several times to be allowed to walk from the bed to the sofa, and on Wednesday or Thursday, in my absence, did walk from the sofa to the bed, and, after resting awhile, attempted to walk back, but effected her purpose with some difficulty. I entered the room just after she reached the sofa, and found her rather inclined to faintness. She then promised me that she would not attempt to walk

again, until I should think she might with safety. She was very anxious apparently for certain recovery, and very careful and fearful. On Saturday and Sunday, she seemed very much better, or rather, seemed to be getting better much more rapidly. The Sabbath was a very delightful day to us both. Our fears and doubts, which had continued to linger about us, relative to her recovery, were banished, and we were looking forward with renewed hope to the future, which proved to be but an imaginary one. The account of her last night and morning you will have seen in the letter which I sent to Father Thompson.

I was at first grieved to think that we had no opportunity to bid each other farewell, but on second thought I feel most grateful on her account that her removal from us was sudden — the arrangement was doubtless made by her Heavenly Father, in infinite mercy. She was saved from a most painful trial. It seemed almost impossible that she could have faced death calmly, anticipating his approach; at any rate, she was spared the conflict with such fear and dread as must have preceded such calmness, and also the bitter agony of feeling which she would have found in tearing herself from those for whom she was so anxious. Her exchange of worlds was the most like a translation, of any thing I have ever witnessed. *She was not, for God took her.* She passed away in a very happy, cheerful hour from us, to the higher, holier, happier associations of the better world, and the transfer from the one to the other, was the work of a *moment*. She had no dark valley to pass, or her passage through

it was so swift that she could not have felt *its terror*. For this I do feel very grateful to God. Her mind, for the most part, during the last months of her life, has been in a very high state of religious experience. She has seemed to breathe the atmosphere of heaven, and has borne the fruit in her life of that holier clime. [Here Mr. Pickard inserted the last record in her journal, already given, and added,] — The blessing which she thus obtained was retained, I believe, almost uninterruptedly to the close of life.

On the Sunday morning before her death, she said she had not the sensible communion with God which she desired; she supposed the devil was taking advantage of her weakness to try to shake her confidence. She said she had great comfort in recollecting Christ's acquaintance with our weakness, and His tender sympathy; and in thinking of that passage which speaks of the *bruised reed*. She seemed to be holding fast her confidence, but with a trembling hand. Later in the day she spoke evidently the feelings of a heart overflowing with gratitude — of the great, rich goodness of God unto us — of the three weeks of such rich mercy — and seemed very happy in thinking of it.

I know not what to say to you, to console you, while my heart is so lacerated. I strive to think of her as she *is*. Would we draw her back if we could, from such a state of glorious bliss? In the attending circumstances of mercy, I can but rejoice for her. The last weeks of her life were comfortable ones to her. She found friends who were ready to do all they could to supply her sister's place. Her medical attendant

was most acceptable to her — tender, delicate, and assiduous in attention. Mrs. Dixon, who was to her, and in her estimation, all but equal to Mrs. Town, was with her much. Miss Carr, the young lady who has been with us this winter, was untiring in attention; and the old lady who acted as nurse, she said, reminded her in her attentions very much of her own mother. I was always in and out, never absent from her chamber, in the day time, during her sickness, more than an hour and a half at a time, except on the Sabbath afternoon, when I was away between two and three hours, perhaps. I am truly sorry that none of her own relatives could be with her — but this also is all right.

In this Province she was only known to be universally admired and esteemed; prejudice was disarmed in reference to her. Her funeral was most numerously attended, although on a week day, with the roads very bad; the people gathered from all directions; many came ten and twelve miles.

Words cannot describe the already realized loneliness of earth to me. I have felt it so much since I commenced writing this, that I had to cease in order to seek a little relief. I took Edward and walked out to the silent grave — but O, this gave not relief; then called upon sympathizing friends, and after talking with them an hour or two, and approaching with them in prayer to God, I have returned somewhat comforted. But O, I cannot look forward. Remember me at the Throne.

You will, of course, feel some anxiety about Edward. He is a most lovely, affectionate little fellow; his loss

is unutterable. His attachment — affectionate, not merely instinctive attachment to his mother was remarkable. Could you have seen how anxiously he would bend down to kiss the cold but loved form, even after it was dressed in the habiliments of the grave and placed in the coffin, it would have altogether overcome you, as it did me. He bent down again and again, and kissed it just as the coffin was about to be closed: and he will still look around for her with disappointed anxiety. Mr. and Mrs. Allison have kindly offered to take him and his nurse into their family. This kind offer has very much lightened the heavy load of anxiety which was pressing upon my mind relative to him. They have no child, are very much attached to Edward, and are exceedingly kind; and he will be only a few yards from me. Yours,

H. Pickard.

The disease of which Mrs. Pickard died had, it seems, been for some time at work in her system, though she made no report of it to her friends. She was troubled, even in early youth, with palpitation of the heart, but no alarming symptoms had shown themselves. After the accident on her journey from Fredericton, she had occasionally a tendency to faintness; this probably induced her, on her return from her last visit in Boston, to consult a physician in St. John, by whom she was informed that her heart was somewhat disordered. This information was not communicated to any but her husband until after her death. Probably she might have continued longer to live, had

not the birth of her last child accelerated, or rather suddenly developed and completed the disease.

It is consoling, however, to think that for such an abrupt termination of life, she had been maturing in Christian character to the last, and that to her, "sudden death was sudden glory." As expressed in the remarks respecting the effect of her mother's death upon her, the circumstances of her own dissolution allowed her no realizing views of immediately approaching eternity; at least none that could be revealed to any around her. But she was washed, but she was justified, but she was sanctified, "in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God;" and was, doubtless, ready to strike her harp, and join with the redeemed hosts in singing, "unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." How delightfully does her example illustrate the value and importance of a constant readiness to die. Who would not be found, as she was, at whatever hour the Master shall call?

I will make but one remark more, where reflections might be greatly multiplied, in order to illustrate the attending wisdom and kindness of God even in such a mysterious Providence. The reader cannot fail to have noticed her exceedingly tender and affectionate attachment to all she loved. He should know, too, that the peculiar shrinking of the flesh from the physical pain which sometimes precedes death, was very

great to her nervous and sensitive nature. But by the divine arrangement in her removal from earth, she was not allowed even to *see* death in any form of terror or pain, and was spared the extreme anguish of lingering severance from the ties of friendly and domestic endearment. Happy in confiding love and hope, her blooming virtues and affections diffusing around her a sweet perfume, rejoicing in present and anticipated pleasures of assured friendship, and with a still more highly gratified sense of divine love and favor, she was "caught up to Paradise" in a moment, to enjoy unspeakably more glorious and endearing scenes and connections.

The delineation of her character I have endeavored to present through the course of the Memoir. I will not now even collect in one view the points of excellence in her life, which appear in these pages — I will leave that to be done by the reader himself; for if, after the endeavor which I have already made to picture her to the mind, I have failed in giving a tolerably satisfactory idea of her, any further attempt, on my part, would be equally unavailing. It will be proper for me, however, in conclusion of this affectionate tribute to her memory, to add the following unsolicited testimony to her appreciated worth in her adopted land, from a disinterested source, in the form of sympathizing and affectionate letters to her friends on the occasion of their distressing bereavement.

The Rev. Enoch Wood, Chairman of the New Brunswick District, wrote to Mr. Pickard, as follows:

My dear afflicted Brother,

The very sudden and unlooked for removal of your beloved wife, and our much esteemed sister and friend, has given us great pain. In this your deep affliction, you have the sincere sympathy and fervent prayers of all your friends. That the goodness of our Heavenly Father, by whose unerring wisdom this mysterious event has been brought to pass, may show itself by a large bestowment of Grace Divine in this your time of need, is our earnest prayer. To *her* the change is one involving *all* gain; so far let your grief be stayed; but still to you, and your motherless boy — to us and all her numerous and attached friends, the stroke is severely felt in *our* conscious loss of superior excellence and holy example. I have always entertained an exalted opinion of her qualifications to be placed by your side in the difficult and responsible post which you occupy, and to which you have been called by the voice of the Church of God. Great is your loss; great is ours, as a community to which her attachments were strong and enlightened.

Allowing for *all* your past and present trouble, much is yet before you. In your solitary hours, studies, journeys, etc., your loss will meet you, and keep alive the tremblings of a wounded, bleeding heart. Nay, the innocent, playful movements of your first-born, will often lacerate, when, if the companion of your earliest friendship were by your side, they would excite delight and satisfaction. And still, by the sanctifying grace of God, all this, and more than this, will be found working together for your good. Future months and years

will show how close the connection between this dark day, and scenes of a brighter hue; nay, between the events of earth and the glories of heaven. Trust, O trust in Him,

> "Whose path is on the sea, whose wondrous ways
> Through the deep waters yet remain unknown."

He alone can sustain; He alone can comfort. With heartfelt sorrow and lively sympathy, in which my brethren, and all our families join, I am, dear Brother,

Yours sincerely,

ENOCH WOOD.

Again, writing to the Rev. Mr. McNutt, the preacher stationed in Sackville, Mr. Wood says; "your gloomy letter has distressed us indeed; the affliction is a public one; her qualifications for her post were rare; we always cherished the strongest love for her from the time she came among us. To the righteous decisions of a gracious God, we must devoutly bow; O may we have grace to improve by them. We may say of her, 'Thy memory is fragrant, and thy works shall perpetuate thy name. Thy spirit has now joined those who have gone before, and we are following after thee, having one more motive to quicken us in the way — the hope of meeting soon thy lovely and loving, thy holy and blessed spirit, Amen.'"

The Rev. Samuel D. Rice, agent of the Academy at Sackville, in a letter to myself, writes, "Though a stranger to you personally, I take the liberty to address you, for the purpose of testifying to you the high esti-

mation in which your most amiable and devoted sister-in-law was held in the land of her adoption, and more particularly, in the Institution, where her husband so well fulfils the honorable and responsible situation of Principal. Her stay with us was too brief, in our own view of things. We wanted her counsel, encouragement, and, above all, the silent but unusually powerful influence of her example. We admired and loved her for her varied natural acquirements, but more for the grace of God in her. It may be pleasing to her friends to know, that to all with whom she associated, she was endeared, and greatly so; and never have I known one for whose loss so much *real* sorrow was felt. As soon as I had heard the sad intelligence, I communicated it to our friends, and for weeks, when her name was mentioned, the tear would tell that her name had awakened emotions of sorrow. Her path, from the time of her entering in among us, was that of the just — it shone more and more, till it terminated in the full radiance of glory. Her sainted spirit is at rest. May we follow her as she followed Christ."

SELECT WRITINGS.

SKETCHES AND FRAGMENTS.

The following articles, selected from Mrs. Pickard's writings, some in manuscript, and others already published, will be read with interest, as developing elements of thought, emotion and rhetorical skill, which only needed farther opportunity and culture, to establish the reputation of an accomplished and elegant writer.

The Sketches, as far as that entitled "Home," were especially designed for youthful readers, as is evident from their style, and yet they contain a certain richness, together with simplicity of expression, which renders them a delightful pastime for all classes. These pieces formerly appeared in the Sabbath School Messenger, and though some of them have been frequently used on public occasions, they have lost none of their value, for it is intrinsic; and they are worthy of this permanent form, and of the more extended perusal secured to them by this publication.

Of the Fragments, I wish only to say, that, as such, they are but scattered and suggestive hints of thought, imperfect in form, but too valuable to be lost; some of them would furnish admirable subjects and imagery for the poetic muse, and all of them exhibit the fervid operation of a mind in love with pure and beautiful sentiments.

SKETCHES.

THE LITTLE REMEMBRANCER.

"Mother, here is this beautiful little cluster of blossoms, which the wind has just blown from our cherry-tree; and a great many more lie scattered around, alone, like flakes of snow, — O! I am so sorry. What a pity that it could not have hung upon the tree, and ripened into fruit; one, two, three, four, five — O, how nice they would have been! You said, mama, the other day, when you reproved brother for treading carelessly upon a worm, that 'nothing was ever made in vain.' I am sure I do not see why this was made, all perfect as the others, and just when it was fully blown, to fall upon the ground and die. That *does* seem to be in vain."

"Bring it here, my dear, and I will tell you why it was made, just as the little flower would do if it could speak. A few weeks ago, the tree, you know, had not a leaf upon all its branches; cold storms were gathering darkly in the sky; every tree and bush looked dead; the ground was covered thick with snow, the streams and ponds with glistening ice; and, although the earth was really nearer to the sun than when 'tis summer, yet the part of it on which we live, was so turned from his rays, that they could only fall obliquely upon us, without diffusing sufficient heat to drive away the cold bleak winds and frosts, which sweep across from the

polar regions; — but you see how great a change has come; the snow and ice are gone — the buds, and leaves, and insect tribes, all things which summer brings, are now appearing. This is the work of God — it is all a mystery; repeated in each changing of the season, we watch its gradual progress, till it seems a thing of course; yet it is not the less a mystery. But have we thanked Him, who, placing the bow in the clouds when the flood receded, promised that 'while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.'

"These little flowers have fallen to recal you to your duty. In their delicate hue, and sweet fragrance, is expressed a constant hymn of praise. Should they not call a blush of shame upon our cheeks, to be thus earlier than ourselves, who have witnessed the commencement and decline of so many seasons, and yet have not brought from pure hearts a single fervent offering of gratitude for their return?"

"O, mother! how ungrateful I have been. How much it must have displeased God! I am afraid that in the midst of this great world which he has made, he may forget me, as I had forgotten him. O! what should I do?"

"You see, my dear, that early star which has taken its place above us; it is a world far more glorious than this on which we live; larger, brighter, happier perhaps; yet to the hand which formed it, to the providence which guides it, 'tis not better known, or with more love and care o'erwatched, than is the heart of a little child — those whom His mercy has surnamed the 'lambs of his flock.'"

"Mother, that star — it is so far above, much farther than I can even think — is it not shining there near the throne of God?"

"Your eye, my daughter, cannot pierce the distance, your mind cannot comprehend it; — 'tis indeed infinite. World

beyond world is lost in the space still farther on, where the rays of the bright one we now see, are unknown: yet to the Eye which seeth all things, distance is nothing — the Spirit of God breathes there as around us — His hand marks its path, and supplies the wants of each breathing thing which dwells in those great worlds — still we are not forgotten! This same hand supports us, and if we fall, raises us up again, leading us tenderly through life. He listens to our humble prayer, whispered even while angels' songs swell loudest, sweetest round. He is ever with us; His kingdom is not in the sun, nor on beyond the light of stars, — 'tis not where hope can never approach, or wearied thought can never reach; but it is very nigh to us, even within us — 'The Throne of God' is in our hearts."

ARE THEY NOT OUR BRETHREN?

The day was far spent: the last sunbeams fell aslant upon the Himmaleh Mountains, and the mists of approaching night were gathering o'er the vast plains of Bengal, which have never echoed the name of God. All was silence around. Still the Hindoo toiled; the whole day he had labored hard beneath the burning sun. His hands trembled with weariness; the long black hair fell thick about his shoulders; and as he dropped the little kernels of rice which he was planting in the earth, he was repeating in a low tone some words from a little piece of parchment tied about his neck. Then ceased his work a moment, as, raising himself, he looked around and said, "My heart is troubled; how can it be that from grains so small should come the waving stalk, the flowers, the fruit? There is nothing in the rain that falls upon it, nor in the brook, that looks like these; nor in the air, nor in the sunbeam! Surely, some being whom I cannot see must

bid them grow; he must have made the diamond, the ruby, and the topaz, embedded in the rock and sand of those tall mountains; — then he made mountains, rivers, trees; all our tribes — even me. In all I look upon, I see his work; then where, O, where is he? I have climbed those far-off mountains, been in their deep, dark caverns, where not a voice is heard. Does he dwell there? The sky, the sun and storms must have been his work. Then he is everywhere; and, rich enough, needs not the worship or remembrance of aught which he has made." Awed to silence, he paused, then sighed, "My sins, my sins! alas, I know him not."

Evening came on; he went not to his cabin; beneath some bamboo trees he laid his head, but not to sleep. When morning first dawned, he hastened to the priest — told him all his doubts — then asked, "This good Being may I love and worship? What can I do to have my sins forgiven?" The priest replied, "Where our holy river Ganges falls against the rocks in those blue mountains, is an altar to Brahma. He is God, and made all things. None can approach this place, but sincere worshippers. Take thy sandals, and, having set in them these iron spikes, bind them upon thy naked feet, and go to Brahma. Your sins shall be forgiven. The sun may often rise and set before you reach that place, yet turn not back. Weary and faint, your heart may fail — turn not back, though you die."

He murmured not, and cheerfully commenced his painful journey. When night came, he had toiled upon his way long, long hours in anguish, yet "his native home was still but just behind him," far, far away above the sunset clouds he could discern the snowy peaks of Himmaleh.

Little reader, whose first formed thoughts were hallowed by the name of Jesus, what would you not have sacrificed to have whispered in the ear of this poor Hindoo your own

pure knowledge of the Savior, as he stood leaning against a cocoa-nut tree, for breath, while the grass around was stained with blood from his wounded feet, — to have said in the Redeemer's name, "Behold, I show you a better way."

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Beneath the branches of a spreading banian tree, an anxious group were gathered; their skins were dark and tawny; their raiment very strange, and lightly worn; yet their tearful eyes revealed the feelings of a soul within. In their midst, one stood of different race; his face was fair, like one of us, and in his hand he held a book — it was the Bible. He knelt and prayed with them, and then he rose to tell them of the Christians' God. Just then the pilgrim Hindoo man advanced; overcome by suffering, almost in death, he threw himself down upon the turf beneath the tree; no groan escaped him; he pressed to his fevered lips the little piece of parchment he wore about his neck, for he could not utter the prayer which it contained. The cool breeze rustled freshly among the leaves, and a little brook, flowing softly past the bank below, seemed calling him to quench his dying thirst. But then a sound, sweeter far to him than is the freshening breeze unto the fainting, or the music of the water to the thirsty, was borne upon that breeze. In his own language, he heard the words — "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." He raised his drooping head, and as he listened, he forgot his pain, and thirst, and weariness. With each word there came new life; sitting up, with faith in what he heard, he tore from his neck the once treasured parchment; unclasped the torturing sandals from his bleeding feet; gathered up his robe, came, fell down upon his knees in the midst, repeating the words of the teacher —

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

SUPPOSED DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A LITTLE HEATHEN GIRL AND THE DAUGHTER OF A MISSIONARY.

"I have been watching you as you looked among the flowers, and longed to ask you who you were; — you do not look like me; where is your home?"

"Do you see that largest building yonder, roofed with palm leaves, and surrounded by the cinnamon trees? The green earth slopes down in front, to where you see a group of orange trees, covered with fruit and flowers. That is the Mission house. My father is a Missionary. Have you never been there?"

"No, we have just come here from another place. But where did you come from? What is a Missionary?"

"We have been here a great many months. Two years ago, we came across the sea, to teach your people about God, from a place called America. Did you ever hear of it?'

"Never."

"In America, they have not so beautiful trees, so rich fruits, or flowers so sweet as you have here; but there they all know and worship one God; and we have brought a book from there, which will tell you all about Him. Those who love this God, are kind, good and happy."

"Are all the children there like you?"

"Yes, only they have not learned your language as I have done. They meet in classes, one day in every week, to learn about God; and are so pleased when they hear from you,—some of them have given money to buy these books—Bibles, we call them,—to send out here. They love and pray for you."

"Pray for us!"

"Yes, that you may love this God, and learn to read His book."

"Where did they get it?"

"Holy men wrote it, as God commanded them. It tells us how He made the world from nothing, by His word; how He made man from its dust, and gave to him a living soul — made him to be happy; but he sinned. And because all have sinned, all must suffer, some by poverty, some by sickness, some by crime; but all alike must die."

"Your God — what is his name?"

"We call him the Lord, terrible and mighty; the Holy One; the Creator; Jehovah; the only and true God."

"We worship many gods, but not Him. Where does he dwell?"

"Your gods are only idols, made by men, and can do you no good; there is but one whom you should worship — He is eternal; of His days there was no beginning and will be no end; perfectly wise and just; perfectly good and holy; dwelling in heaven mid light beyond the brightness of our sun at noonday, or its golden gleams at setting; the moon and host of stars at night have not the faintest shade of the glory and beauty in which He dwells."

"Is He there alone?"

"No; angels, beings created by Him, with wings all bright and glistening, bow around His throne, giving praise to Him, who is, and who was, and shall be for ever more. Yet listen; from all this He looked and saw that we were perishing in sin; He loved us when we knew Him not, and left that world of glory to come in the form of man, and die, that He might cleanse our souls from sin in His own blood; and now we call Him Redeemer, Savior, our Father."

"To cleanse our souls! — What do you mean?"

"The soul can never die; these bodies, first formed from dust, will die and be laid away to moulder and blacken in

the grave; upon these cheeks, within these lips, within these throbbing hearts, the gnawing worm will crawl and feed, yet we shall know it not, for the 'soul shall return unto God who gave it.'"

"The other day, from the river's muddy shore, I saw them take a piece of earth; I wondered what it was, and watched until they washed the dirt away, and then I knew it was a diamond. Is it not thus you mean — the soul is like that diamond, concealed till death shall take this outward part away?"

"Just so."

"But what will be when we are dead, — will the sun still shine, and all things look the same as now?"

"Yes; but there will come a time when God shall call from out their graves all human dust, though of these forms no eye but His could see a bone or sinew left; yet at His word we all shall rise, the good in beauty never more to die, but ever be with God; the wicked to live for ever, yet far from Him."

"Can this be true?"

"Then all things else must perish, as fades away the varying cloud at night. The rugged rocks, the star-crowned mountains, earth's deep foundations, shall be removed and know no place. The ocean too, whose waves we see upon the misty shore, of all God's works most like Himself, emblem of His eternity, shall cease to be. His word, who from chaos called it forth, shall wipe its floods away, even as from the trembling leaf the pearly dew-drop is dissolved. Yet we, who shrink at its approaching rage, daring scarce listen to its voice, *we* shall live for ever; not by ourselves sustained, or reason's light, but by His breath upheld, be made to live for ever, specks upon the never-ebbing ocean of eternity. And now if you will listen, I will teach you a prayer, which

the Savior taught us; believing in Him, this prayer alone will save us happy 'mid the universal ruin."

"O, let me know it."

"Then kneel with me. *Kneel*, because it is to *God* we pray.

"Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever, and ever. Amen."

FAREWELL OF THE CLOSING YEAR.

How swiftly the day is hastening to its close! Even now, its latest gleams, in lingering reflection, scarce outbeam the far sent light from evening stars. In a few hours we shall have done for ever with this fleet year; and it will have gone before us with its faithful message to the throne of God. Let us pause; for in the silence of this dusky hour, I seem to hear the tottering footsteps of the dying year, as of some friend infirm and old; and in the wind, sighing around the casement, think I hear his feeble voice thus saying — "Little children, it is the last time; when the morrow dawns, my walks of earth with you are done. Gladly I leave this little orb, its sorrows and its change, to join the mighty ranks of happy ages, that with the countless years of heaven, list to the songs of earth's redeemed ones, where comes no night or storm, no sin, no change, no death. But ere I go, a moment pause, and forget not all my benefits. Three hundred and sixty-five days, I have been your guardian

— each hour have waited anxiously to add new light to the trembling beams of knowledge in your young minds.

"When night came, I have laid you quietly to sleep, beneath some angel's care, and when the day star rose, with fresh direction from His throne above, have brought you from its grave-like slumbers forth to hope, to prayer, to gratitude. Upon some of you, disease has breathed; it seemed almost the touch of death, and the sick nature turned in murmuring away; again by Him commissioned, I have dried the dampness of its breath, and brought relief and blissful health.

"But of those given me, some are lost; for ere the harvest came, Death reaped among the flowers, and in his bosom bore them to the grave. They will not perish there; a day shall surely come when those crushed blossoms, by the throne of God, shall fear no more the foot of the destroyer.

"Yet ye are spared, and each moment receiving some token of a Father's care: remember how much he blesses you with life, and health, and friends. Flowers and fruits and pleasant thoughts have been his daily gifts bestowed through me.

"And now to the new, young year I give you, not knowing what Providence within its robes may have concealed for you, or whether, when its course like mine is done, it may not leave you sleeping in the tomb. Whate'er it be, receive each hour of pleasure or of bitterness, with firm, unfailing trust, as from a faithful friend who marks each change with everlasting love. If the summons be to death, — then be it so; for what is life? 'T is but the port from which we sail, death but the breeze which wafts us on to our unchanging home — Eternity.

"One word for all is ever borne upon each moment's wing — 'Prepare.' And if this word be heeded, then,

when the last day of thy life shall come, when the fading eye, the faintly fluttering pulse, and feebly coming breath shall fearfully reveal to thee the mysteries of death, thou wilt not, like the wintry night wind, pass away in wailing and in darkness, but, lighted by His smile, thou mayst come to that pure place, whose glories are unchanged by time — an *eternity* has passed, nor left the impress of an hour within its golden portals; another eternity succeeds, and not a breath shall dim its fadeless beauty. There with the angels, thine elder brethren, thou mayst trace with rapture ever new, holy and increasing still, the riches of that grace which stooped even from the circle of eternity, to purify and raise so frail a being thus to become an 'heir of God.'"

BEAUTY OF CONTENTMENT.

"What is the matter, Sarah?" said a lady the other day to her daughter, who slowly entered the room with a cloud upon her usually calm brow, like a shadow of unhappy thoughts; "what has happened to you?"

"Why, nothing has happened to me," replied she, petulantly, "but I do hate to be so poor. I have just been to Mrs. Shaw's, to deliver that letter and the message; she was not in, so I waited in the parlor. Such elegant parlors! her carpets looked like the richest white velvet covered with flowers; then there were crimson cushioned chairs and sofas, chandeliers glittering and sparkling in the centre of each room, and many elegant things of which I did not know the name or use. I declare that I was really dizzy with the splendor. Crimson curtains do make such a rich, pleasant light in a room! I wish— I really could not help feeling dissatisfied at the mere

idea of coming home again, and don't see why such was not my lot. I am sure I should be just as happy as the day is long."

"But why not be happy now, Sarah? We have every thing comfortable, more than comfortable."

"I did not think at first how ungrateful I was, but yet I cannot have things at all as I would like them. I know we are not *very* poor, yet there are a great many things, which, although I am not *suffering* for them, I really want."

"And after all, my dear, none but what you can do pretty well without. I should be glad if you had every thing as you would like, but,—think a moment,—where can you find a moment in which blessings more priceless than gold have been withheld or limited? O, if we could realize each word and thought, coming with all its pollution and ingratitude, singly into the presence of God, before His searching eye, how careful should we be of our thoughts—how differently should we speak!" Sarah sighed, and rested her head upon her hand. "I could describe to you a scene," continued her mother, "no fancy sketch, which is indeed a different picture. At the foot of a narrow lane extending from a dirty street, far away from the walks of wealth and beauty, where fashion never treads, is the humble residence of a poor widow with three children; the room in which they dwell is low and comfortless; a broken table, with each a stool, and one miserable bed, constitute her list of furniture. They were visited the other day by a friend of mine; she found them with scarcely clothing enough to keep them warm. When she entered, the little ones were crouching over an almost extinguished fire; the mother, looking pale and sickly, was finishing a piece of sewing upon which she had been employed; the two

eldest girls, of nine and seven, had been reading from a much worn book, which, as she entered, one rose and laid upon the mantel-piece. One, of about three years, upon whose cold, thin cheeks were the traces of recent tears, and whose eyelashes were still wet, was sitting in the corner, rocking her little head back and forth, singing low,—

'I wish my mother was a queen.'

At first the poor woman could scarcely raise her eyes from her work, but shortly it was completed, and she conversed more freely. Few hearts had been so disciplined. Although always dependent upon their own labor for support, yet early life had found them much prospered, until a cloud gathered blackness above them; their rising hopes were crushed by repeated and unforeseen losses. Of all the treasures which industry had garnered up, none were left; they looked to Him who had permitted it, and were quiet in the answer, 'The kingdom of heaven.' But a more bitter dreg remained in their cup of sorrow; death came and bore from them the husband and the father. Yet even this was not without its blessing, for, rich in faith, his spirit fled, and led their hearts to God.

"As the poor woman gave her story, her voice trembled, and she added, I will not complain — 'His praise shall continually be in my mouth.' She had obtained a little employment, for the most trifling compensation, not enough to procure for them the food and fuel necessary; but even this favor would be of short duration. She had, she said, no prospect of any thing more to do at present. 'What will become of us, mother?' asked the eldest, softly. The poor woman glanced towards the Bible, from which they had been reading to her, then

raised her eyes; they became moist, the momentary color of excitement left her cheek and lips, but her hands were folded quietly, and in her upward cast of countenance was an expression of trust,—trust, not based upon 'the world that now is,' but anchored in heaven. She replied, 'You just read to me about the poor widow whose meal and cruse of oil failed not. God is the same; His providence is as watchful now as then; we are his children.'

"She took the sacred word and said, 'Here is our treasure, we have none upon earth; but within this envelope, is the legacy of a patrimony above, which fadeth not away. He who was our guide, has already gone to possess it; let us be steadfast in the faith, lest ourselves be found in that day not to have obtained it.'

"The two eldest sobbed aloud, the little one came from the corner, and laid her head upon her mother's knee. She took a hand of each, and said, 'My children, He who plumes the wing, and forgets not the food of the young birds when they cry, will also supply us; but if not, though all things else should fail us,— even 'though our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, He will minister unto us an abundant entrance into '*The kingdom of heaven.*'"

THE SPIDER.

"Then let us not o'erlook this race
Of creatures, though so small;
But in their form His wisdom trace,
Who guides and feeds them all."

"My stars! Do you see that great, ugly spider, on the window?" exclaimed Lucretia, jumping from her

seat, near the dreaded insect; and, seizing a little brush, she was about to commence an attack, when her mother interposed, and the spider was saved.

"I think it is not a half hour, Lucretia, since I heard you say how glad you should be if you could learn as much as one new thing every day, this year. If you would observe the works of Nature,—rather, I should say of God,—so constantly in our path, that we do not appreciate their perfection,—it would afford you more than three hundred and sixty-five new and valuable ideas in the course of a year."

"O, but mother!" said Lucretia, half-shuddering, "such a horrid *crawling* creature! If it had wings instead of such great legs, it would not seem so bad. Ugh! I feel as if they were on me now."

"You should not allow yourself to be so much disturbed by things so harmless, merely because they are not what you consider beautiful. When first He made them, 'God saw that they were good;' and if we would examine them, our very souls would be awed by the depth of wisdom with which they are formed. Come and sit here a few moments with me, and let us watch your little unconscious enemy.

"There are many kinds of spiders with which we are familiar; the water spider, which is amphibious, that means, you know, it can exist in or out of water, at its pleasure. If I had time, I should like to tell you of this ingenious little creature, how it prepares a thick web, which, as well as its body, it covers with a kind of varnish; then how it fills this little web with air, and thus goes down under the stream, where, far away from storm and clouds, it prepares a home, clean and dry, at the bottom of the water. Then there is the gossamer spider, which sometimes floats about in the air, upon a web of

its own spinning. Perhaps when you have been in the country, you have seen in the morning these little webs all around upon the grass, covered with dew.

"But this is the common house spider, and understands managing its little household very well, I assure you. If we had a microscope, you could perceive that its head, breast and feet, are covered with scales, the rest of its body with hair. They cannot turn their eyes like most other creatures, so they have been supplied with several, in different parts of the head, eight, I think. At the end of each foot there is a claw; the lower part of the body is furnished with thousands of little tubes, called spinners, from which the silk of the web proceeds, so that, when the thread is so fine we can scarce perceive it, 'tis composed of at least four thousand strands.

"Watch its movements for a moment, it is walking slowly about as if planning its work; I imagine it is preparing to construct a web. See, it is examining the crack beside the window, that it may be sure to escape in case of danger. Now it has already commenced its work by glueing one end of the thread to the casement; now it goes across the window pane, and fastens the other end with glue, and pulls it, to make it quite tight; now it fixes another thread close by that, while it runs back upon the first, guiding the second with one of its claws lest it should be joined to the other, and fastens it where it first began; and so on until all the cross threads are done; then beginning in the middle it goes round and round, fastening the little circular threads in the same curious way until all are completed.

"Sometimes they place themselves in the centre to watch their prey. Sometimes they retire to a hole or crack, from which they dart suddenly out, if an unwary fly should become entangled in the web."

Lucretia rose, and put up the brush. "I confess," said she, "I do not like to destroy so ingenious a workman. Much as I despised that humble insect, it has led my mind to God. How perfect must He be in every attribute, who thus condescends to provide for the most insignificant of his creatures!"

"Perfection, above our comprehension, Lucretia. When the mighty mind of man stoops from its angel fellowship, forgets, denies the existence of our glorious God, these, unheeded as *His* works, still remain his faithful witnesses, and upon their supple web, in fadeless characters, weave this truth — God liveth for ever. Nor these alone: Of all the breathing animalcules in a drop of dew, or in the span of air we breathe, and of all the insect tribe upon a grain of sand, not one is silent to His praise; but their voice is heard mingling with the storm wind, with the 'sound of many waters,' and with all the glorious of His works, in that solemn hymn, echoing in the spirit's ear,—God liveth for ever."

THE SAVIOR'S VISIT TO THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

The shades of night were gathering fast and silently around the base of Olivet; the evening breeze was heard rustling from leaf to leaf among its fruitful trees; the last beam of sunlight faded; and with it was hushed the mingled din of labor in Jerusalem. It was the hour of evening sacrifice;—and Kedron's tide bore on beyond the city walls the daily victim's blood, until the hour should come when He who was the "brightness of the Father's glory," now dwelling unacknowledged by the side of that polluted altar, should "make his soul an offering for sin."

A few distant lights revealed the humble town of Bethany where our Savior, persecuted and perplexed by the rebellious Jews, would often come with weary feet, to rest his homeless form and aching head upon the arm of human friendship; in his love concealing from the little group that infinite divinity which he knew would so o'erwhelm their trusting hearts. As he sat, and in familiar terms revealed to them the glories of the upper world, and the blessings of that better part he bade them choose, the listening Mary, the busy Martha, and the beloved Lazarus forgot the fear and cares of poverty, and while their hearts burned within them, thought he was a prophet mighty in deed and word.

But now they were alone; and Lazarus whom he loved was sick to death. Almost hopeless, the sisters wiped the chilling sweat from his cold forehead, or watched the soul's light receding from the glazed eye, and now a moment turned to gaze along the darkened mountain road, for the expected form of him, who they believed would yet control the fierce disease, and bid their brother live. The moon and stars shone down in quiet; no coming foot, no sound was there, save of the shepherd as he slowly trod to guard his flock. Could it be that Jesus had forgot their lowliness, or left them in this hour of grief for happier friends? No; he was himself "a man of sorrows." Then wherefore came he not? For as yet they knew not all the Scriptures, nor the power of God, nor that, though his visible presence blest the dwellers by Jordan, his omnipresent Spirit was with them in holy sympathy around the bed of death, inspiring in their hearts those scarce admitted hopes, that he would yet come and raise their brother, even from the sealed up portals of the grave.

And then with silent steps they would come again to

smooth their brother's pillow in his agony, and whisper in his ear the name he loved so much to hear, that he might wake in Heaven, — that precious passport on his lips, the name of Jesus Christ.

Bending above his head to catch the last word from his death bound tongue; one moment listening to his fluttering breath; one moment searching for his scattering pulse; one moment's eager pressure of his heart, — now motionless; — and then they closed his eyes.

The fourth day came. Wearied with his journey, the Savior paused beside the burial place of Bethany. The sisters came, and falling at his feet, exclaimed, "Lord, if *thou* hadst been here, our brother had not died." Jesus said, "Thy brother shall rise again." They knew that he would at the last day, when all, when *you* and *I* shall rise. But when they saw his spirit troubled by their sorrow, and looked upon his holy countenance, while he uttered those words in which we trust, — "I am the resurrection and the life," — their eyes were opened, and amidst overflowing tears they worshipped him.

And "Jesus wept."

They came around the sepulchre; the massive stone was rolled away, and Jesus, standing in the entrance, raised his voice to God in prayer, that those who heard might thus believe. Above him was the calm clear air, so still that almost could be heard the beat of angels' wings, with the spirit hastening back; below him was the dark, damp cave, where death was waiting to restore his prey. The command was heard. There was a moment's pause, while nature repaired her stricken tendons, and wound her clogged main-spring up: — one moment — then life awoke within the folded shroud, and Lazarus came forth!

THE CORONATION.

As two little girls were returning from school, before me, the other day, I heard one of them say to the other, "I wish I lived in England; then I would go to see the queen. O! I would give any thing to be at her coronation. I should so like to see how a queen *does* look."

"So should I," said the other; "I do not really know what a coronation means, but I heard some one call it, a 'splendid event.'"

"My father," said the first, "was telling me about it last night; he said it was the ceremony of placing the crown upon her head, in token of her royalty. And then, you know, she will be a queen always; her dress all gold, and rubies, and diamonds; and every body will bow themselves as she passes; and the whole nation be anxious to gain her favor, and do her some service. I should like to be a queen — would not you?"

And the other replied: "Yes, if I knew how to *govern well*, I should."

And I would like to have said to them, as I now say to these little readers, You may be queens. I do not mean that you can ever hold the sceptre of a nation, but you can govern yourselves. Be queen of your own heart, that you may banish every evil thought or wish, as a queen would a rebellious subject; nor would this be without its glory or reward.

We may imagine, in part, the scene of the coronation as it will occur — the long galleries of that stupendous building — the old Westminster Abbey — filled with all the beauty, wealth and nobility of the nation; the throng of horsemen and officers, their armor gleaming in the

sunbeams, reflecting light upon the diamonds of their gold and crimson dresses; jewelled coronets sparkling in profusion 'midst waving plumes; then the music; loud and deep, as it rolls above the crowd — the prayer — the queen kneeling before the altar, while upon the stillness of the ceremony we often hear the shouts of the people as they echo and echo through the high arches of that ancient edifice.

But let us remember, these "splendid events" are not the things "into which the angels desire to look." These affairs which so agitate the breasts even of a nation, calling forth the long, loud acclamations of a multitude, break not upon the still rapture of Heaven. From His holy presence no hasty glance, no truant thought wanders back to earth, for scenes like these. The magnificence which so dazzles our eyes is dim and valueless, when we remember how soon the light of eternity will shine upon it.

Life's journey is short and soon accomplished. Our errand here is not with the "pomp and circumstance" of earth; a destiny is ours, higher than an earthly throne; more glorious than the gifts of gold and diadem; more enduring than the world itself.

The mighty and the loftiest of other ages have passed like the noiseless mist from earth; they have forsaken their kingdom and gone to lie down in the grave; whence they return not to rekindle the light of their fame, extinguished in the shadows of mortality, nor revisit their palaces in which the dust of centuries has gathered.

But from these comes a voice, saying: "God alone is great." If humble, we are His children. Though the place of our repose be unknown; though our names are unwritten in treasured records, yet we are not forgotten

before God; for we know that "when He shall appear we shall be like Him;" by His word born again from the dust with which we may have mingled for ages, to receive an inheritance "in His presence where is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore."

THISTLE-DOWN.

Sitting, a short time since, by my window, as the long shadows across the landscape were losing themselves in the dim approaching twilight, fancy came with more than sunset beauty, and around me threw the cherished shadows of the past. Distance melted away; home and friends, in pure and sweet communion, were present to my mind — all in varying succession came and went. My little Sabbath class seemed clustered around me, as they were wont to do — Sarah, Celia, Lucretia, Caroline — my heart was glad, and bade them welcome to my thoughts. The moments sped swiftly as the shades of night rolled on, and when above the wooded hill-tops the reflected sunbeams were fading from the east, stars came gently glimmering.

A light breeze passed, and bore upon its course a floating whorl of thistle-down; a moment it was entangled on the casement, until a friendly breath of air again set it free and wafted it away. Whence came that little traveller so late upon its journey? Perhaps for many days it has been floating thus along, and many more might come ere it should fall upon the open soil to rest. Or perhaps it had but just set out, and ere the morning dawn, its little errand would be done. To us 'tis all the same, for who heeds its light passage, or asks the object of its mission

forth. Yet let us not forget the lesson it may give; that its course is not unguided, but it is to fall upon some genial sod, and when the wintry storms are passed, the little seed it bears will bud and blossom.

The autumn leaf, which, circling round and round, in silence falls upon the earth, within its bosom bears no seed, the embryo promise of another spring; but the winds of night hurry it away; the snows of winter bury it in brown decay; its freshness can never be restored; but the little thistle-down, in the still, warm hour, comes forth from its thorny home, and raised aloft upon its silver plumage, passes on by His command and care, whose hand supports and guides alike its airy circle, or the wheeling orb on which we live.

And we, like it, shall pass away. To us it is unknown whether the weariness and woes of a long pilgrimage be ours, or to be gathered in that full unequal harvest, not alone of ripened fruit and ready bending sheaves, but earliest, fairest flowers. Nor matters it. The priceless gift of life, with all its sweet endearments, is not to us a blessing, if its noble object be unfulfilled. Permitted by our Savior's constant intercession, still to rejoice in this world so full of beauty, let us not forget there are bright visions of glory and beauty in the world above; here are the lovely and beloved of our bosoms, but we are to prepare ourselves for intercourse with the angels, for the friendship of God? Here are spread before us the revelations of our Father's attributes — so deep, mysterious and sublime, that we almost shrink before them; yet these are but the rudiments of those lessons it will be one bliss to learn above; and when from these we turn, thirsting for fuller displays, then shall we rise and be led to the fountain of knowledge. With adoration on our lips, we shall no longer with trembling hand scarce ven-

ture to turn the pages of His wisdom, but encouraged by his smile, we may look into those things we know not now.

Then let us hasten in the path of knowledge, for its brightness will lead us on to endless life and light.

THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

When the warriors of the Hebrew tribes went up against their enemies, and lingered long upon the battle-field, in dreadful conflict for their homes, their holy city, and their temple, and fear and faith alternate kept their watch with the faint and feeble left behind; when the flocks failed, and the vine drooped because of the hand of the oppressor, and darkness was upon all the land for sorrow; then how beautiful upon the distant mountains seemed the feet of Him who came with words of "Peace," and song of "Victory!" Blessings sprang up as he passed; the dull eye brightened as it beheld him; and the heavy ear, listening, trembling, welcomed the echo of his voice; the weak hand was nerved again to labor, and the trembling knee grew strong; "the little hills rejoiced on every side, and all the trees of the field clapped their hands." That messenger passed on, and years rolled by; that song of victory ceased, and they who fought, and they who listened, followed with life's busy, ever-moving multitude to the silent grave. So brighten and decay the hopes and joys of earth.

But lo, another song awoke, and angels joined the strain; another messenger appeared, and there was light. God was reconciled to earth. Centuries have passed;

still, onward as he travels in his strength, from the dark places of the earth the shadows flee away; the wilderness and the solitary places are glad, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose; the lame man leaps to meet him, and the tongue of the dumb sings for joy;

> "The dwellers in the vales, and on the rocks
> Shout to each other; and the mountain tops,
> From distant mountains, catch the flying joy."

The Prince of Peace has come, and He shall reign from the river unto the ends of the earth, and of His kingdom there shall be no end.

On many lands has His glory risen, and His blessed name been written. Now as He speaks in love within the bosom where His Spirit dwells, enkindling there a more intense zeal for His glory, He advances before His people, inviting them onward to "teach all nations," to scatter among them that word once received by the dispensation of angels and of Christ himself, but now consigned a sacred trust to His church. His Providence prepares the way; and, although this may sometimes be but dimly seen, and, through long months of gloomy discouragement, no light appear save that which trembling faith descries upon the promises, yet have His people learned to trust His word, and wait, although He tarry long, knowing that He that shall come will come. By means to them unknown, is He surely preparing to claim the inheritance of the heathen for His own. Every prayer of faith is treasured, the smallest sanctified offering for His cause, is recorded, and each distinguished in heaven, by some influence in undermining the foundations of the throne of sin. Every year, are results of these made known to earth. From the north, and from the south are borne tidings of salvation; from the isles

of the sea comes up the same joyful sound; and now o'er the West "the day breaketh." The poor Indian has hailed the servants of Immanuel, and as his ready faith embraces the Cross, new peace and joy begin to cheer his lonely wigwam.

The followers of Christ in our happy land lift up their eyes to those once "gloomy hills of darkness," and beholding afar off the spreading light, gather at the feet of Jesus, and mingling their thanksgivings with these newborn disciples, exclaim together with them, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

HOME.

"Love unchanged is there."

Autumn, bright, lovely autumn has been here. In silence it passed along and decked our daily paths with many colored gifts; it breathed upon our clustering forests, and they suddenly in richest beauty stood; upon the atmosphere it breathed, and morning dawned with purer light; the noonday sun looked down with softened rays upon the smiling earth, and slowly sank at night below the western horizon, sending up his latest beams in calmer, more celestial glory.

Autumn *has* been here, and although its purple robe now lingers upon the distant hills, and its blush still brightens the cold clouds of nightfall, yet the shadows of approaching winter are gathering fast, and falling even at our feet. The trees, which, a few days since were bright in changing drapery, have cast aside their withered leaves, and stand prepared to wrestle with the storm. All the beautiful and frail of summer's creation have

faded quick away, and the wind moans by over their departure. Lonely, and melancholy the heart looks within — it turns to the dear enclosure of home affections, to gather richer sweets from the amaranths of the bright fireside.

Home — a thousand blessings on the word! I sigh to hail it once again. Ye days and nights, which in diurnal course encircle our earth, fly swiftly on, and bring the welcome hour.

Ye weeks which frown between us, haste away; ye chilling frosts, haste; with your icy fingers, in the still midnight, tinge with deeper shade these seared fields; bid the latest bird which lingers here, to spread its wings and hasten off to warmer skies, to groves perennial;— for when these have ceased their notes, perhaps I may go home. Ye streams, in gently murmuring numbers, haste —pass swiftly on beyond the eastern shore, for when ye there are mingled with the deep — perhaps I may go home. Ye little timorous race, which come with light and rustling steps to gather nuts among the leaves —haste with your store to the home which Providence has given you; when ye are sheltered there from hoary winter's storm, I too perhaps shall be at home!

But *has* Providence thus marked the course of day and night —thus given skill to the cold frost-spirit which *art* can never imitate — thus seasonably does He clothe the trees, and nourish every leaf — thus grant protection to the birds through the long summer months, thus guide their flight to warmer skies — thus does He provide food and shelter for the defenceless animals, and insect tribes — thus with His finger trace the course of these little brooks, and mingle their waters lovingly with the high waves of ocean unlost? And is this the same Being who remembers all our wants? who will never be one moment absent from our side? Nearer is He than any

friend can be to us — between *us* and the air which fans our cheek — between us and the light which gathers round us; and when death shall come, He will place his wing of Love between the mortal and the spiritual, that the last enemy slay us not!

Be at home! This beauteous world in which we live was framed, and is preserved by our kind Father, for His household; the fragrant morn, and dewy, holy eve, the glorious sun, and silver moon, and glittering stars are His — are ours. Then if beside our Father's seat we are reclining on His breast, communing with His children — this is home — until He brings us to rejoice in His visible glory, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, to the society of angels, to the sister spirits of the just made perfect, in that better home, even our heavenly!

A SKETCH.

The little brown cottage by the road side,— how well do I remember the moss-grown roof and dark decaying sides, which marked it as the oldest in our village. It had never known the hypocritic gloss of paint, but ever proudly wore its venerable native hue, as a memento of the many years and storms which had gathered above it, and passed away, leaving it bright and cheerful in its advanced age; and as if the very sunbeams delighted to honor and irradiate this humble relic of the past, it was the first object upon which they rested, after gliding over the wooded hill-top that close sheltered it on the east. Then there was the warm greensward sloping down before the door,— the ancient oak in front, spreading its broad deep shade around,— the old stone wall

skirting the way, and the large groups of sweet-briar adorning the windows, and interlacing their long fresh wreaths even to the roof, as in friendly effort to conceal the seams and scars which time will leave, and make conspicuous, despite such fair and frail attempts to hide them.

All things without were old, almost beyond the retrospect of the quiet villagers, and all within contemporary. The clumsy dark green chairs, which were never known to wander from their stations, save for purposes of hospitality, and, their kindly office done, to be directly remanded to pristine dignity and silence,— the blackened mahogany table, with its round, polished leaves, and curved, slim legs, occupying the space between the front windows,— the small mirror over it, with its highly tinted glass border, and elaborately carved frame,— the cupboard in the corner, revealing through the open door its shining treasures of pewter plates and "lustre ware," the antique chest of drawers,—and then — all the room *so* still, with no disturbing sound but from the faithful old clock; surely never clock ticked so loud as that which filled a recess in this little parlor, and sent its sharp vibrations in painful monotony upon the ear of procrastination and idleness. As if petted for long fidelity, it firmly stood and told the truth to all, and never failed *strikingly* to remind each visitant that the mistress of the mansion, as well as itself — *kept good hours.*

But the most important item of the inventory is yet to be added, the owner and sole occupier of all this magnificence — Widow Allen, or "Aunt Maria," as was her more affectionate and universal appellation. Near the window, in a cushioned elbow-chair, day by day, she sat, with the same blackdress, white neck-kerchief, and close muslin cap, neatly fitted above her wrinkled brow,

and bound about with a broad black ribbon; sometimes employed in knitting for some of her favorite little visiters, but oftener reading from that Book which was her hourly companion, with a countenance which seemed wearing more and more of heavenly serenity, as the day nearer approached in which she should lay aside the infirmities of age, to be arrayed in glory and immortal youth.

She has long since gone to her rest; but I love to contemplate the picture traced upon my young memory's page in still unfaded colors, to listen again to the kind, affectionate voice which is now, doubtless, mingling in the melodies of the "new song" above.

I recall many a long, bright, Saturday afternoon passed in the old brown cottage, and with it many a lesson from wisdom and experience, which time has not purloined. Often, when childish disappointments had saddened my spirits, the promise of a visit to Aunt Maria had power to dispel all grief; or if the difficult test of self-denial must be practised, this was ever the *summum bonum*, in which every other good was forgotten. My toilette made in more than common care, and attended with oft repeated instructions how to present my compliments, I have set forth upon the narrow foot-path leading to Aunt Maria's, sure of meeting her at the door with cordial smile, and kiss of hospitality. A low seat by her side was my birth-right and pride, and then perhaps she would kindly amuse me with descriptions of by-gone fashions, and to aid my fancy, permit my wandering eyes to survey the rich dresses of damask which adorned her own person "when a girl;" and passing from these, relate with increasing enthusiasm, stories of the Revolution, and enkindle my patriotism by tales of the invading "Regulars;" then finish her narratives with a sigh over these scenes of a world where she now stood alone —

whose changes she no longer anxiously observed, and from which she was just departing; — interest, and hope, and joy were hers, but all beyond the grave.

Often she would again place before her the well-worn Bible, and continue the pious exercise which my intrusive visit had briefly suspended, while I listened in silence to the birds as they went singing past the window, and watched the sunlight as it glanced in upon the shutter, gradually extending across the old table and stretching away upon the neatly sanded floor. Sometimes closing its holy pages, and slowly removing her spectacles, she would place her hand upon my head and tell me of that precious faith which was first imparted to her from the sacred word — how it had gladdened all her pilgrimage, bringing sweet joy to blend with every scene of sorrow, and gilding her happiest hours with heavenly purity and peace; and how, while the eye, and the ear, and the taste, had lost their quick perception, faith more clearly discerned the fairer visions of that "better land," was impâtient to join in swelling the chorus of its praises, and often drank of the "river of the water of life."

Her years had exceeded the threescore and ten appointed for this state of existence, and had been more than ordinarily attended with painful vicissitude; but firm trust in God had been the prevailing characteristic of her Christian course; no murmuring of complaint was ever heard upon her lips. Once, as she had told me how short her life appeared, how it had passed away but as a dream, she alluded with tears to this discipline of her Almighty Father, and added, in words which I have ever remembered, "If, through the merits of Jesus Christ, I may be admitted hereafter to an inheritance with the redeemed in light, I doubt not but I shall then look back upon the way through which I have been led, and *know*

that I could never have arrived at that blessedness with one trial less, or different from what His wisdom has allotted me."

Soon after this a summons to that "inheritance" came, and she went up peacefully to possess it. The little cottage was deserted, the windows and doors were closed, the sweet-briar survived awhile, but as no one watched its blossoming, or blessed its fragrance, it drooped and died. After a few seasons the building was removed, and all trace of Aunt Maria's existence was obliterated from the village. True, the sunlight rests every morning upon the spot, and the beautiful rainbow often bends over it as before, yet these are *heavenly* witnesses, and but testify that her "record is on high."

No headstone marks the spot of her repose. A new burial ground at some distance now receives the unreturning traveller to its bourne, so that the old place of sepulchre is undisturbed even by the mournful preparations for accessions to their silent multitude. But although forgetfulness surrounds the grave, on what the heart has treasured no change can be traced; over Christian influence death and decay have no power; nay, even by these is it sanctified, and still increasing unto the day when it shall be more fully revealed.

Amid apparently dark dispensations of providence, I shall ever remember the words of Aunt Maria, "In joy, in grief, forget Him not, forsake Him not, and His love will make all things plain."

NOTES OF MEMORY.

When from the busy haunts of life, we turn to scenes close linked with other days, how striking seem to us the

unaltered features of the soil; how readily comes up with every rock and leaf, some fond, almost faded recollection. The little brook, upon whose grassy brink we have sat through many long, long hours, still sends its murmuring waters on their seaward course. The narrow path we trod before our young feet had ventured out upon the weary walks of life, whose quiet course we knew would lead us from the sultry noon away to dewy shade, where the song of birds was sweetest, and the wild flower gave a richer fragrance, invites us again to trust its unchanged aspect. The same hills which once smiled upon us, still look a benediction upon our stranger forms; the same trees we once gathered around, extend their long arms, as in welcome; and while 'mid these happy thoughts, it seems as if scarce a day had passed since last we gazed upon them, we turn to meet the friends once so dear to us; the hand we seek to clasp grows still and cold; the voice we listen for is heard alone in heaven. A tide of eventful years rushes by, separating us widely and for ever, from the almost returning visions of the past.

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Where the hill-side slopes towards the setting sun, sheltered from the eastern breeze by an o'erhanging bank, a sweet bright spot smiles in perennial green. A few luxuriant maples stand around, like faithful sentinels, to guard this quiet resting place of spring. When the hand of autumn has touched all else with its hectic coloring, and summer creations fade before its frosty breath, this little spot still wears the seal of beauty, even upon the lap of decay; and when the reign of winter is passed, when he gathers up his mantle of snow, and sweeps away from the sere fields, no trace of his power is here; the angel of death passes over it in silence, and the first

warm sunbeams glance upon their favorite, rejoicing to find it already wakened from the dreary repose.

When but a child, I gazed upon its mysterious loveliness, and wondered much that no cloud, or storm, or frost, had power to chill or change its ever-during brightness. One long summer day, with her who was the companion of my walks, I sought this little nook, and found the secret of its fadeless beauty — a warm, fresh spring was oozing up, bedewing all the grass and leaves with its first sparkling flow.

Years have passed since then, and He who numbers all our days with change, has called to His own bosom her whose words and smiles were sweeter far than sunlight to my life; yet, morn and evening, as my eyes linger upon that emerald bed, there comes a memory of her which sanctifies that lonely spot. Again I see her beckoning with her hand to its gushing waters; again she bends towards me in love — 'tis but a moment; too pure for this grosser life, such angel visits may not last; commissioned to sprinkle freshness o'er our course, to shed anew the influence of their pure example — and return.

O! gently o'er the tablet of the heart come the lineaments of the loved and lost; sweet, 'mid the ruffling trials of life, are the cherished remembrances of the departed; a halo, like the almost visible presence of their spirits, rests upon the paths they trod with us; but from the grave which conceals them, around the silent chambers where they repose in death, there beams a more celestial glory. As we pause here, where mortality, trembling, hid itself before the immortal and eternal, the clamorous cares of life retreat away; the train of its wild wishes withdraws from the bosom; there is no place for them so near the bourne, where they must one day cease for ever: but the

spirit comes alone, to commune with its deep affections, which it would now fain raise to the home of the spirit, and to the society of those who have gone up thither.

Merciful indeed is the providence which has called the beloved from our side, that it may open to us these clear springs of water, in the rough and barren waste of life; which has withdrawn from our too dazzling meridian these beams of friendship, that the dawning of the infinite light within us may brighten into "perfect day."

Higher and holier is the blessing given, than the sweet boon it first recalled. Yet love does sometimes sadly turn towards the past; a tone, a glance, will thrill along the chords of feeling, wakening buried associations, till we half forget the power of death. Joy smiles within us—our steps hasten to meet the absent—but they come not forth; then when the listening ear is pained by the unbroken silence, when there is no answer to the dear familiar name which trembles on our lips; when the eye which watches for their smiling countenance is dimmed with tears, O, what a chilling shadow falls upon the heart! But they are in heaven—and we shall meet them there; this is our star of hope. We trace their flight to that unchanging glory in which they rest, and feel ourselves new linked to heaven; the darkness and tears which first enshrouded us, become but as the softly gathered shades of evening, with its sprinkled dews, to purify the atmosphere, and prepare *us* calmly and quietly to go and share their long slumbers, when the night of death shall have cast its deep, dark shadows upon our short and troublous day of life.

WATCH-NIGHT.

How still and holy is this hour! it is the noon of night. The moon and stars from their high spheres look steadily down upon the silent city; even the wintry night winds, which have swept up so coldly from the waters, are in this sacred moment hushed, as if the mysterious influence which now rests upon the spirit, and with freshly imparted divinity prepares it to hold most solemn converse with its God, were touching all things above us and around, until they feel his presence, and a voice from the earth, the winds, and the far off stars, proclaims to the adoring soul — the Lord, the Lord is here! He whose wisdom pervades the secrets of creation, and upon whose word the pillars of the world were based, has come down, and placing His hand upon the springs of time, again measures out to man another period of duration, another swiftly revolving circle of hope and fear, of joy and sorrow, of life and death.

Well may we bow and worship before Him, while His infinite mercy offers to faithless servants so rich a gift; and meet it is that we receive the wondrous boon with prayer and watching. By the year now gliding from us, yielding its latest message ere it closes its record in eternity, and by the dread responsibilities with which the coming new one shall invest us, we are called alike to penitence, to prayer — and, therefore, "watch."

In guilty alienation from the promised rest of "perfect love" and faith, our free inheritance, we watch as those who, in a gloomy night, when death and danger were abroad, watched, and trusted that the sprinkled blood upon their humble dwellings should meet the eye and

stay the arm of Him who, with the sword of justice bared, was passing over the land. But a hope which speaketh better things is ours. Though the polluted record which the closing year now bears to Heaven is open to the gaze of uncreated purity, with penitential tears, yet humble faith, we glance beyond this searching sight, to where a milder glory beams for man to look upon — to the changeless throne of mercy; and there already has the blood as of a lamb newly slain washed all that guilt away — because our Redeemer lives, we live also.

We live awhile on earth, and therefore watch; for in every hour of this varying scene we are sowing the seed of which we are to reap in that unending state to which we hasten; of daily joys and daily trials, that fearful harvest is preparing; from God alone must come the constant aid to sow the seed aright, by whose grace and smile it shall ripen and increase, and yield to us the fruit of endless life.

Grief, too, has been mingled with the past, and from the hand of change and death we gathered oft a bitter portion, and therefore watch, ere we advance, lest those tokens of His presence be withdrawn, so long our guide, our glory and defence; for in the way which we must tread are many dangers, and sorrows still will grow together with our joys until the end shall come. But an end shall come — a full and glorious end to anxious care, and grief, and every fear; for He has numbered them. When the heart, thoroughly purified, shall no more need refining grief; and wayward faith, taught by afflicting mercy, shall fasten steadily upon the rock Christ Jesus; and hope, cleansed from all the earthly aspirations which now dim its lustre, shall brighten in the light of "perfect day" — then to the society of those dear ones who have

joined the sainted band above, to all the spirits of the just, and to Himself, in His own glorious abode, will He welcome us; therefore, now we pray, that when the end shall be, and He shall come to summon us before Him, whether it be at the eve of this new year, or in the middle of its course, or when the morning of another dawns, He may find us "watching."

THE STRENGTH OF THE PROMISES.

"Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining," and evening with pale reflected light, and deep silent shadows comes to shut the closing day, and fix its seal for ever upon the unreturning hours. We mourn not at its soft decline, for we know that beyond our darkened horizon another sky is gilded with glowing light, and that when night shall have silenced the hum of business, and have given to careful, wearied man, repose and joy, day shall again dawn upon retiring night, and paternal love call us from its grave-like slumbers forth to hope and duty; for God has promised this; and so long as "day and night" witness the *faithfulness* of His ancient covenant, even without the humble breath of prayer, or song of praise, so grateful to His ear, those who never think upon the grace which gives, lie down secure upon His promise.

But they whose hearts are hallowed by His sacred name, may gaze upon a scene like this, and feel the holy influence of that more glorious covenant blending with the hour. There was a time when sin impelled the first guilty heart to seek to hide itself from God, and o'er the offender's gloomy pathway drew a cloud of unmingled fear and wretchedness, when one by one he sought the gifts of former peace, and joy, and found that all were

lost! there was no life nor hope. But then, O then, one light arose; steady and bright it gleamed along his way, and through the dark valley and shadow of death, revealed a calm and glorious passage; it was the word of God, it was the light of promise. Fallen man heard the voice of mercy, and looked upward; amid the ruins of his nature, faith was born; then hope rekindled, and peace and joy restored their gifts, because the offered sacrifice could purchase all again. That promise has not failed, the world has seen Emmanuel; and His appointed errand wrought, those who once by faith beheld His glory afar off, have, with attending angels, welcomed Him back to Heaven. And His promise still is sure to those who lean alone upon its strength! How shall this be measured, how compared? By the temptations of earth? The path of our pilgrimage may be spread with dazzling, illusive light, with dearest, sweetest, yet most fatal seeming good, but guarding us, there is an eye which never slumbers, an arm never weary in our defence, and love more tender and watchful than is a mother's for the babe she bore; they are His who spoke the promises in which we trust, therefore will not we fear; though many mighty have been slain when He was forgotten, yet in Him is the strength of the weakest perfected. Shall we measure it by the trials of life? These may gather blackness around us, and like an unrelenting storm leave but a wreck behind of all the heart had prized so much; yet upon a scene like this, has faith in the word of God arisen, and declared that the sufferings of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory which is to be revealed after death — and death itself shall fail — is changed before a stronger than he. Death, then, we hail thee as a friend, though thy hand be cold in greeting, and the shadow of thy wing be damp and

dark upon us, and dust the pillow to which thou dost invite the weary head— for with thee comes the promise; and when thy seal shall be upon the mortal placed, then shall the immortal soar blissfully upward to the new possession of its purchased inheritance.

Sweet, O sweet, with the parting breath, comes the release from temptation and trial, from pain, and poverty, and sin; and welcome, triumphantly welcome, the messenger who looses the silver cord which detained the spirit here, and in one rapturous moment presents it for ever calm and glorified before the throne.

I knew of one, an aged man, unknown to friendship, a son of poverty yet an heir of God, a friend of Jesus Christ's, who daily shared His blessing, and ever to His Spirit gained a stronger likeness. Years had gone by, and while tears and trials sadly numbered them, his upright soul was peaceful still, and hourly held so intimate communion with his God, that faith was almost lost in sight, and the rich promises of the holy word were to him as present realties. The hour of his translation drew nigh. It was a bright Sabbath noon, and the many bells of the full city were summoning the people each to their house of prayer. The streets were crowded with the active human tide which passed along. But he was in an upper room alone with God. No pillow sustained his venerable head, and no voice of pity or affection had sounded in his ear for many days; yet without a friend on earth, lying upon his straw pallet, while the cold wintry winds whistled through the crevices of the apartment, and the snows of heaven wreathed the rafters above his head, the strength of the promises was his; and the companionship of angels, and the conscious presence and the love of God supplied every want.

A kind stranger, informed of his penury, came to remove him to a more comfortable abode. He approached the old man, whose eyes were closed and his lips moving as in silent prayer. Bending o'er him, he tenderly explained the object of his coming. Slowly the poor man opened his eyes, as the strange human tones recalled his thoughts to earth again, and seemed not to comprehend what had been spoken. "I have come, sir, to remove you to a place where you can be more comfortable," repeated the visitant. Fixing his wandering glance upon the stranger, his eye grew steadily bright, as the film of death was for a moment withdrawn from it, a radiant smile kindled upon his features, then raising himself upon his bed of straw, he looked upward, and in a firm voice exclaimed, "My dear sir, you are too late—you are too late. The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof, have been waiting for me all the morning." And he clasped his pale hands and shouted the blessed name of Him in whom he triumphed, but almost ere the echo of his song had ceased, the mantle which he had worn on earth fell aside, and he was not, for God took him.

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

Turn, weary spirit, "restless wanderer after rest;" forget awhile the mingling din of life, and bid the busy wheels of earthly thought stand still. The hour of evening sacrifice is here, and One awaits thine offering. Constant as the flight of time, and rich beyond all price has been His mercy's daily store to thee. Then let thy song arise, and let the noble gift thou wilt now return to Him, awake in praise some guardian angel's harp; this, this we know is ready, but where is *thy* lamb, reluctant spirit?

A heart torn and diseased, and marred in every way by sin, O thou Holy One, is now upon thy sacred altar laid. Of all which thou hast given, this, only this, have I to bring! But ah! can grateful incense rise to thee from such polluted source? Can the eye of Infinite purity beam forth one ray or favor upon the sinner and the sinner's gift? Author of all being and all peace, fountain of light and blessedness, throned amid dazzling, changeless, limitless expanse, eternity thine empire, holiness thy nature, my feeble, fearful spirit shrinks before thee, and would fain hide in the dust from thy presence; hastening from the threshold of thy glorious courts, I leave my gift upon the altar, and should relentless wrath consume it there, thou art righteous still.

But a gracious voice reaches my ear. I turn again, and lo! the wing of mercy stoops to take the worthless offering up; its pollution is washed away; light from thy throne arrays it, and reveals a new and fair inscription there which marks it as thine own, for O, before thine awful majesty, there stands a sacrifice of noblest name; the title which his death secured I take, and dare to wait and gaze upon the glorious victim there, and while, as newly slain, his blood cleanses to the removing of all iniquity, the ever-blessed spirit breathes of peace;

> "For ever here my *rest* shall be,
> Close to thy bleeding side."

And when "sorrow weighs my spirit down," or anxious care shall cast its fettering toils upon my way, or fears ensnare, or sin — the deadliest and the worst of ills — shall make me tend towards earth again, then shall the eye of faith be turned, "looking unto Jesus." His hand once blessed the cup of sorrow, and if the tearful eye be raised to Him, the draught is fraught with joy —

tumultuous cares and fears obey him still, and at his feet shall all subside, and sin, *forgiven sin*, shall bind me there in ceaseless gratitude, "looking unto Jesus," until changed into the same image, from glory to glory; thus when He shall appear, I shall be like him, and ever see him as he is."

"TO-DAY IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE, HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS."

The traveller who presses eagerly forward upon his devious path, and sighs to reach his journey's end, may forget awhile his haste and weariness, and pause to enjoy the lovely scenes around him. He may seek a temporary shelter by the way, and tarry for a time, even though the sun is declining to the horizon, or storms are gathering and threatening above him, for another dawn awaits him, and when the storm is past, another day cheered by the glorious sunlight will again invite him onward. But he who travels to the eternal world is bound upon a course which admits of no delay. From earliest morning light, while the dew of youth is upon him, must he steadily advance; for that morning in its freshness is fleeting, and returns not again — the evening of death comes quickly, and no morrow dawns upon it. There is no friendly shelter into which he may safely enter and forget among the wayside pleasures that his mission is not there. But looking for and hasting unto the celestial and eternal scenes which await him at that journey's end, must he watchfully advance to secure an inheritance in the mansions of everlasting rest, for encompassed with difficulties, and girded with weakness as with a garment, in an unexpected moment he may fall, and sink to rise no more.

Anne and Eliza were sisters, and their hearts blended together in all the sacred and tender sympathies with which sisterly affection is blessed. They had passed from childhood to the bloom and pride of youth, sharing the same scenes and led by the same counsels; yet, as their characters matured, there was gradually developed a difference in mental attributes, which might have been occasioned by the operation of early incidents, or might be more directly referable to dissimilar elementary constitution.

Anne, the eldest, possessed a mind strongly marked by decision and firmness. Ardent in her attachments, but deep in her prejudices, deliberate in her judgment, steady and aspiring in purpose, she was, but for one important defection, well qualified to assume the influence she had early acquired over her younger sister. Eliza was gentle and affectionate; the impulses of her warm heart frequently swept away her prejudices and purposes — even her judgment sometimes lost its power to weigh and regulate, while kindly feelings were pleading in her breast. If she at any time mistook error for truth, cheerfully and eagerly she returned to correct the deviation; so much did her faults lean to virtue's side, that they seldom gave offence to any — "none knew her but to love, none named her but to praise."

But one vast, dark error had enthralled them in its gloom — they were born under its influence, and nurtured under its shadow. Parental instruction, only in this unkind, had pointed their early hopes and inquiries to heaven as the final home of *all* mankind; where, passing from the restless and sinful engagements of life, all might at once enter, nor pause first to cleanse their robes, and *make* them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Eliza's mind was charmed with false notions of such a manifestation of the universal love, and she questioned not concerning the justice which opposes it, by rewarding every man according to his work; nor the purity which forbids it, by excluding from His presence whatsoever is unholy or unclean. Instead of grasping the cross, as the true and affecting manifestation of this love, or presenting the humble prayer of faith by it, as the only condition of entrance within the pearly gates, she trusted in the abounding mercy of God, nor saw that fearful justice is the first and brightest evidence of that adorable mercy.

Anne adopted the early instruction, and it grew with her strong mind, and struck deeply among her prejudices, and wove itself balefully in all her opinions and purposes, until she became to those around her a blind leader of the blind; and she who would have shone as a star in the Christian life, proudly closed her heart against the very source from which all the excellencies of her character were unknowingly borrowed.

I knew them when, for a time removed to a distance from their home, they were associated with an interesting company of youth, who were gathered together from day to day in the pursuit of knowledge. And that school was a sanctified fountain; there was not an apartment under its roof which had not been often visited by the Holy Spirit — nor a resident there who had not witnessed its effects — nor a place of gathering to them which had not been hallowed by humble prayer and faithful monition; it was of God a chosen place — a sanctuary near to heaven.

Scarcely had the interesting duties of teacher and pupil commenced anew, when the Spirit of God was

again revealed, and the young circle bowed before Him as the tender grass bows before the wind, and earthly sins, and earthly desires, and ambitious motives were laid low in the dust; hearts which had been given to the world alone, were taken back and laid upon the altar of God, and the new hopes, the rich prospects, the joy unspeakable, all the Christian's wealth of blessedness, were at once opened around them, and almost clad them in the brightness of a celestial vision. Those days are upon record in that school as fairest among the fair — and upon record, doubtless, before the throne above. O! who shall tell of them here, and show how such registry of grace imparted shall be met at that day which shall declare them.

Anne and Eliza, hitherto gay and careless, watched with amazement this mysterious change — the evident appearing of the Spirit; and while it shook their fallacious creed to the base, together they stood by the broken shackles, retaining silent hold. Eliza's heart could not remain callous to the truth; she could not banish from her mind the emotions which were struggling there; as she listened to the stirring appeals addressed to them, tears would swell in her eyes, and the flush of feeling went and came upon her cheeks. Stung by the fear of endless death — won by the exceeding love of Christ — her heart relented, and resolved to offer all to Him; she went and knelt among the penitents at the altar for prayer. Higher pride now kindled in the bosom of Anne. Her countenance assumed a strange expression of opposition, and wrapping herself in hardness and prejudice, she remained an inexorable spectator of the weeping company.

The cold reserve with which she next met her convicted sister, and the haughty scorn with which she

treated all solicitations to seek the forgiveness of sin, first grieved Eliza — then bewildered her; and, yielding to temptation, she began to question the necessity for herself of so *much* sorrow for sin, and the temptation gained strength; possibly her sins were trifling, and — God was merciful — and she need not deny herself the innocent pleasures of life to please Him — and if there were a place of everlasting punishment, surely she *should* not be lost at last, *for Christ had died for her.* And here, although with every moment as she had receded from God, the blessed Spirit had been withdrawing farther and farther from her, yet, inwardly pronouncing these precious words, "*Christ has died for me,*" there came another and another ray of light from the love unwilling to yield her soul to death; again she saw her danger and her only remedy, and weighed the present sacrifice against the weight of heavenly glory — wept awhile, in unutterable bitterness of soul; then chose to leave the matter there: — *sometime* she would seek the pardon now offered, and do the will of God; yes, she *would;* not many years should pass without beholding her a faithful follower of Jesus — *but not now.*

When they were next assembled in the place of prayer, while surrounded by those who were anxiously mourning over sin, or rejoicing in its forgiveness, she remained unaffected, calmly satisfied in her promises to the future, nor felt that that calm was but the deadly slumber that steals upon the soul after resisting and deferring the claims of God. No message of redeeming love could woo from her a tear; no word of solicitous caution could startle a fear in her deluded bosom; that visit of mercy had passed away, and her sorrow and her promises were forgotten, amid the friends and gayeties which had been awaiting her at home. A few brief

weeks she enjoyed them; then came a change — a fearful change — *this was not her home.* Disease came suddenly, and those pleasures lost their power to please or save. But even here was no place of repentance. Not overwhelmed with dismay, not distracted with the dissolving agony of life, not beguiled by the reverses of a disordered brain, nor obscured in lethargic stupor, did she number the last hours of earthly existence; no! but calmly and gradually she went down to death, alone — awfully alone, without one whisper of the Spirit, or one uttered wish to enter heaven. God, and the Savior, and the Holy Ghost, she had forsaken in life, and in death they were not near to aid, and cheer, and to release.

O ye, in whose hearts the heavenly messenger of grace is visiting, check not the kind voice of entreaty, but listen until He shall absorb every other consideration; and, by all the solemn words which God hath spoken, by all the warnings which His providence has marked, delay not to make thy peace with Him. Remember that to delay is to neglect, "and how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

FRAGMENTS.

EVENING.

The day was fair and beautiful, and, with a sunset of surpassing loveliness, withdrew its latest, lingering beams of light, and left us with the silent, dewy eve. How full of God are the quiet hours of evening — O how full! When cares and the wild anxieties of life are gone with man to his retirement, does not the Spirit of God again walk forth in "the cool of the day," as if to chase from this favorite planet of his care all impress of the busy hour's pollution, to hush its troubled elements that another morning may dawn upon us, as shone the first dayspring upon Eden?

Around the eastern horizon awhile a rainbow line of light was softly resting; here and there from its broad belt some sudden ray shot upward to the sky; then more and more went swiftly up, until a little from the zenith, they gathered to a point which seemed "quite in the verge of heaven." No thought was in my heart, but impressions vast, o'erwhelming. *I* thought not; *I* lived not. Clasping my hands, the name by which we speak of the "Eternal power," in silence dwelt upon my tongue — and yet there was a thought of the moment when the trembling new-made beams of light at *His* command hastened

to their appointed centre; then of that moment when all the labors under the sun shall be completed, and those scattering beams shall hide themselves before "the brightness of His coming."

It was an awful thought. I gazed upon them as they seemed hasting onward to the "pearly gates," and longed to write upon such swift winged messengers one fervent prayer. But then a word came to my soul so pure and blissful that it wakes the first and highest note of joy in Heaven — ay, Heaven were dark and poor without it — think not to breathe a prayer to pass beyond those distant stars, think not to grave it on a beam of light that it may pass more swiftly to His courts — but turn within, the Throne of God is *there!*

"THINGS SEEN ARE TEMPORAL."

O fleeting, shadowy existence! a moment's breath inspired with pain, exhaled with a sigh — is this all that thou canst bestow? A reed inly decayed, already bending to the blast — and this is all that we call life! Upon this fleeting moment do we dare presume to freight immortal things, and look and smile; around so frail a prop we wait to gather all our hopes and feel secure, and never think how deep within the worm lies hidden; but while we forget how silently, ceaselessly he destroys, we take the hand of friends, are glad with joy, and join the merry ranks with them; anticipation gilds the scene, hope lights the eye, and warms the heart, and as it burns the brightest, our lips are full of gratulations, when lo!— the hand we grasp is cold, the joyous eye is closed, the flashing tide of life is stilled for ever!

"Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him

away." Life, death, eternity! — and is there then no hope? Ye gorgeous clouds, I see ye as ye float so far above our walks of earth; upon your brightly tinted wings have ye no promise of a deathless home? Ye change! ye fade! then ye were born of earth — upon your varying robe I look, and read my own mortality.

Immense and shadowless ocean, with what words shall I address thee? Surely uncontrolled, eternal thou must be, in thy deep, dark solitude; none may lay destroying hand upon thy stormy spirit, or chill the vitals of thy ever-heaving breast; and thou shalt live for ever. Ah no! In vain thou raisest a breaking billow upon the rock on which I stand, and strugglest to be free; the hand which gave such majesty, has thus defined thy realm. He gave thee in thy might to be, of all His works, most like Himself, emblem of eternity. Change and time leave not a trace upon thee. Ages have passed over, and left thee fresh as when the new-born stars were mirrored in thy depths. Yet thou shalt cease to be. His word who from out of chaos called thee forth, shall wipe thy floods away even as from the trembling leaf the pearly dew-drop is dissolved. Thou shalt not go alone; in that hour the rugged rocks which now enchain thee, the star crowned mountains, earth's deep foundations shall be removed, and know no place! — But I who gaze on thee, and shrink at thy approaching rage, daring scarce listen to thy voice — I shall live for ever — not supported by myself or reason's light, but by His breath upheld, be made to live for ever, a speck upon the never-ebbing ocean of Eternity.

MAN ALONE UNGRATEFUL.

How beautiful is every thing around; all things partake the glory of each other — but what a sad reverse does the heart present. Not a leaf, however sere, of yonder forest, but bathes its trembling form in the "all-encircling light;" not a wave or ripple of that stream which bears so deep a tide below, but sparkles back its gratitude to that golden sky; not a cloud, heavy and lowering although its brow may be, and even hiding thunder in its breast, but receives, reflects the glittering light; — but the heart, all formed to claim alliance with things divine, and catch a holy revelation through nature's light, enwraps itself in its selfish, sinful shadow, and returns no answer back of gratitude. Untouched by the love which hallows each created thing, it turns away, and in the cold, dark caverns of its wicked self it asks for light — and thus shall no light be given it while thus it asks — but let it turn confidingly to Him who blesseth all, and light and life shall both be freely given.

But ingratitude, how like the never-melting snow on Atlas' height, it rests its icy weight upon the soul of man, unmindful of the sunny favors which beam around. Night comes on; he rests his thankless head upon the bosom of watchful Providence, and seeks repose, while not a lisp of prayer ascends for His protection. Morning dawns all gently bright; he rises from his couch refreshed, but no murmur of gratitude falls from his lips to Him who gave "His angels charge concerning him," through the dark valley of sleep, and bade the day-star call him from its death-like shadows forth again.

THE PLEASURE-TAKER WARNED.

Yes, now's the hour; I seem to watch her loved face as o'er its expressive brow the glow of pleasure steals — pleasure! nay, give not thy heart so formed for purer joy to that poor counterfeit. Yet there is the glitter of brightest vanity, the fascination of a fairy scene, around thy form, when from the uncurtained stage thine eye rests upon the brightly tinted trees, and thornless flowers so artfully arranged upon the hidden canvass; and then when from their recesses come forth the sweet notes of sweetest voices, 'tis, I own, alluring, and, to our love of all that's beautiful, appeals so strongly as makes us quite forget the danger hidden there — ay, the *danger*.

Closely as the gorgeous tinge of those luxuriant trees resembles that of nature, so nearly does this fond illusion wear the dress of purer pleasure; those little flowers, and distant brooks, and hanging mists, how true they seem to life, yet they are not more unreal than the joys to which they lend their aid. Behind their borrowed smiles are only the coarsest elements; those flowers bear concealed a thorn which, in thy breast, in after years, may rankle deep; those sparkling waters are but the emblem of the thought, how futile is the attempt to quench thy thirst for happiness at such a poisonous fount as only mocks thy appetite; that o'erhanging mist is like the artifice which vice assumes as modesty's own.

O, be not thus allured; but as thou sittest to-night amid its wild hallucination, O think how to the eye kindled with disease would seem its hollow joy; think how to the ear which listens for the word of life in that

quiet, curtained chamber, would sound the music of that shattered lyre; and is not this enough? Then think how soon even to thy dear person this bitter cup may be presented! — and then thy heart will turn sick within thee as the charm unweaves, and thou wilt have gained more from the short lesson it unfolds, than in years thus yielded to its falsely flattering shrine.

THE STORM-BIRD'S FLIGHT.

The glorious sun had all day long looked down in majesty upon the parching earth. No drops of rain in many days had come to nurse the languid flowers, as bending their slender heads, they seemed resigning themselves to the calid soil; till when the dazzling footsteps of the infant dawn had passed the high meridian, a purple light began to spread its shade around, and from the western horizon a cloud was gathering. Fold upon fold, like the silver plumage of an angel's wing, it slowly rose, a rival to the sun; but as it grew, within its breast a storm was sheltered, till ripening in its anger, the sound of distant thunder came low and heavy to the ear. Louder and deeper rolled that awful voice, as nearer came its darkening form, and in the grave-like silence of its pause, the lightning glanced most fearfully.

As the storm increased, no bird was seen, save one who lingered from its leafy shelter far away. At length I saw it rise until it seemed within the mantle of the storm; its drooping wing beat heavily in its damp folds — yet still it rose with steady flight, until at last, beyond the farthest verge of the dark mist, it folded up its weary pinions; and on the brow of that high mount, while sunbeams smiled on its dripping plumage, it forgot its dark

path through the shower, nor feared the thunder rumbling far below its safe retreat. And then I thought, that so to us will seem the disappointments and the trials of this short life when welcomed to that "continuing city."

THE BIBLE.

As the dove seeks shelter when the storm gathers, to await the beaming forth of the sun again, and rests with folded wing upon the promise of his coming when the cloud is past, so to us is given this sacred retreat, unobtrusive in form, unaided by ceremony, yet to the eye of humble confidence wearing the manifest smile of His mercy, the signet of glorious divinity, unchanging where all is change, bringing light when darkness is on our minds, and alienation in our hearts.

O, then, let us forget not this treasure, but if business perplexes or cares oppress, let the silent breathing of its consolations bring rest. If incertitude and decay, which are the elements of all we love on earth, shall add thorns to our pathway, or the blasts of a cold world break harshly about us, then let its words come to our ears, and it will say, His hand who rules the storm will support the frailest barque upon life's billows cast, and gently guide it to the port where comes no night, no storm, no sin, no death, where the smile of those departed shall welcome us, and the voices of the dearest be the first to greet us with the melodies of heaven.

PRAYER.

How sweet a gift is prayer! the gate to praise, the narrow way to heaven.

When the storms of the day are hushed away in peace, and the glories of the setting sun beam upon nature's calmed aspect, the heart feels its beauty and owns its power, but no words can rekindle in description that heavenly loveliness; no thought can fix a ray of that departing glory.

So like the sunset glory, is the hour of prayer. It gilds the roughness of life's rugged course, and melts within and softens upon the clouds of care, until they no longer betoken a gathering or returning storm, but render the scene even more lovely for their presence.

Wouldst thou know this joy? No holy one from the land nearest the throne can describe it.

Wouldst thou listen to the voice which greets the sinner's return? The softest note of angel's harp to harmony attuned, can give no sound so sweet, so welcome to the ear.

Wouldst thou know the peace whispered to that wanderer's bosom? 'Tis like the rapture and repose when angel songs are hushed in adoration, and silence is in heaven. O these cannot be told, but go thou to His feet, and there His voice shall welcome thee, joy shall brighten in thy bosom, peace shall reign within thy breast, and what no messenger may tell, shall to thy own soul be revealed.

REDEEM THE TIME.

Let not a moment run to waste, for within each is a seed of eternity to grow up and bear fruit — shall it not be brought in with the harvest of glory? What a harvest of glory had now been reaped, if every moment of the ages past had added each its ray of light. Peace as a river, and righteousness as the waves of the sea, would, centuries ago, have surrounded the earth, and the blessed light of wisdom, which now shines but with mingled splendor, upon scarce a third of its dark surface, would have been as the perfect day gilding all its waters. A knowledge, brighter than shone in the studies of Newton or La Place, would have penetrated to the humblest abodes of poverty; and the tribes of earth, lighted by millennial glory, might, ere this, have finished their errand of probation, and been now resting in the bosom of God.

A few months — then let us learn their importance. The more faithfully we improve them, the more fully shall we be prepared to advance for ever in the study of the deep things of God. Here are spread before us the rudiments of those lessons which it will be our bliss to learn above. In vain should we strive here to look beyond "the things which are revealed;" but when we have studied these until we pant for more, then shall we rise, and be led by angels to the pure fountain of all knowledge. With adoration on our lips, we shall no longer with trembling hand scarce venture to turn the pages of His wisdom, but encouraged by His smile, we may, with the angels, look into those things which we

know not now, but shall know hereafter. The touch of death, separating the spiritual from the material, interrupts not the chain of thought and intellect, which, commencing in the earliest dawn of reason, we may lengthen on to bind us to the throne of God. Then let us haste in the path of knowledge. Those of our friends who have just entered into rest, are bending before the throne with delight and admiration at the rich manifestations imparted unto them. Shall we be idle? Already, while it seems yet morning, the evening twilight of death may be gathering around us, and we know it not. Shall we then pause, and sleep away the time? We have nothing left but moments — we have no promise of years, no assurance of many coming days. Nothing is left but to fill up each remaining moment with faithfulness.

THE FUTURE.

The future! What lies before us in that misty point? The morning light of youth dawns upon its shrouded outline; the meridian sun of riper years reveals no more clearly that still receding shore; and the experience of old age, failing to penetrate the mystery, retires exhausted by the pursuit, without daring to touch the hem of that veil which wraps the vision of futurity. We come and take the little moments from that exhaustless store, laden with sweet or bitter gifts; and hoping still the good, we ask for more, not knowing whether life or death may rest within. A week, a day, an hour, how it may change the web of circumstances, and with it all our hopes, opinions, wishes, fears — and life itself, perhaps, for death.

OUR REWARD.

What shall be our reward, therefore? It shall be in heaven! How full of glory is the thought — in heaven? where all is rest and cloudless bliss. O could we have a glimpse of its unfading beauty, could we, from the suburbs of that continuing city, gaze one rapturous moment on its glorious palaces — the home of cherubim, and seraphim, and accepted saints — where God reveals His visible glory; could we then catch upon our ears some floating notes of the "new song," how gladly would we fill up the remnant of our days in that service which would prepare us to come, at last, to its blest fruition; with what tireless feet should we hasten to do *all* His will, that we might enter, at last, those sparkling gates, to praise Him there for ever. This shall be our reward. How rich! how full! when all that infinity can receive, all that omnipotence can give, is in the word, REWARD!

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